Feb. 8, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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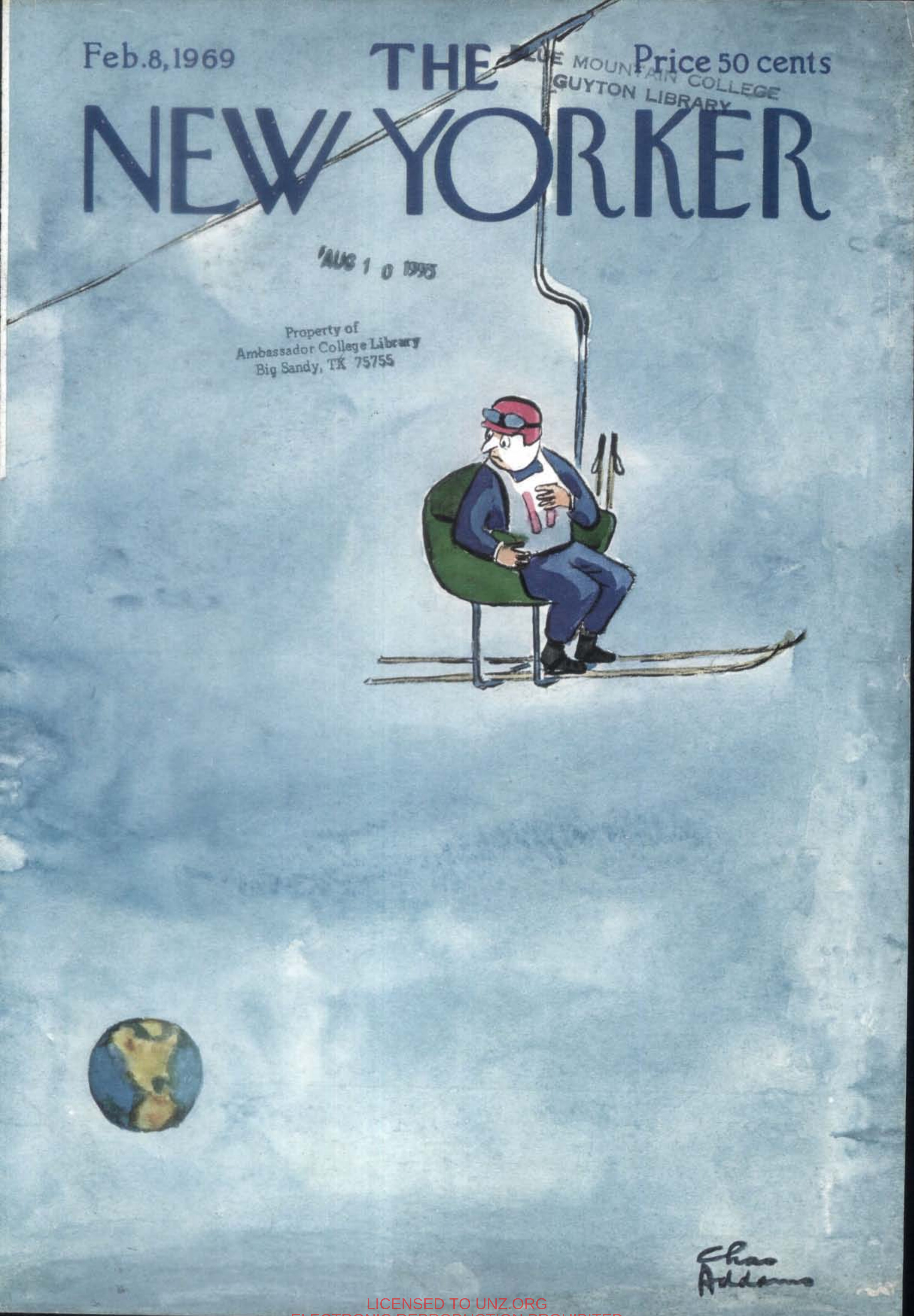

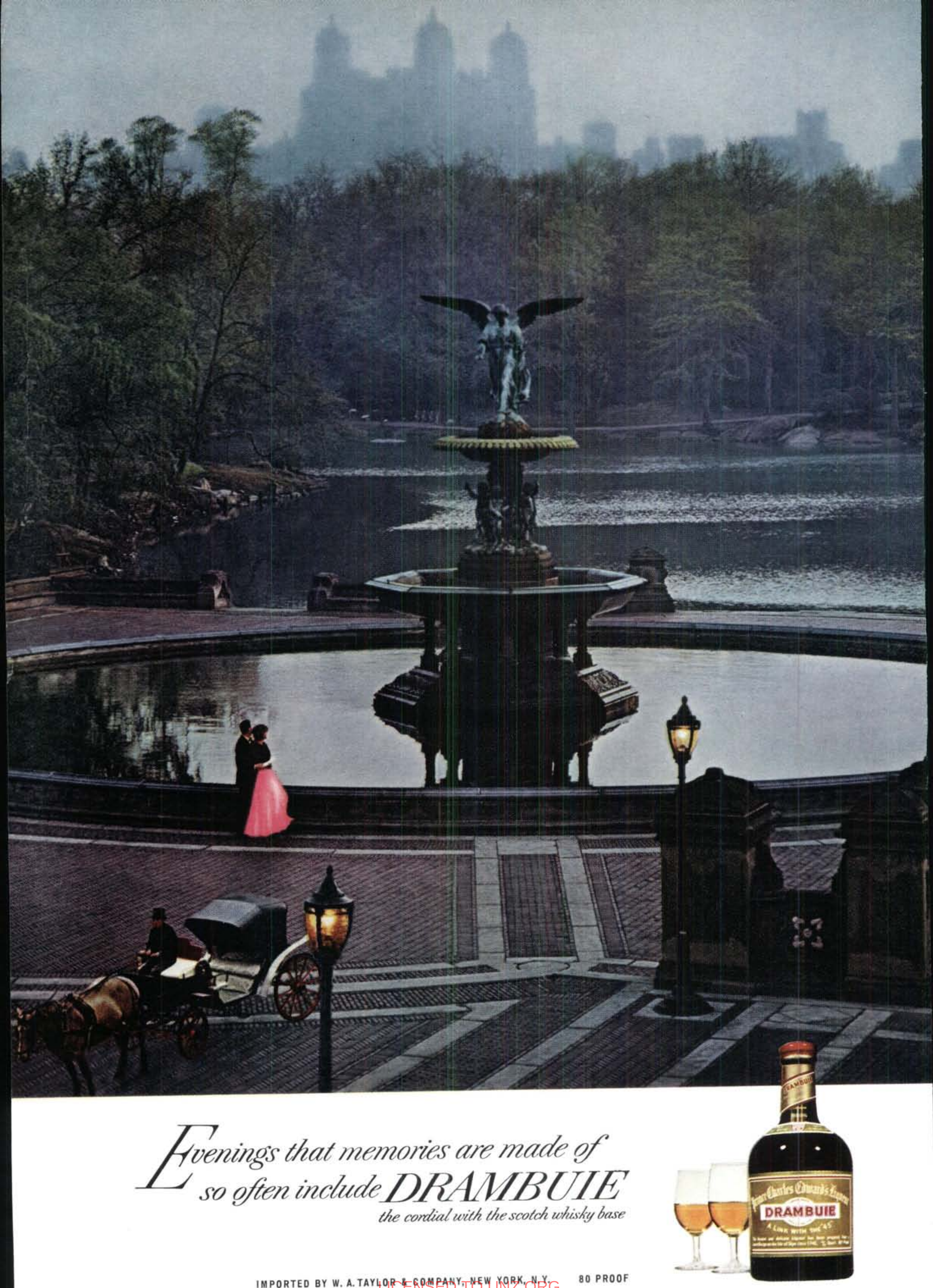
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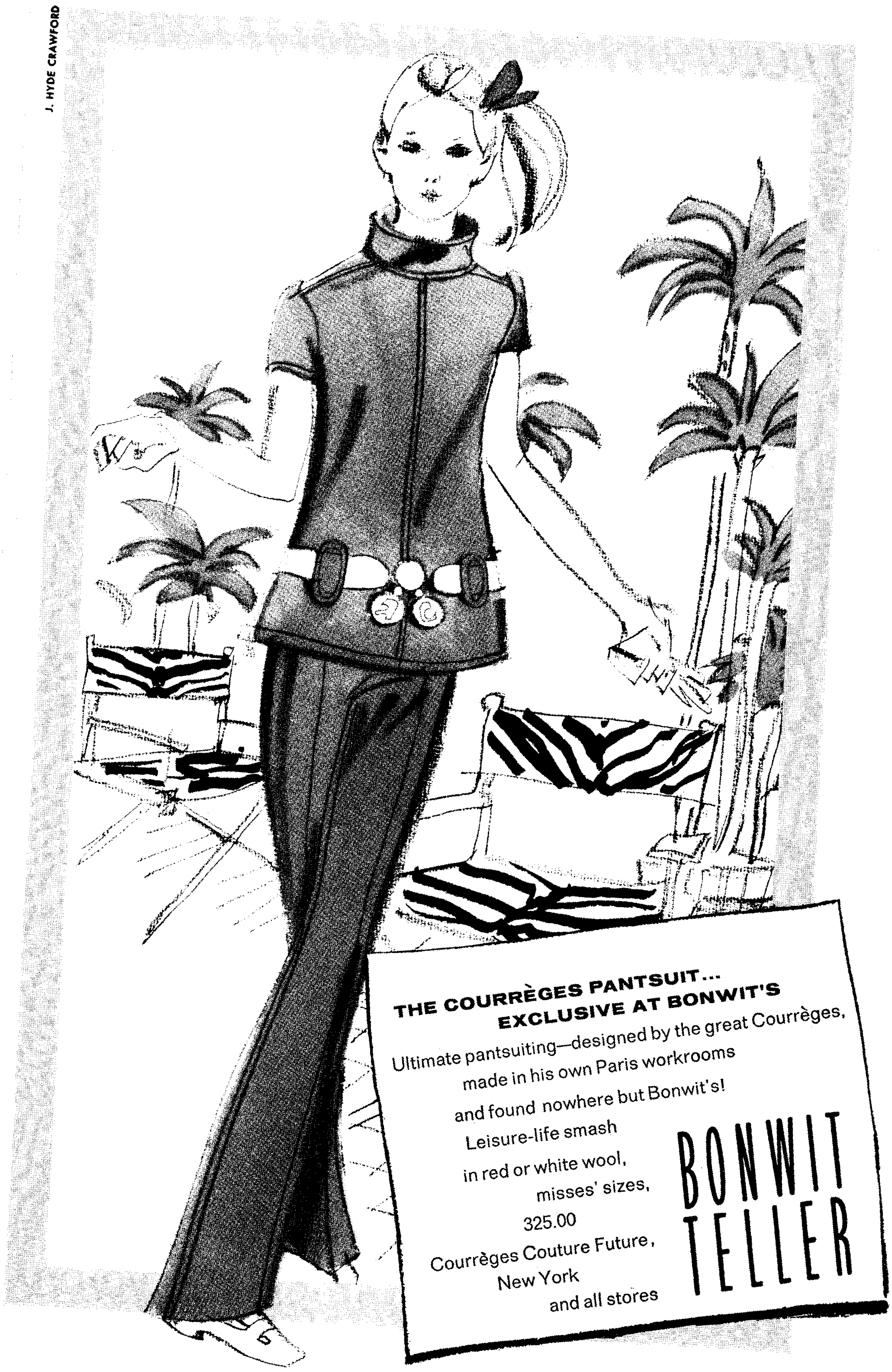

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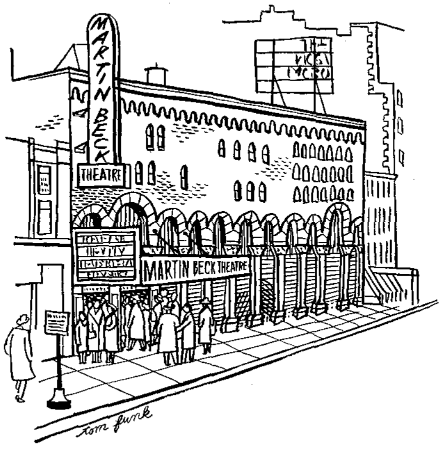
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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9	10	11	12	13	14	15

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Sean O'Casey's **COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY:** Thursday and Friday, Feb. 6-7, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2:30; Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 10-11, and Thursday, Feb. 13, all at 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE** (Richard Wilbur's adaptation): Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 2 and 8:30, and Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Big Time Buck White—The second half of this play, which originated in Watts and ran for three years in Los Angeles, simulates a meeting of a black-militant organization; the first half is taken up with the extremely comic antics of the leader's lowlife followers. Dick Williams gives a remarkable performance as Buck White, and everyone else is very good, too. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—A play by Lonne Elder III, the second in this season's series of five offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cities in Bezique—Two strange one-act plays by the poet Adrienne Kennedy. Compounded of private imagery and Expressionistic action, they are frequently baffling and always fascinating. The fine Negro cast, under Gerald Freedman's direction, includes Moses Gunn and Cynthia Belgrave, as well as a promising newcomer named Joan Harris. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

Forty Carats—A bauble that has been set spinning at just the right speed and that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Glenda Farrell, and other charmers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A deafening and bedazzling account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, superbly portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen is sensationally effective in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman does his brave best to make us believe that this non-play by Murray Schisgal is a touching comedy about the ignominy of young manhood; for all his bravery and talent, it is not enough. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago by devising exactly the right comic style for its performance and finding the right actor for every part. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Open 24 Hours—Two one-act plays by Roger N. Cornish. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—A comedy written by and starring Woody Allen. Joseph Hardy is the director. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 10-11. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 12. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 13, at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—William Gibson's **A CRY OF PLAYERS,** with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 13-14, at 8; final performances Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2 and 8. . . . Shakespeare's **KING LEAR,** with Lee J. Cobb: Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2; Sunday, Feb. 9, at 7:30; final performances Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 11-12, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.). . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—Charles Dizenzo's **AN EVENING FOR MERLIN FINCH:** Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 9, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 11-12, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2. . . . John White's **BANANAS:** Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 8-9, at 2, and final performances Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 13-15, at 8.

Shoot Anything with Hair That Moves—Bert Convy and Judi West in a dreadful comedy by Donald Ross. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tango—A Polish play, by Slawomir Mrozek, which deals with such abstract matters as art, liberty, coercion, and totalitarianism in the form of a tragi-farce about a young aristocrat who tries to snap his disorderly, bohemian family into line. The play is interesting, but it is badly served by a dim production. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.). . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE PRICE:** Arthur Miller's play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, David Burns (who will be replaced starting Monday, Feb. 10, by Harold Gary), and Kate Reid. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 15.). . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Canterbury Tales—George Rose, Hermione Baddeley, and Martyn Green in a London musical taken from Chaucer. Nevill Coghill did the book (with Martin Starkie) and the lyrics. The score is by Richard Hill and John Hawkins. Mr. Starkie directed. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly,

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St. Valentine's Day is February 14. Get going.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Celebration—Young love and old age as Cro-Magnon man might have known them, and as we do, too, at least in musicals. The authors, Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, also invented "The Fantasticks," and if you liked that little show you'll like this big one. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a suitable score by Jim Wise, suitable book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters, as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. Neal Kenyon, who was both director and choreographer, has hit just the right note of foolishness in his bits of stage business and in his elaborate production numbers. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—Angela Lansbury in a musical version of Jean Giraudoux's "The Madwoman of Chaillot." The music and lyrics are by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Directed by Joe Layton. Opens Thursday, Feb. 6. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Get Thee to Canterbury—A musical adaptation of a handful of the Tales. Slapdash and silly, but with a couple of lively scenes. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Horseman, Pass By—An annoying show in which seven quite good actors recite, sing, and generally monkey around with the poetry of William Butler Yeats, unfortunately to its detriment. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Red, White, and Maddox—A musical satire that makes broad, merciless, schoolboy fun of the bizarre Governor of Georgia. Jay Garner plays Maddox as a squeaky-voiced, gibbering Strangelove, and it is possible that this is to make Maddox less dangerous than he is. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—A passionate old Greek is to be seen playing God under stormy Mediterranean skies. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova and a large, swarthy cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, leaned his arms on the top of the staircase and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untonsured hair, grained and hued like pale oak. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GEORGE M!:** Joel Grey in a musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Jane Morgan is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday at 2.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Jeux," "The Cage," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2:15: "Bugaku," "Fantasies," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Glinkaiana," and "La Valse."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 9, at 1:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 9, at 7:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Agon," and "La Source."... ¶ "Don Quixote": Thursday and Friday, Feb. 13-14, at 8:15; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 1:15 and 7:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Theatre 1969 Dance Repertory—End of a series of appearances at the Billy Rose Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. (947-5510): **YVONNE RAINER AND GROUP.** Thursday, Feb. 6, and Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30: "Rose Fractions," "North East Passing," "The Mind Is a Muscle, Part I," and a new, unnamed work.... **DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY.** Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2:30: "Jibe," "Slouching Towards Bethlehem," "Couplet," "Cahoots," "Air Antique," and "Dance for One Figure, Four Objects, and Film Sequence."

MISCELLANY

Walk Down Mah Street!—The first of two performances of last summer's Off Broadway revue by Norman and Patricia Taylor Curtis. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2:30.)

An Afternoon with Ida Kaminska—A program of songs, readings, and excerpts from plays presented, in Yiddish, by Miss Kaminska along with her husband, her daughter, and her son-in-law. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2:30.)

ANTA Program—"An Evening with James Agee," a compilation by David McDowell of the works of the late writer. Michael Tolan, Marian Seldes, and Stephen Joyce will appear. Presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the last program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Feb. 10, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Singer-guitarist David Blue is among the entertainers. On Wednesday, Feb. 12, Neil Young, a survivor of the extinct Buffalo Springfield, will arrive. Things begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A congenial downstairs coffeehouse whose acoustics are about what you'd expect in a long, narrow cellar. Thursday, Feb. 6, the Savoy Brown Blues Band. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 7-9, the Buddy Miles Express. From Tuesday, Feb. 11, still another blues group. Performances at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars will get you in the door. It's a casual corner, with a brief Italian menu and room for dancing. The Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet produces some interesting sounds, and the jukebox is filled with jazz. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except

It's raining.
It's pouring.
The old man is snoring.

Children caught [illegible] n the [illegible] have the time of their lives. [illegible] most g[illegible] n-ups just moan at the sight [illegible] ew dr[illegible]

If you'd like to [illegible] ture th[illegible] unin-hibited years, just for[illegible] bout [illegible] hair and take a long sniff of [illegible] earth s[illegible]ng up all that fresh water.

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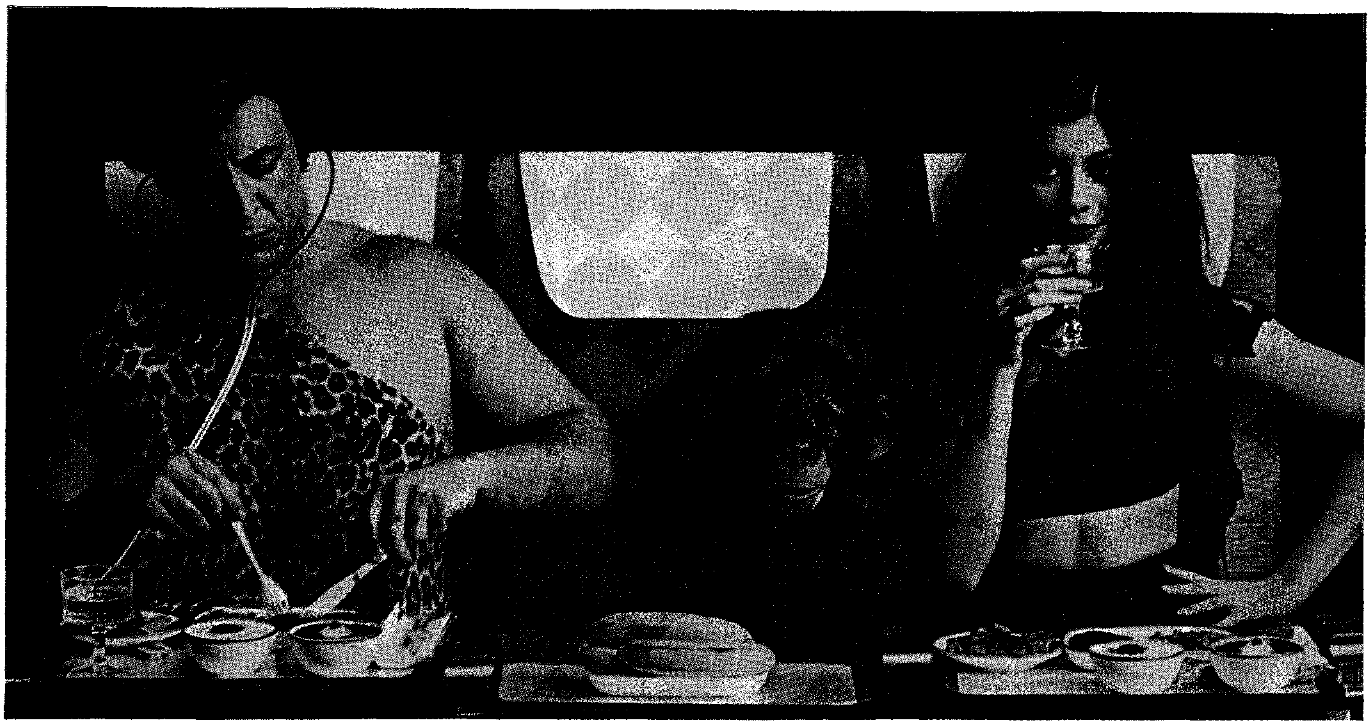

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Man was never meant to dance at 30,000 feet.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat frumious neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and music by the Freddie Hubbard quintet, beginning at about nine. On Tuesday, Feb. 11, the Yusef Lateef quartet will move in. Mondays, from nine to four, are turned over to various jazz groups. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, Feb. 8, from five to nine, the Dewey Redman trio; Sunday, Feb. 9, from five to nine, a nine-piece ensemble led by drummer Warren Smith.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Junior Mance trio takes the stand at about ten. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, B.B. King's band, singer Judy Clay, and the reconstituted Bar-Kays will perform under the cognomen the Memphis Sound. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, Hugh Masekela's quartet will take turns with a soulful Ellington alumna named Esther Marrow. Mondays, from eight-thirty, are devoted to various soul and rock musicians.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. Starting time is about nine-thirty. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, the Thelonious Monk quartet alternates with singer Novella Nelson. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 13-15, the Herbie Hancock sextet will be there, along with Miss Nelson. Mondays are turned over to the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sundays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. The banjos twang from nine until closing every night. From four-thirty to nine on Sundays, a Dixieland band performs.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the loud sounds of the Epitomé. On Tuesday, Feb. 11, the Candymen will replace the E. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

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L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—A suave sort of spot existing from ten until three or four in what by day is a restaurant called the Penthouse Club and by night—thanks to some revolving lights, some strong records, and an ambience of reverberating luxe—becomes a discothèque. Snacks are served. The view of the Park is fine.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by a quartet led by saxophonist King Curtis. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees a while, you might. Dancing to records from seven until three or four.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of Los Banditos. On Tuesday, Feb. 11, the Pumpkins will come in. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Prime time: that's the mood of the Café Pierre, where there's music every night—Phil Wayne's band Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice. . . . **El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): They shall not pass this way again, those Knights of the Round Table, but the halls in which they jousted and jested have been converted into museum pieces. Music all the time, some of it taken from life (Lester Lanin's smoothies) and some of it taken from a wall plug. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Good-behavior medals can be handed out to practically all participants in the dinner-and-supper *dansant* (Ernie Warren's band is *régisseur*) that goes its leisured way from eight until one or two in the restaurant. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Very, very public-domain. The main event of the evening, rising crystal-pure above the hurly and the burly, is the band assembled by Bobby Hackett, whose horn is 99 and 44/100ths per cent pure silver. Maxine Sullivan, still the lightsome summer breeze, keeps her arias in tune with it. Urbie Green's band, not at all a bad secondary platoon, sets to at six-thirty, and the Hacketts join in two hours later. No music Sunday nights. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—Argueso's Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—sock-and-roll. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—There is no taming of the shrew when Joan Rivers takes the stand, which she does at ten during the week, and nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. She bears repeating, which happens later each evening, for she's a firm, facile, and funny girl. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hercules would never clean out this Aegean stable. The denizens are all within easy reach of the Aegean—Israelis, Greeks, and Armenians, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the incumbent portmanteau revue, has its upstairs and its downstairs, the ups prevailing by a small margin. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—During the dinner and supper hours in the Royal Box, Caterina Valente takes command, which is no more than fitting for someone who has something to say and sing. Lee Evans' orchestra, which is around much more often, sounds the way all dance bands should sound. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness are the desiderata of the fado songs intoned calmly and collectedly by Amalia Rodrigues, who doesn't get over from Lisbon anywhere near often enough. She is preceded by a motley crew of flamencan foot-and-mouth *flâneurs*. The dance music, an art in itself, inclines to idiomatic Latin, even for the customers. Seven days a week. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, the smallest of all colosseums, flamencan voice and flamencan guitar bewail the difficulties of winding up the affairs of the heart. Both repositories are in service every single night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Thursday, Feb. 13, Leslie Uggams moves in to receive the dues accruing to a pretty girl with a pretty voice. The rest of the floor show is just a Copa comedian. No dark nights, ever. . . . ¶ The ground-floor bar is not only tropical but typical of what might be termed Las Vegaries of night life on the Nevada desert. Music to suit, and no nights off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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John Davidson, who arrives in the Persian Room during dinner and supper, seems always to be doing what comes naturally—very nearly a lost art for our current allocation of young tenors. He will be succeeded, on Wednesday, Feb. 12, by Grace Markay, a fledgling soprano. The band run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders will keep on filling the rest of the evening with joyous sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ O Hotel Splendide, wherever you are, your counterpart in the Western World is the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla operates in the Edwardian Room from seven until nine, though not on Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Nothing could be more on the up and up than the sixty-fifth floor, and this applies as well to the local ambience, of which there is a lot. Frank Sinatra, Jr., the second edition of a well-known hardy perennial, sings his last during the supper show on Saturday, Feb. 8, and thereupon removes himself, band, and baggage. On Monday, Feb. 10, the new arrival will be Carmen McRae, a most viable, visible, and vocal Presence. Joe Cabot's foursome will stay on as dance master. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Affairs of state govern the manner of the Maisonette; affairs of the heart govern the songs of Gino Tonetti, man about the Eternal Town, who sings during dinner and supper. The orchestration for the whole evening is provided by the bands of Quintero and George Cort. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, leads a more sylvan life—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time—3/4 time, anyway. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, the sounds of rock and of—well, rock candy are neatly interwoven by the Redells, and there is standard-gauge dance music, too. During dinner and supper, there are visitations by Carol Lawrence, who sings the sort of song one expects of her. Mondays through Thursdays at ten and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and twelve-fifteen—that's her timetable. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a catch-as-catch-can trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Double, but never double-or-nothing, piano (Louis Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders) takes root around eight, and not long afterward the transient guests begin to mingle on the clubhouse lawn with the permanents. Fraternal freewheeling from then until early morn. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Young Lochinvars out of the East, and their young consorts. A threesome provides the spirit of vernal urge. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Boîte-de-nuit* life exactly as it should be. The best bit of the *boiserie* is Blossom Dearie—songs of the moment and songs of blessed memory, done to a turn with a lacing of exotic herbs. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue, that raunchy simulacrum of the Barbary Coast, is rarely a source of valid troubadours, but in this particular piano bar Charles De Forest does *Nacht* words and *Musik* meant for those of us who do not believe in stoics. He stays home Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As the zimbalons and such slowly go mad before one's very eyes, a replica of Old Budapest begins to take shape. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band; Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The premises are august indeed, but the mood is full-fledged February in midtown. Beginning with cocktails and ending with after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Which is not at all like nighttime in Morpheus Arms. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, we can brush up on our cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of an itinerant minstrel, who commences at eight or nine and lasts until one or two. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse*. Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-American girl. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The minimum speed is 78 r.p.m., the pace at which the staff whiles away its working hours with swatches of any Italian opera that happens to be lying around. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): A captain's-table operation, neatly done and ornamented. In the bar, which is ditto ditto, George Taylor, seated halfway up the mainmast, addresses his songs and piano to the deck passengers from nine until two, except Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern coöp. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The signature of the artist who did this town house over Mediterranean style must surely be S.P.Q.R. There is piano from six to midnight in the bar, except on Sundays. . . . **FOUR SEASONS,** 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): The glittery Park Avenue showroom now puts out supper, too, from ten to one, while Joel Shulman produces, within the compass of a single pair of hands, crisp sounds on both piano and electronic harpsichord. His final night in office is Friday, Feb. 7; on Monday, Feb. 10, the piano will be taken over by Jimmy Lyons, for years and years the leader of the band at the late Blue Angel. The harpsichord goes into retirement. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their calm, self-possessed way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. They unsilently steal away on Saturday, Feb. 8, but solo piano alla Romana begins on Monday, Feb. 10. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The decorous old period piece is the realm of George Feyer, whose lapis-lazuli piano is in service from eight-thirty until one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Up, up one flight to perhaps a Mystic Isle, a villa on the Bosporus—who can tell? In one room of the suite, a piano muses from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE.** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A welcome wide-open space for us cramped citizens of New York is the Casino-on-the-Park. Seated at quite a grand piano, Bob Kail does his constructive work between six-thirty and one, but he vacations Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The circumspect old homestead. Over by the bar itself sits Joe Miles, who executes mannerly études from nine-thirty until one. His time-outs are Sunday and Monday. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Eugenie Baizerman (1899-1949)—Paintings by the wife of the prominent American sculptor, who died in 1957; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Joseph Binder—Pure abstractions by a Viennese designer; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Wooden boxes and reliefs containing allusive objects; through March 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Bruder—Landscapes and figures based on photographs taken by the artist; through Feb. 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Doris Caesar—Bronzes of the female nude; through March 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract paintings by an artist frequently shown in New York during the past twenty years; through Feb. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Toni Costa—Glass-covered, diamond-shaped combinations of color and plastic producing optical effects; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Burhan Dogancay—Paper imitations of walls; through Feb. 22. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynne Drexler—Thickly painted oils and crayon drawings that achieve a tapestry-like texture; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Fangor—"Color" paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States; through Feb. 28. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Fiore—Quiet landscapes; through Thurs-

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(Need we say more?)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Feb. 13. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

James FitzGerald—The first one-man exhibition here of assemblages cast in bronze by this West Coast artist; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Peter Gee—Silk-screened paintings by a Briton who experiments in color; through Friday, Feb. 14. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Gill—A West Coast artist's figure paintings; through Feb. 20. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Gross—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Alan Gussow—Landscapes of Cape Cod and Rockland County; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Childe Hassam (1859-1935)—Oil paintings by *one of America's noteworthy Impressionists;* through Feb. 21. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Ralph Humphrey—Ten paintings in luminous colors with thin wavy lines; through Feb. 27. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Lester Johnson—Abstract Expressionist paintings which experiment with the dynamics of the human figure; through Feb. 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Indistinct grayish landscapes in oil and pastel; through Feb. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Kienbusch—Abstracted Maine landscapes done in the past three years; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Konrad Klapheck—Neat paintings of machines and parts of machines, with rather obvious symbolic titles, by a young German artist; through March 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Karl Knaths—Paintings done in the past three years; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Berto Lardera—Three architectural sculptures of cutout horizontal and vertical sheets of steel, plus smaller items, by a Spanish artist; through Feb. 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Josef Levi—Optical constructions and silk-screened prints; through Thursday, Feb. 13. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Les Levine—A variety of optical novelties by this maker of gadgets and environments; through Thursday, Feb. 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rómulo Macció—An Argentine paints Expressionist versions of the figure; through March 9. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Masaaki—Optical works; through Feb. 21. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

James McGarrell—Figure paintings with repeated images of the artist; through March 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Landscapes with figures, and some constructions with similar themes; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Beverly Pepper and Piero Dorazio—Stainless-steel architectural sculptures by the former, and paintings consisting of bands of color by the latter; through Feb. 22. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marilyn Perlman—Works incorporating Plexiglas, motion, Day-Glo paint, and black light; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings, 1967-68; through Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Life-size figures ap*plied on mirrorlike panels of polished steel;* through Thursday, Feb. 13. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter—Landscapes and portraits by this leading intimate painter; through Thursday, Feb. 13. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Henry Potthast—Landscapes, figures, and beach scenes by an American Impressionist; through Feb. 28. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

V. V. Rankine—Boxlike constructions of amber, white, and transparent plastic; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

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Larry Rivers—Collages to accompany poems by Kenneth Koch; through March 1. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes of Greece, California, and Maine; through March 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Shahn—Drawings and lithographs; through March 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

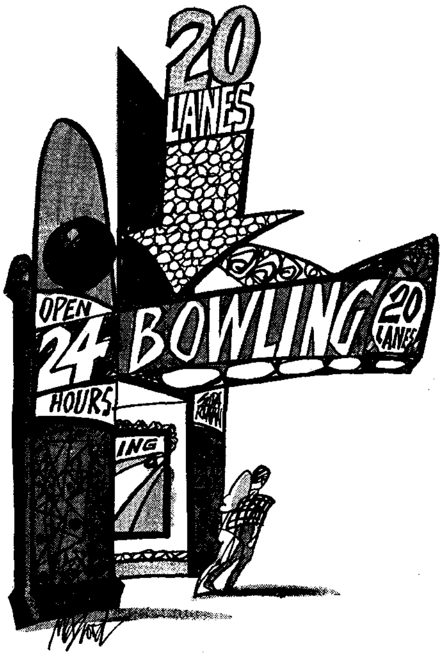
Robert Smithson—*Rocks and earth collected at* different sites, with photographs and maps showing how and where; through Feb. 26. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Takis—Works, some created at M.I.T., featuring effects of electromagnetism through motions, signals, and suspensions; through March 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Truitt—Ten new sculptures by a Minimalist; through Feb. 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marilyn Weber—Abstract Expressionist paintings on the theme of the bull; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (De Mena, 453 E. 88th St. Weekdays, 1 to 7.)

Group Shows—At **ARTISTS EQUITY**, 1780 Broadway, at 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by sixteen members of the Association; through Monday, Feb. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday eve*nings until 8; Saturdays, 11 to 4:30.)*... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and watercolors by twentieth-century artists, among them Matta, de Chirico, Dubuffet, and Matisse; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **FEIGEN**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works in a large scale by gallery artists, including Hans Breder, Enrique Castro-Cid, Charles Hinman, and Richard Smith; through Sunday, Feb. 9. (Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) ... **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty paintings on a variety of subjects; through Wednesday, Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of Mexican folk art—papier-mâché figures, wooden carvings, pottery, toys, costumes, and ceremonial and festival objects—collected in villages remote from big cities; through March 8.... **NORDNESS**, 236 E. 75th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twelve black Americans; through Saturday, Feb. 8.... **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by three artists on the subject of animals in the zoo; through Saturday, Feb. 8.... **RUBIN**, 49 W. 57th St.: A new gallery shows works by such well-publicized artists as Arman, Caro, Louis, Noland, Olitski, Sander, and Frank Stella; through Feb. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Watercolors and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, Klimt, and other German Expressionists; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)



Sculpture—At the **SCULPTORS GUILD**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Works by five new members of the Guild; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Rickey, Bertoia, Chryssa, Donati, Etrog, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Pieces by five California artists; *through Friday, Feb. 7. (Mondays through* Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Harlem on My Mind," the show that is causing all the noise. Photographs, slides, captions, voices, sound, and music, going back sixty years, from which Harlem emerges as the capital of urban black culture in the United States; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and objects on the theme of "The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age;" through Sunday, Feb. 9. ... ¶ Drawings, pastels, collages, and sculptures by Julio González, pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through March 16. (Week*days, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until* 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-five European and American works from the collection of Peggy Guggenheim, an important patron of twentieth-century artists; through March 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The annual survey of American art, this year devoted to sculpture, presents a hundred and thirty-seven works by as many artists, thirty-seven of whom are appearing at the Whitney for the first time; through Sunday, Feb. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection will be the main show until "American Printmaking—The First 150 Years" opens on Tuesday, Feb. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and engravings that focus on the endeavors in research, exhibition, and education made by the Museum in its hundred-year history. Contents of the recently located cornerstone are also unveiled. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Landscape and still-life paintings by Eugene Speicher (1883-1962); through Sunday, Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and porcelains created from 1279 to 1368 A.D., when China was ruled by the Mongols; through March 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to *5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)*

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—

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3 kids ago,
and more remembers ago than anybody could count.
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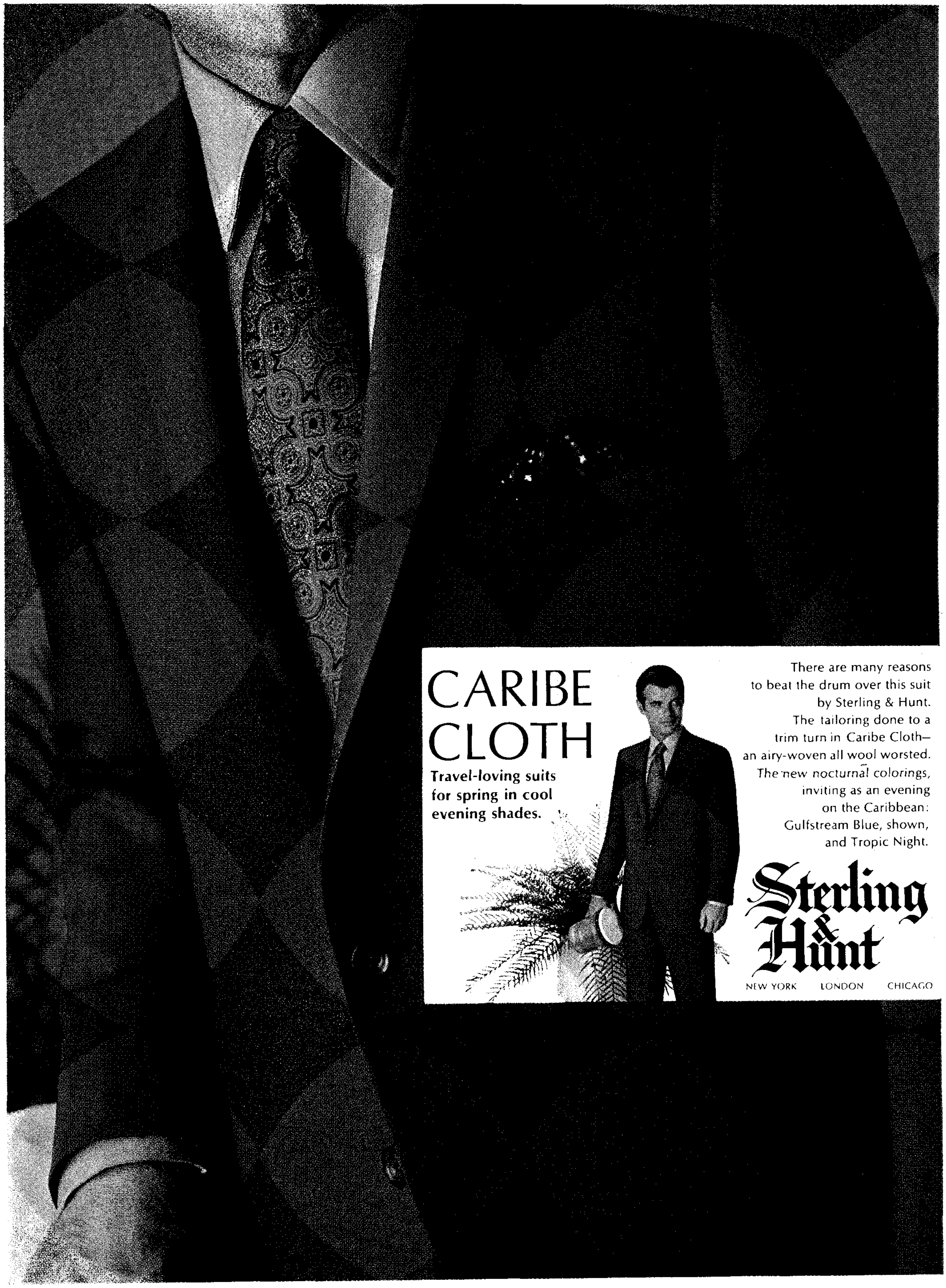

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Paintings by thirty-seven American artists, among them Ryder, Sargent, Homer, Hartley, Hopper, the Soyers, and Shahn; through March 16. . . . ¶ Numerous bronzes, some stone carvings, drawings, and watercolors, and one oil painting by the late Jacob Epstein, celebrated for his portrait busts; through Feb. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty works by European contemporaries, including Bacon, Bury, Fahlström, Kitaj, Magritte, Matta, Soulages, Tàpies, and Vasarely; through March 16. . . . ¶ Posters created by students during the Paris demonstrations last spring and by Czechs during the Russian occupation in August; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Drawings by Al Hirschfeld, a draftsman familiar for his theatre caricatures in the *Times;* starting Friday, Feb. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An auspicious loan of a hundred and thirty-eight drawings (Italian, Flemish and Dutch, French, and Swedish) from the Nationalmuseum of Sweden; through March 1. . . . ¶ "The Poet's Hand," a display of autograph manuscripts (1440-1940) by English and American poets; through March 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk arts and crafts of the early Pennsylvania settlers—for instance, whirligigs and wood fantasies, butter molds, samplers, and a birdcage and a squirrel cage; through April 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—An environmental show that is not only to be seen but that affects the spectators' senses of hearing, touch, and smell; through March 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Diverse items from the Museum's collection: costumes, paintings and prints, photographs, toys, and theatre memorabilia (the most memorable being Gypsy Rose Lee's garter belt and sets of false teeth [Mr. Hyde's] once used by Fredric March); through March 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Faust," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith Forst, Nicolai Gedda, Robert Merrill, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 7, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, John Alexander, Theo Adam, Ernst Wiemann, Karl Dönch, Loren Driscoll, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 1:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Christa Ludwig, Rosalind Elias, Walter Berry, Nicolai Gedda, and Rudolf Knoll. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Sándor Kónya, Renato Bruson, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 10, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Theo Adam, Ezio Flagello, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Nicolai Gedda, Lorenzo Saccomani, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Judith Raskin, James King, and Tom Krause. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 13, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, John Alexander, Giorgio Tozzi, Ernst Wiemann, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Karola Agai, Nicolai Gedda, Lorenzo Saccomani, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, William Dooley, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8: Act I of "Madame Butterfly" and the first scene from Act III of "Don Carlo," plus a concert of operatic excerpts. With Pilar Lorengar, Nedda Casei, Placido Domingo, Theodor Uppman, Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, Sherrill Milnes, Cesare Siepi, John Macurdy, and others. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Seiji Ozawa directing performances of Berlioz's Requiem, with Leopold Simoneau, tenor, and the Collegiate Chorale. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 14, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 17, at 7:30.)

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—George Szell conducting an all-Mozart program, with Leonid Kogan, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

MOSCOW STATE SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Evgeni Svetlanov conducting the first three in a series of twelve concerts—Wednesday, Feb. 12: With Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14: With Viktor Tretyakov, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15: An all-Tchaikovsky program, with Emil and Elena Gilels, piano. (Evenings at 8:30.)

MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK—Gene Forrell conducting a program entitled "Royal Vienna Festival," with John Swallow, trombone, and Brooks Tillotson, horn. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Hermann Prey, baritone; and Raymond Michalski, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Jonel Perlea conducting, with Judy Glyde, cello. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Charles Castleman, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Martin Josman directing an all-Mozart program, with Crail Conner, soprano, and other soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano, in the last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

HELEN WATTS—Contralto, in a recital postponed from Jan. 16. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8:40.)

GUARNERI STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

FESTIVAL WINDS—The last in a series of concerts of chamber music for woodwinds. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:40.)

HENRYK SZERYNG—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—Evelyne Crochet, piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3. Tickets at the box office on the afternoon of the concert.)

VIKTOR TRETYAKOV—Violin, in a concert postponed from Jan. 22. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

BORIS GOLDOVSKY AND THE CURTIS STRING QUARTET—The second in a series of five concerts of chamber music for piano and strings, with comment by Mr. Goldovsky. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

PAUL ZUKOFSKY—The second in a series of three concerts of music for twentieth-century vio-

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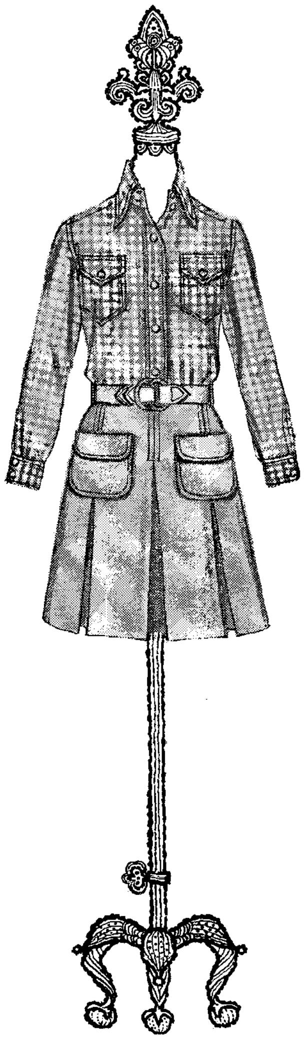

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lin, this one with Robert Sylvester, cello. (Town Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

PIERRE FOURNIER—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

SMETANA QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

THOMAS SIMONS—Piano. (Town Hall, Saturday, Feb. 15, at 5:30.)

MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH—Cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

SALZBURG STRING QUARTET—A program of rarely played works of the early nineteenth century. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The New York String Sextet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 10, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

CANNED HEAT, THE PENTANGLE, AND RHINOCEROS—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, at 8 and 11:30.

CANNED HEAT—A benefit concert. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2.)

JANIS JOPLIN AND HER GROUP AND THE GRATEFUL DEAD—Fillmore East. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 11-12, at 8 and 11:30.

JEFF BECK GROUP, WINTER, AND AORTA—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, at 8 and 11:30.

MISCELLANY

WNYC AMERICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL—Among the events of interest will be: A chamber-orchestra concert (conducted by John Barnett, Nicholas Flagello, Joseph Leniado-Chira, and Herman Neuman, with Judith De Paul, soprano), sponsored by the National Association for American Composers and Conductors. (Town Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 3.) . . . ¶ The United States Air Force Band and the Singing Sergeants, from Washington, D.C. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 17, at 3:30.) Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, Feb. 8: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 12: Knicks vs. Phoenix. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15: Knicks vs. San Francisco. (Games begin at 8:35.)

BOXING—Roberto Davila vs. Dante Cane, heavyweights, 10 rounds; and Jimmy DuPree vs. Paul Johnson, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden Center. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 10-11.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, Feb. 8, at 1:35: Rangers vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 9, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Philadelphia.

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Thursday, March 6.

TRACK MEETS—At Madison Square Garden Center—Friday, Feb. 7, at 7:45: Madison Square Garden Invitational. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14, at 7:15: Knights of Columbus.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 4.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Bach program. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 8, at noon and 2:30.) . . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Stravinsky program, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 11 and 3.)

TAMBURITZANS—A program of Slavic and Balkan folk music and dance, presented by a company of thirty from Duquesne University. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By **BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30; Friday, Feb. 7, at 3:30 and 7:30; Lincoln's Birthday at 1 and 3:30; and Friday, Feb. 14, at 3:30.) . . . **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Alice Through the Looking Glass." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Pied Piper." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "To the Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Lincoln's Birthday at 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

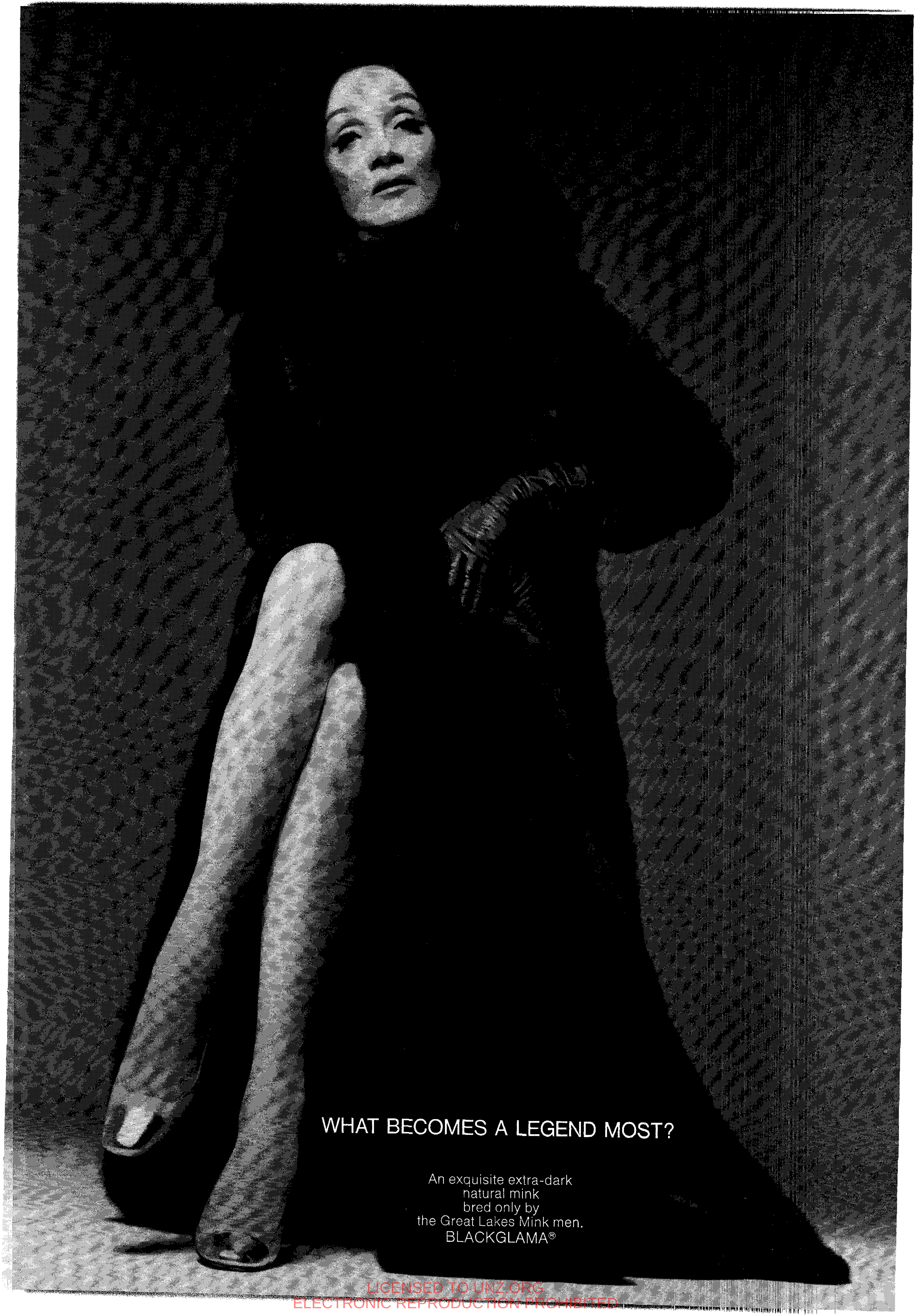
NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Lincoln's Birthday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 7, at 10:15 and 1:45: Japanese art, including prints, netsuke, and swords; from various collections. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 1:45: French furniture and works of art, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 13, at 10:15 and 1:45: Oriental art, including early dynastic pottery and porcelain, Chinese paintings, and ivory carvings; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14, at 1:45: French and American paperweights; from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 8.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Feb. 6 at 2, 5:30, and 8; Feb. 7 at 2 and 5:30; Feb. 8 at 3 and 5:30; and Feb. 9-11 at 2 and 5:30: Six programs of animated films. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 11:30: "Becky Sharp" (1935), with Miriam Hopkins. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "The Informer" (1935), with Victor McLaglen. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)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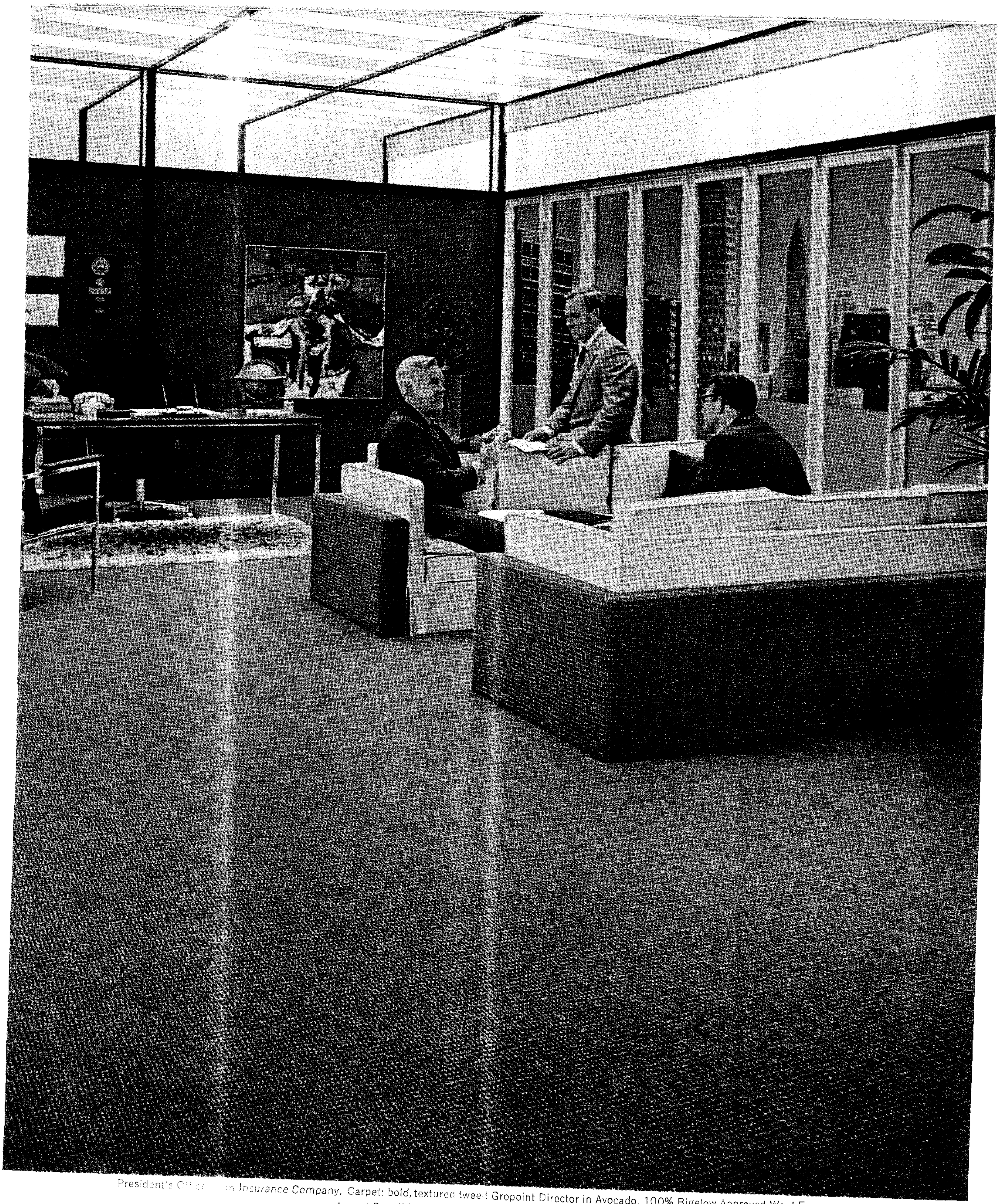

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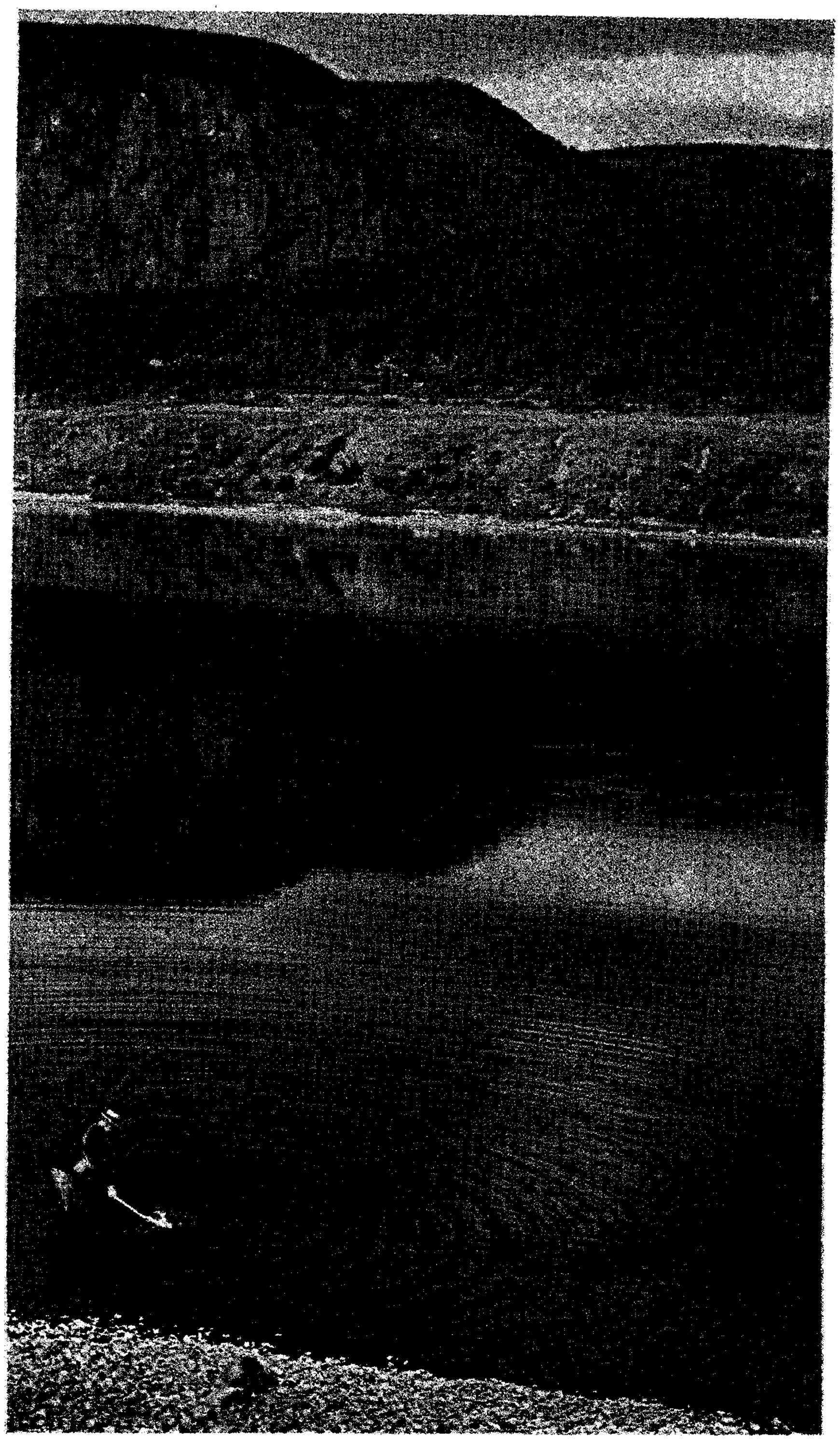

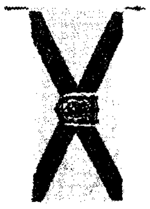

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THE CANADIAN PROVINCE OF
NOVA SCOTIA

Write, wire or call: V. Michael Knight, Deputy Minister of Trade & Industry, 5670 Spring Garden Road, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Bullitt—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this routine and pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting Feb. 12.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on war and the Victorians has very pretty color and some witty bits. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 11.)

Charlie Bubbles (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous English writer who feels alienated. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 6.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Feb. 10-12.)

China Is Near (1968)—A seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his Socialist brother's chances for political office. Written and directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 7-10.)

Day in the Country (1950)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Feb. 10-12.)

Faces—Sexual desire among middle-aged people who have nothing else to live for, acted out in a desperately naked realistic style. John Cassavetes, who directed this psychodrama about alienation and lechery in southern California, has so strongly resisted the commercial possibilities in his theme that this movie is likely to be taken as seriously as he intended. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Finian's Rainbow—A young director, Francis Ford Coppola, tries to bring life to a moldering Broadway operetta—a socially conscious fairy tale. With the help of Petula Clark and assists from Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn, he almost succeeds. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450; through Feb. 10. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 12, tentative.)

Greetings—A pleasantly tawdry underground version of a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—This careless, lightweight comedy about the square-hippie conflict in a Los Angeles lawyer (Peter Sellers) can be a pleasant surprise if one doesn't go expecting a good movie. With Joyce Van Patten, and some sharp lines by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Directed by Hy Averback. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 11.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; starting Feb. 11.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12			

The Night They Raided Minsky's—The parodies of the old burlesque routines are so affectionate and so funny that one can forgive the general disorganization. With Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Britt Ekland, Elliott Gould, and, memorably, Joseph Wiseman in a classic comedy performance. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; through Feb. 11.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Lincoln's Birthday at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Pierrot le Fou—Jean-Luc Godard turns an American crime novel by Lionel White into a daring, explosive movie about gunrunners and betrayal, and manages to introduce a satire on television commercials as well. Photographed in startling, hard-edge color by Raoul Coutard. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Pretty Poison—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

The Producers (1968)—Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn in a farce about Broadway. Written and directed by Mel Brooks. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 12.)

Rachel, Rachel—A gentle, piercingly active film about a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Out of its period; better than "Marty." Paul Newman directing, for the first time. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 11, except the afternoons of Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 8-9.)

Romeo and Juliet—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Sea Gull—This carelessly made version of the Chekhov play gives one an almost Chekhovian sense of missed opportunities but Vanessa Redgrave is an extraordinary tubular and girlish Nina, and there are suggestions of what the other roles should be in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and the miscast Simone Signoret. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's vision of what men do on their last days on earth. A simple, lucid masterpiece, with a great performance by Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 9.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-two years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upwards from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Feb. 12.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity is a revolutionary, visionary poem of destruction. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

Yellow Submarine—A Pop Art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 10.)

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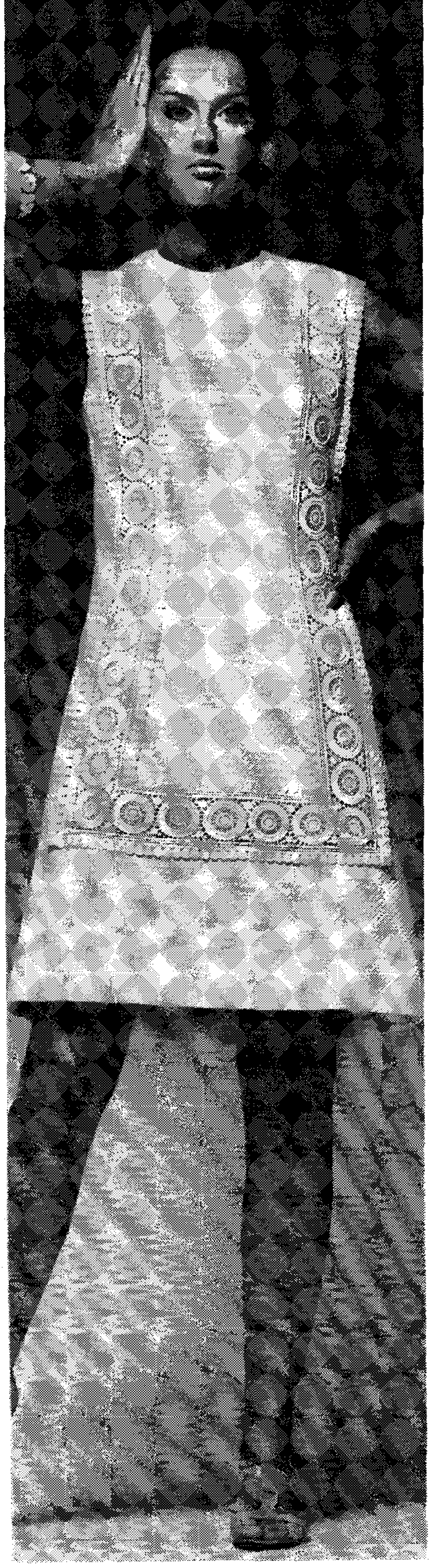


THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 11: "Les Biches" (in French).
From Feb. 12: "The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WEEKEND (in French).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
PRETTY POISON.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 11: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and "The Ladykillers" (1956), Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
From Feb. 12: **ULYSSES**; and "Benjamin" (1968; in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 11: **RACHEL, RACHEL.** (On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Feb. 8-9, "Pinocchio " will be shown instead.)
From Feb. 12: **BULLITT.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Monterey Pop," a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Feb. 10: "The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.
From Feb. 11: "Hell in the Pacific," Lee Marvin, Toshiro Mifune.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"They Came to Rob Las Vegas," Gary Lockwood, Elke Sommer.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
SHAME (in Swedish).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE SEA GULL.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film. (No evening performances on Monday, Feb. 10.)

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 10: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.
From Feb. 11: "Changes," Kent Lane.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Stalking Moon," Gregory Peck, Eva Marie Saint.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PIERROT LE FOU (in French).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 11: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**
From Feb. 12: **BULLITT.**

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 10: "The Wrecking Crew," Dean Martin, Elke Sommer.
From Feb. 11: "The Model Shop," Anouk Aimée, Gary Lockwood.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 11: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.**
From Feb. 12: "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Feb. 9: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent).
Feb. 10-12: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** and **DAY IN THE COUNTRY** (both in French).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 11: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**; and "The Party" (1968), Peter Sellers.
From Feb. 12 (tentative): **THE GRADUATE.**

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 10: **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**
From Feb. 11: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Three Sisters" (in Russian).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
"The Wrecking Crew," Dean Martin, Elke Sommer.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 11: "Great Catherine," Peter O'Toole, Zero Mostel.
From Feb. 12: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"Martyrs of Love," a Czechoslovakian film.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 11: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**
From Feb. 12: **BULLITT.**

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Feb. 12 at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday at 10 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

PENTHOUSE, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
Through Feb. 10: **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.**
From Feb. 11: "Hell in the Pacific," Lee Marvin, Toshiro Mifune.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Feb. 12: "The Brotherhood," Kirk Douglas, Alex Cord.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Song and the Silence," Annita Koutsouveli.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Decline and Fall of a Bird Watcher," Felix Aylmer.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 10: "A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein," a documentary.
From Feb. 11: "The Model Shop," Anouk Aimée, Gary Lockwood.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Feb. 10: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.
From Feb. 11: **THE IMMORTAL STORY**; and "Simon of the Desert" (in Spanish), a short Luis Buñuel film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Feb. 10: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.**
From Feb. 11: "Play Dirty," Michael Caine.

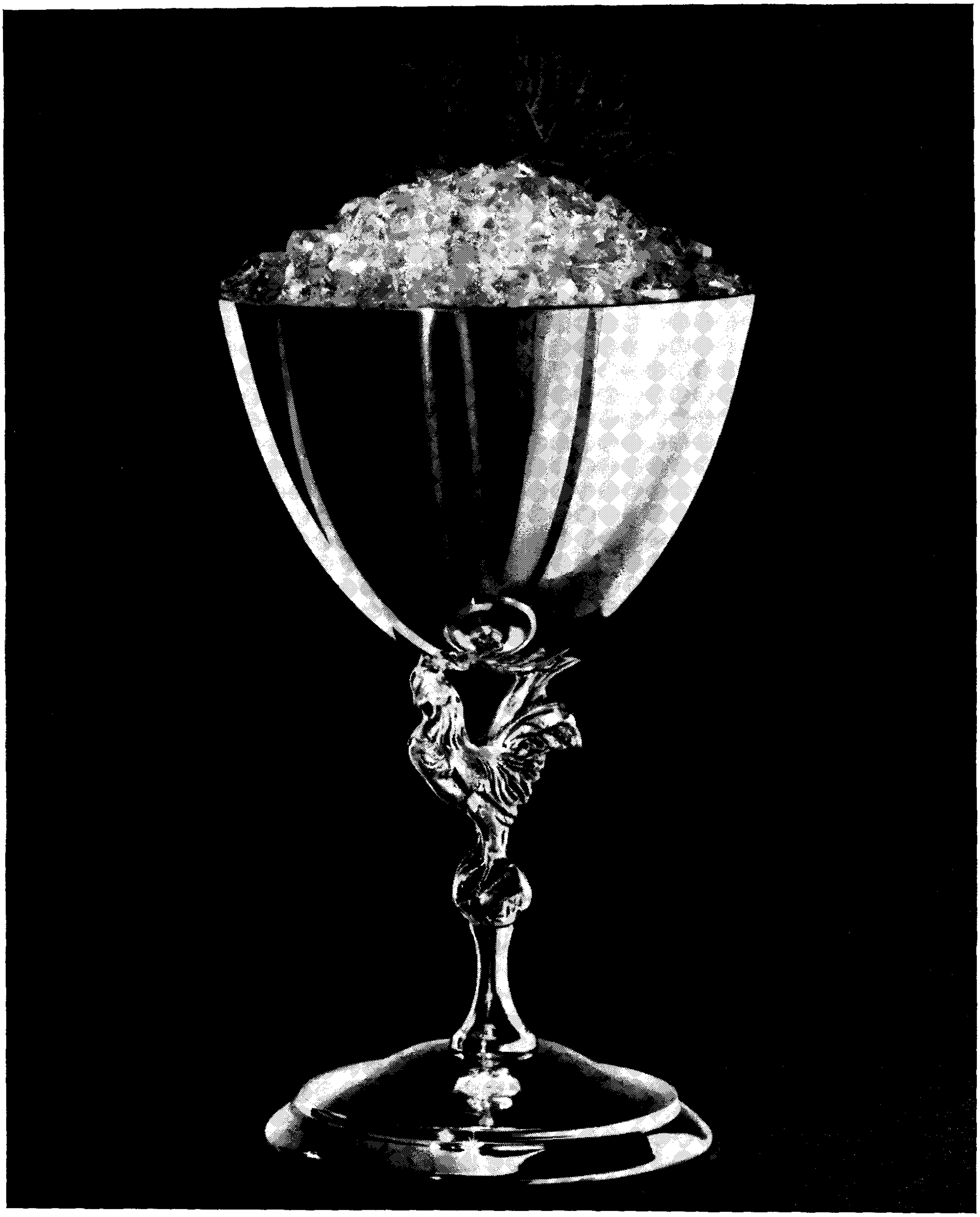
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 8: "Me and My Brother," a Robert Frank film.
From Feb. 9: "Identification Marks: None" (in Polish).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 11: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**; and "A Lovely Way to Die," Kirk Douglas, Sylva Koscina.
From Feb. 12: **THE PRODUCERS**; and "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname" (1968), Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 6: **CHARLIE BUBBLES**; and "A Countess from Hong Kong" (1967), Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren.
Feb. 7-10: **CHINA IS NEAR** (in Italian); and "Murder Czech Style," a Czechoslovakian film.
From Feb. 11: "The President's Analyst" (1967), James Coburn; and "The Penthouse" (1967), Suzy Kendall.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Feb. 6: "Great Catherine," Peter O'Toole, Zero Mostel.
From Feb. 7: "Les Biches" (in French).



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST December, as they have done every fourth year since the beginning of the Republic, the newly elected members of the electoral college assembled in every state to choose the President of the United States. This forty-sixth meeting will have been the last if those who advocate the abolition of one of our most venerable institutions win the current battle for electoral change.

The Founding Fathers provided in the Constitution that each state should elect a small group of men who, in turn, would exercise their independent judgment in selecting a President. Each of these men, called an elector, was given one vote, and each state was entitled to a number of electors equal to the combined number of its senators and representatives. As a result, representation in the electoral college, as in the Congress, was roughly proportional to population. And if no candidate received an absolute majority of electoral votes, the President was to be chosen by the House of Representatives. This system has survived to the present day, with one all-important difference. It rapidly became an established custom that all the electors of a state would automatically vote for the candidate receiving most of the state's popular vote. Today, a separate slate of candidates for the post of elector is pledged to each Presidential candidate in every state. When you vote for President, you are in fact voting for the slate committed to your favorite. For example, any New Yorker who voted for Vice-President Humphrey was really voting for the forty-three electors of the Democratic Party. And even though Humphrey received a bare majority of New York's popular vote, he won all forty-three of its electoral votes. (Legally, of course, any of these electors could have voted for someone else, and on a few rare occasions an individual elector has dishonored his commitment.)

Under this system, it is theoretically possible for a Presidential candidate to receive a majority of the electoral votes even though his opponent is the popular victor. To see how this might happen, assume, for a perhaps uncomfortable moment, that the President was chosen by New York and California alone. If Humphrey won New York by fifty thousand votes, and Nixon won California by one hundred thousand votes, then New York's forty-three electors would go to him, and Nixon would receive California's forty. Thus, even though Nixon was fifty thousand popular votes ahead, Humphrey would be elected President, by forty-three electors to forty. The fear that this might happen on a national scale is behind the present demand to eliminate the electoral college and select a President by direct nationwide popular vote. Such a change, which is superficially appealing as a call to democratic principle, might have consequences for the practical operation of our democracy far beyond the intentions of its sponsors. There are some aspects of our present system, of course, that clearly threaten the legitimacy of the democratic process. Certainly electors should not be free to defy the electorate, nor should the House of Representatives under any circumstances be allowed to select a President, being a small group of men susceptible to deals and private pressures. Electors have sometimes acted independently, and the House has on occasion ignored both the popular and the electoral vote in selecting a President. Yet it would be relatively simple to eliminate these possibilities—by, for example, not having individuals as candidates for electors but automatically counting all of a state's electoral votes for the winner of its popular vote, and by providing that the candidate with the most electoral votes would win even if he did not have a majority. Or a runoff popular election could be held if the winning candidate received less than a certain fixed percentage of the electoral votes—say, thirty-five per cent or forty per cent.

However, eliminating the electoral college altogether is another matter. In so doing, we would exchange a clumsy mechanism, but one that has worked, for an ideal construction whose effects are conjectural. Only once in our history has the man who received the most popular votes failed to receive the highest number of electoral votes. That was in 1888, when Grover Cleveland lost the election although he ran a hundred thousand votes ahead of Benjamin Harrison. Andrew Jackson in 1824 and Samuel Tilden in 1876 were deprived of the Presidency despite a popular plurality, but Jackson's defeat came about by decision of the House (Jackson had a plurality of electoral votes as well), and Tilden lost because disputed electoral votes were taken from him by a hostile Congress. Thus, the electoral college has failed to conform to the popular will only once in almost two centuries, and that in a contest so close that it's almost a technical quibble to say that the people's choice was defeated.

Nor do considerations of abstract democratic theory dictate a change to direct popular vote. If democracy requires that those who govern the country be chosen by a national constituency in which all citizens have equal weight, then both the Supreme Court and the Senate fail the test. Yet, on the whole, they help maintain a necessary balance between minority or regional interests and the majority will; the Senate is often more conscious of national needs than the more representative House. Therefore, before changing a system that has worked remarkably well, the American people should be fairly certain that the results will be beneficial. As we see it, the consequences of eliminating the electoral college not only are highly speculative but might be unfortunate.

First, such a reform, as Professor Ernest Brown, of Harvard, has pointed out, could well transform the frequent charges of election irregularity and fraud into demands for a nationwide recount. Since voting is now by states, such charges are usually allowed to lapse, for even if the result in a particular state should be changed, the winner would rarely lose his electoral majority. But if the popular vote alone were decisive, and the election close, there would be every incentive to demand investigations and recounts, and these would inevitably precipitate counter-demands, while the country waited to see who its leaders would be. In addition, a direct popular vote would powerfully tempt the states to compete in lowering voting ages, liberalizing registration requirements, and so on, in order to increase their relative influence on the election.

Another, and perhaps more serious, objection to abolishing the electoral college is the threat to the stability of the two-party system, which has been a key element in the endurance of American democracy. Most third-party efforts either have never got off the ground or have proved transient, because, as Professor Alexander Bickel, of Yale, has noted, they have been unable to win electoral votes unless they operated from a regional base. In 1948, for example, Strom Thurmond and Henry Wallace received approximately the same popular vote, but Thurmond got thirty-nine electoral votes and Wallace none. Individuals with a common interest or conviction are restrained from forming an independent party by the knowledge that they cannot carry any states and therefore will not receive any electoral votes, while their activities will tend to subtract votes from the major-party candidate who is ideologically closest to them. With only the popular vote at issue, however, regional roots are irrelevant, and groups united by belief or need—from blacks and those opposed to the war in Vietnam to the John Birch Society—might fragment the electorate into new parties in search of maximum political power. They could, as the Liberal Party has done in New York, bargain with one of the major parties for concessions in return for its endorsement, or offer to withdraw in the midst of a campaign in return for concessions. Such a party might also run candidates in the hope of forcing a runoff election in which its support would be eagerly sought. Most of the election-reform proposals require at least forty per cent of the popular vote for election, with a runoff between the two top candidates if no one gets that much. And although only Harrison received a popular minority and an electoral majority, fifteen Presidents have been elected with less than a majority of the total popular vote. Therefore, almost half of our elections have been contests in which, theoretically, a third party could have held the balance of power. In two of our three last Presidential elections, the popular margin was less than a half-million votes, and in America it is possible—with money and energy—to organize a half-million people for almost anything.

Still another objection centers on the impact that eliminating the electoral college would have on the relative importance of large and small states. Both the advocates and the opponents of reform have assumed that direct popular vote would reduce the emphasis on the large states with the most electoral votes. Yet reform might well have the opposite effect. Usually, campaigns are directed at a swing vote of from ten to twenty per cent of the population, on the assumption that the rest of the voters are pretty firmly committed. Under the reformed system, any candidate in search of those votes would have to concentrate his energies and his strategy on the large states, for that is where the people are, and also where the most volatile vote can be found. For example, Richard Nixon, Southern strategy and all, received about the same number of popular votes in California alone that he received in all nine states of the once solid South (roughly three and a half million). Even though Nixon ran well ahead of Vice-President Humphrey in the South, a change of little more than two per cent of his vote in favor of Humphrey in the four largest states, or a change of less than one and a half per cent in the seven largest, would have cancelled out his entire Southern margin. In fact, about half the popular vote for the two major candidates came from only seven states. No political strategist, therefore, could wisely counsel a candidate to take the slightest risk in the big states in the hope of picking up a few more Southern or border states. (In fact, exactly this kind of risk-taking helped defeat Nixon in 1960.) It is just as likely, and far more economical in terms of energy and expense, that under the new system a candidate would assume a basic minimum of Southern and border votes and shape his campaign to the demands of large-state politics. Why should a Presidential hopeful take positions calculated to win Southern states if those same positions might lose him the two or three per cent of the vote in California, New York, Illinois, and Pennsylvania that would be enough to cancel out all his gains? All this, of course, reflects only the psychology of campaigns, since in fact the electoral vote has followed the popular vote. Yet once political strategists stopped thinking in terms of states and the intricate arithmetic of the electoral college, they would tend to focus on areas where the population is concentrated and on the large television "market areas." (After all, in the nine Southern states Nixon received forty-seven electoral votes and helped keep twenty-eight more from Humphrey, while California gave him only forty electoral votes. Thus, the Southerner who voted for Nixon actually had more influence on the electoral majority than did the Californian who went Republican.)

None of these are certain consequences of change. Yet they are all possibilities, as are other results, which we cannot now foresee. (Our history is strewn with discarded democratic reforms, such as the initiative and the referendum, that frequently defeated expectations and sometimes became the instruments of those special interests they were designed to protect the country from.) In return, we will be guarded against the possibility that the popular loser will be the electoral winner. Not only is this highly unlikely (in most close elections the electoral-vote majority has far exceeded the popular margin, thus strengthening the position of a President-elect) but even if it should happen it would be in a contest so close that one would be hard put to it to claim that a firm or decisively expressed popular desire had been thwarted. One of the sources of our national stability has been our unwillingness to change the Constitution except when abuses or malfunctions have already manifested themselves. It has never been amended simply because we feared that something might go wrong at some future date. Yet that is what is now being proposed. We will find, however, no system of choosing leaders that is guaranteed to work perfectly. Certainly a great deal of skepticism and prudent hesitation should attend any effort to "perfect" a system that has worked as well as ours.

A Wonderful Time

WE were on an escalator last Wednesday afternoon, riding from the fourth floor of Stern's department store to the fifth floor, when a bright-eyed lady in a long fur coat turned to us and said, "Don't you think I look like a mature woman who's trying to reënter the business world? The sign on the main floor said there was going to be a symposium here today for the mature woman who wants to reënter the business world. Actually,

"But isn't it nice to know it's all there!"

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I'm *passing* as a mature woman. And can you reenter something if you've never been in it?"

As we stepped off the escalator right behind her, trying to remember what we were there for, she handed us an orange-paper package. "Here, will you please hold this for a minute? It's a Bloomingdale's bag. I don't know whether I should be seen with it here. Maybe that man over there can tell me where the symposium is." Crying "Hey, sir," she sprang toward a small salesman, who ducked gracefully behind a television console. Undaunted, she tracked down a larger salesman and obtained directions to the Special Events Center, on the sixth floor. Though ordinarily we are not easily distracted from our purpose (whatever it *was*), we followed the lady across the floor and up a flight of stairs that led to the Credit Department. "Oh, my God!" she exclaimed. "Why do I always end up here?" She raced past the row of credit adjusters to the entrance of the meeting hall. We did, too. Each symposiast was being handed an envelope filled with pamphlets and press releases concerning the topic to be discussed—like "Do's and Don'ts for Mature Job Seekers" ("Do hold yourself erect" and "Don't keep stressing your need for a job")—and a program of the afternoon's events. Marching through a crowd of three or four men and hundreds of women, most of whom appeared to be in their forties or fifties, our companion led us to the first two rows of chairs, which were decked with "Reserved" signs. She removed two of the signs and her coat, sat down, and beckoned to us to join her. We sat down. She reached into the envelope and pulled out a thin paperback book called "Women! Business Needs You! A Back-to-Business Guide for Modern Women," by Sabatino A. Russo, Jr., with William Laas.

"Can you tell how old I am?" she asked.

"Oh, about thirty-five," we said, since we couldn't tell.

"By the way, my name is Janet," she said. "Business needs me."

The stage, which was a few feet in front of the chairs we were occupying, was furnished with a wooden lectern, a table set for three panelists, and several colorful freestanding doors, labelled with the names of fictional business concerns. According to the program, the symposium was the third annual "Business Needs You" gathering, and was sponsored by Stern Brothers and the American Girl Division of AGS Services Corporation, a temporary-office-work agency, whose president, Sabatino A. Russo, Jr., was listed as moderator of the symposium.

Janet scanned the program and remarked that the only speaker she really wanted to hear was Dr. Rose Franzblau, the well-known psychologist, who was scheduled to be the final speaker and offer advice on "How to Weather the Emotional Crisis of Returning to Work." "I think she knows my Aunt Clara," Janet said, and she proceeded to pick up an earlier train of thought. "As a matter of fact, I *have* been in the business world. I worked at Bloomingdale's for a week before Christmas. I made ten dollars a day and spent thirty. See this?"

We looked, and she pointed to the heading of Chapter 4 in Mr. Russo's book: "The One Crucial Skill—Typing." "I can't type," she said, growing glum. "But I once took dictation from Orson Welles."

Just at that moment, Miss Mildred Collins appeared on the stage. She is a vice-president of Stern Brothers and a rare exception, we later learned, to the general absence of women from executive positions in business. Miss Collins welcomed the audience, addressing them as "ladies like you," by which she meant, we figured out, ladies over forty who had been without jobs for the last ten or twenty years, and who were now interested in finding jobs but fearful of being turned away for being too old or for possessing rusty secretarial skills.

Janet glanced up at Miss Collins and then back at the book in her lap. " 'Ask yourself these questions,' " Janet murmured. " 'What is my education? How is my health? Physical needs?' Nobody's ever asked me that before. 'What are my present interests?' My present interests are my physical needs. 'Favorite recreation?' I think that taking a bath is my favorite recreation."

Meanwhile, Miss Collins was introducing Mr. Russo: "A young man . . . He is married, unfortunately . . . Brilliant . . . Dynamic leadership . . ."

Janet continued reading. "'What are my natural aptitudes?' Do you have a pencil?" We handed her a pencil, and she used it to check "Car driving," "Dancing," "Handling people," and "Travel."

Mr. Russo, a fine-looking young man and a dynamic moderator, introduced Miss Dorothy Pendergast, a Regional Director of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, who said that the concept of the meaning of femininity is expanding, that the average woman worker today is forty-one and married, that many states have laws banning discrimination by employers on the basis of age and sex, and that "older workers" are frequently steadier and more reliable than younger ones. Mr. Russo then returned to the lectern to explain the difference between permanent work, part-time work, temporary work, and home work. Before comparing the business world to an oyster, he advised the ladies to brush up their skills, and warned them not to forget to find out whether their husbands or teen-age children might have objections to their plans to reënter the business world.

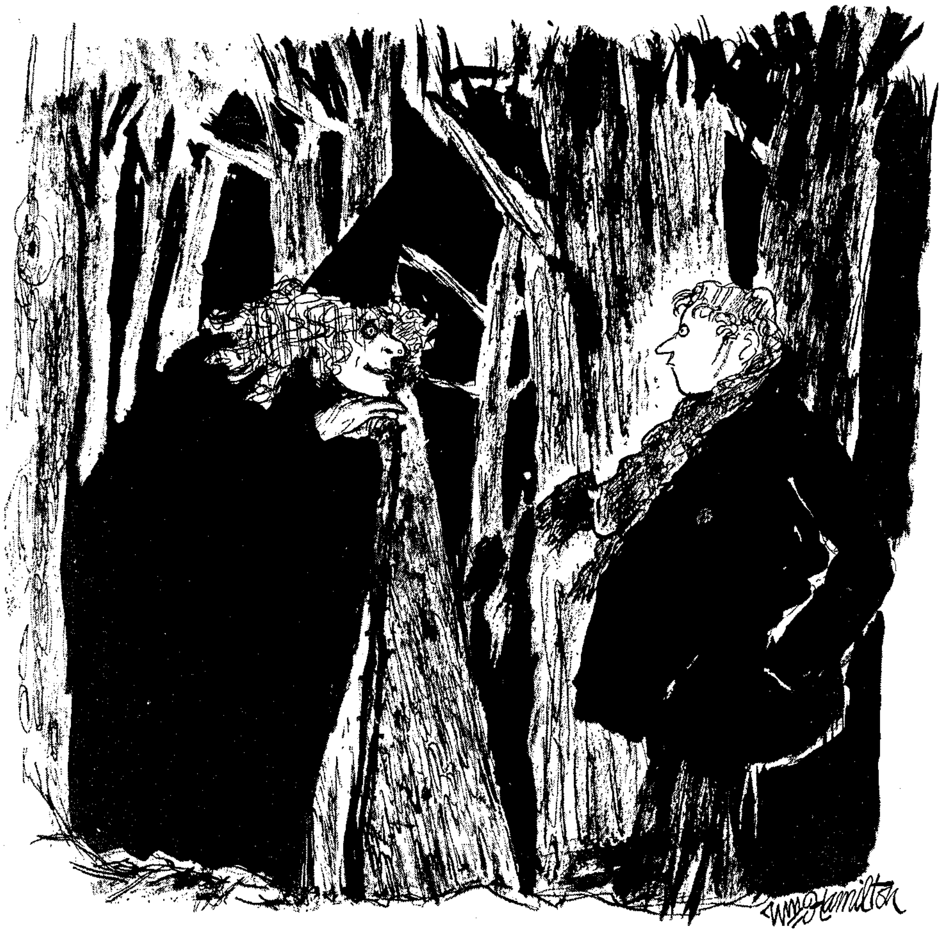
"Nobody objects to my working except me," muttered Janet. She nudged us and pointed to the book again—to a questionnaire designed to indicate whether temporary work would be the most suitable form of employment for a particular mature job seeker. "Does your husband travel a great deal, leaving you alone for extended periods of time?" one question went. Janet looked thoughtful. "Is eight years considered an extended period of time?" she asked us.

While Mrs. Kathryn Kozlowski, from Personnel Services of the Allied Chemical Corporation, was saying that "realism is a mandatory characteristic of the mature woman," Janet was making a perfect score on a sample vocabulary quiz.

". . . as certain of her shortcomings as of her abilities," said Mrs. Kozlowski.

"I'm certain of my shortcomings," Janet said.

". . . room at the top, even if you start at the bottom," said Mrs. Kozlowski.



"Give us a kiss, young man, and I'll tell you the top ten growth stocks of 1969."

"I want to start at the top," Janet said.

Mrs. Evelyn Cunningham, Director of the Women's Unit of the Office of the Governor, urged the members of the audience to consider the expense of going back to work—the cost of lunches, subway fares, taxes, proper garments, and visits to the beauty parlor. This, Janet told us, reminded her of her week at Bloomingdale's.

Mrs. Mary D. Keyserling, a mature woman who said she had just lost her job as Director of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, owing to the change of Administrations, was presented with the first annual Woman Behind the Woman Award, for encouraging large numbers of her fellow-women to return to work. Mrs. Lyndon Johnson was quoted more than once as having said, "This is a wonderful time to be a woman."

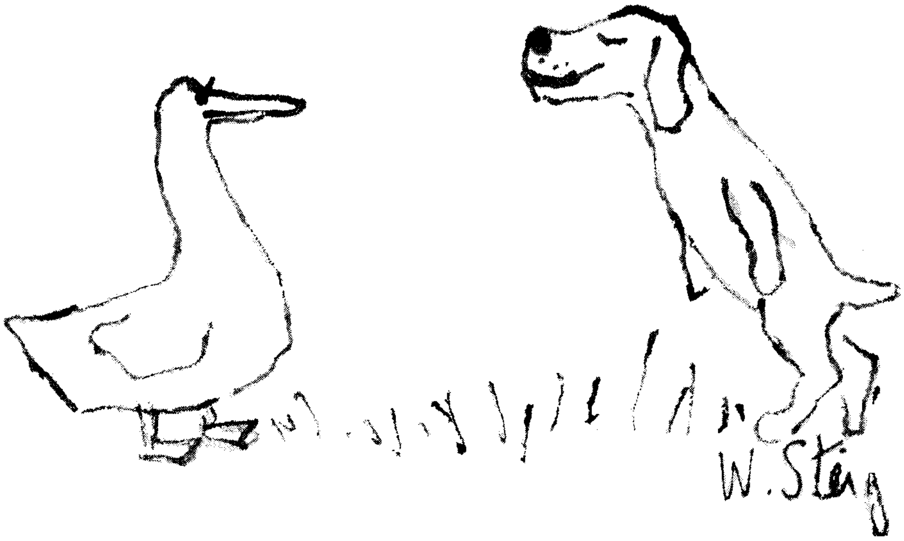
Janet reached into her coat pocket and pulled out a crumpled scrap torn from the help-wanted page of the *Times*. She stood up abruptly. "I've got to go brush up my skills," she said. In spite of the prospect of hearing Dr. Franzblau, she grabbed her coat and her package and ran.

Later in the week, when we read in the *Times* that the Forty-second Street branch of Stern's would be closed down forever before summer, we were still trying to remember what we went there to buy the day we met Janet.

From Off Off to Off

"DAMES AT SEA," the season's newest musical hit, which is playing at the Bouwerie Lane Theatre, has a capacity audience of a hundred and eighty-three at each performance. A takeoff on movie musicals of the nineteen-thirties, the show has two acts, sixteen songs, three musicians, and a cast of six. It has two producers, thirty-four investors, one director-choreographer, one set designer, one stage manager, eight stagehands, four box-office workers, five press agents, and three writers. It took the writers nine years to get the show written, produced, and, as it happened, acclaimed. The writers are three men in their forties—Jim Wise (music) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). We met them in a body the other day at the Algonquin, bunched around one of those low, round, small wooden cocktail tables in the lobby, and we asked each, in turn, where he was born, and what he was doing before he committed himself to "Dames at Sea."

Wise, a thin, gray-haired man with



"Here's how a duck walks."

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a long, almost dolorous face, said he was born in Akron, Ohio, spent five years in the Army during the Second World War, reaching the rank of captain, and has been a teacher of modern drama at Newark College of Engineering for the past dozen years and, for longer than that, an instructor for a course in English at the Bernard M. Baruch College of the City University of New York. Haimsohn is tall, almost portly, with curly, untrimmed sideburns, and he was born in St. Louis, grew up in Los Angeles, majored in English at the University of California at Los Angeles, came to New York in 1950 to write, and did write poetry, short stories, and books entitled "The Portable Hamlet," "The Bedside Faust," "Inside Romeo and Juliet," and "Carmen Confidential," the first two of which have been published. Miller, the tallest (six feet two and a half inches) member of the trio, has neatly trimmed sideburns and a resemblance to Rex Harrison, and he was born in London, England, but grew up in an oil-lamp-lit house near Woodbridge, Suffolk, England. His parents collected records of hit tunes from American musicals. He came to New York in 1952, when he was twenty-four, to be a writer but instead got a job in the mailroom of Foote, Cone & Belding, the advertising agency, and worked his way up to the position of copywriter.

"Why did you want to be in New York?" we asked each of the writers.

"I came to New York, in 1947, because I wanted to write music for Broadway shows," Wise said.

"Everything comes from New York," Haimsohn said. "A poet in Los Angeles doesn't mean very much."

"New York was where everything was happening," said Miller. "I had no connection with the theatre except that my great-uncle Roger Quilter was a composer. He wrote two operas, and some lovely music for a heavily patriotic play for children called 'Where the Rainbow Ends.' I went to see it when I was five. I went backstage, and I knew then that this was the most exciting thing ever, and that it was what I wanted to do."

"And?" we asked.

"After Foote, I went to another agency, which promptly lost its biggest account and folded. I was twenty-seven, and I knew it was now or never," Miller replied. "I worked at all the usual odd jobs just to have enough money to live on, so that I could be free to write. I clerked at Doubleday at night. I even worked in a drugstore. In 1960, I went to see 'Little Mary Sunshine,' the spoof of bad old operettas. You know the way writers are when they see a play. They're on two levels—the enjoyment level and the thought level. About halfway through that show, I thought: I'd like to write a spoof, too. I had the nucleus of an idea for a spoof of the movies of the thirties, and I went around talking about the idea to everybody. Everybody at bars, everybody at parties, everybody I saw. Finally, I talked to a literary agent I knew named John Schaffner. And that"—Miller opened a hand in the direction of Wise—"is where Jim came in."

"I had known *Mrs.* Schaffner during the war," Wise said. "She was in the O.S.S., and I was in Army Public Relations, as a press censor. I had minored in music at college, and I played the piano, just for fun, in the bar of the Hotel Chatham in Paris, where all the press correspondents hung out. After a day of working at censorship, I really enjoyed playing the piano in the Hotel Chatham's bar. Anyway, it was the Schaffners who introduced me to Robin, because he needed a composer."

"And?" we asked, looking at Haimsohn.

"Jim and I had met in the early fifties, shortly after I came to New York," Haimsohn said. "Jim needed a collaborator to write lyrics for his songs, and we found that we could work well together doing special material for night-club performers. People like Pat Carroll, Gloria De Haven, Dody Goodman, and Bibi Osterwald."

"What special material, for example?" we asked.

Wise answered. "Well, for Pat Carroll, around 1954, we did a special-material song called 'My Best Girl Friend's Very Best Boy Friend's My Best Boy Friend Now,' " he said. "In those days, Pat Carroll was sort of the girl-next-door type, and that was a good song for her."

"Jim and I had had the same idea as Robin," Haimsohn said. "We were going to do something on the 'Gold Diggers' movies, and when Robin met Jim, Robin said he felt he needed an American to work with. That's how the three of us came together."

"We found that we all had a passion for Ruby Keeler," Miller said.

"And all of us, as kids, had lived in our local movie theatre on Saturday afternoons," Wise said. "Mine was the Liberty in Akron. It cost ten cents."

"The Woodbridge Cinema. One shilling," Miller said.

"The Golden Gate," Haimsohn said. "It cost a *quarter*. One night, we got in the family car and hit a triple feature—'Top Hat,' 'A Night at the Opera,' and a preview."

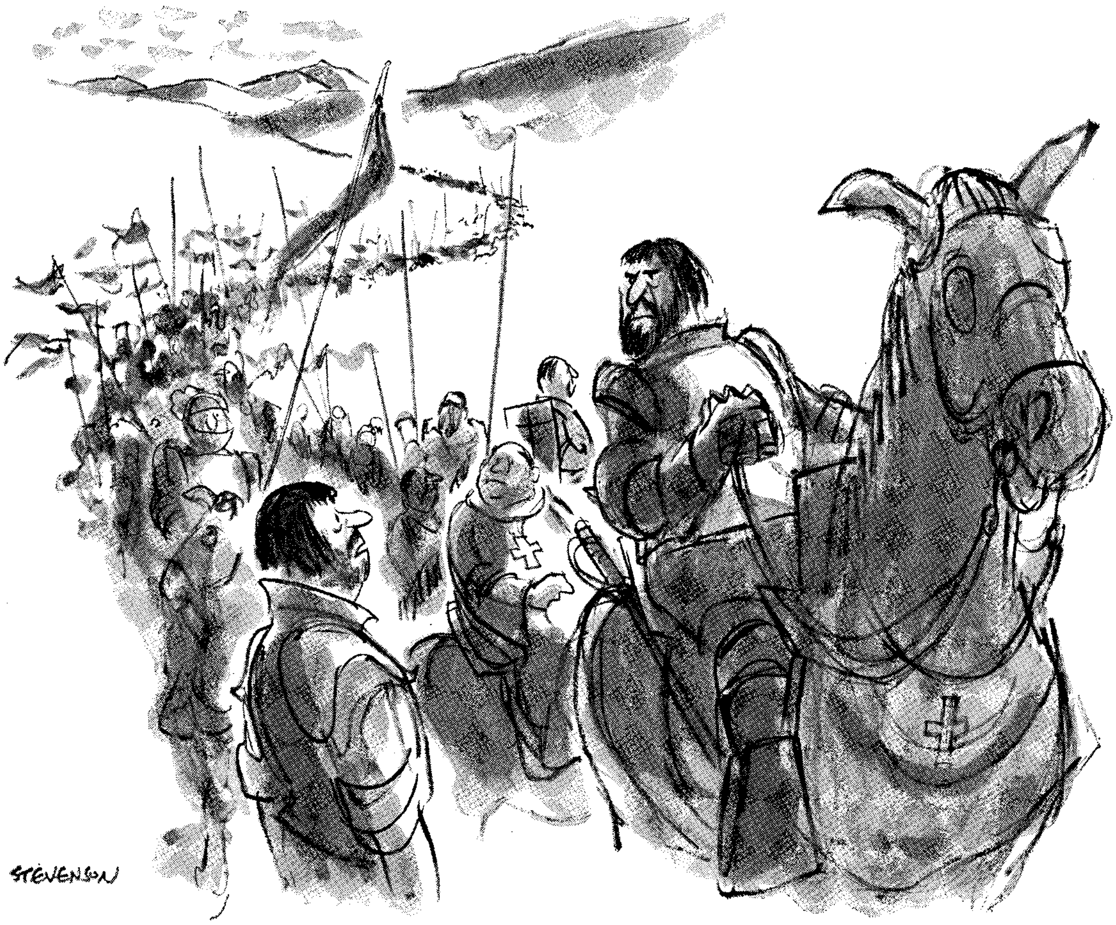
"We all got headaches watching those marvellous musicals," Wise said. "There was one where a whole chorus disappears into a huge coffeepot."

"And in 'Kid Millions,' with Eddie Cantor, there's this giant chocolate milkshake that everybody comes out of," Haimsohn said.

"Deanna Durbin was my pinup," Miller said. "And I identified madly with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland."

"All the films on the late, late shows," Wise said. "That's why our audiences, the young ones, know what it's all about—because they see those movies on television."

We rapped a little on the wooden cocktail table. "Well, what happened



"According to my latest poll, Sire, it's eleven in favor of continuing the Crusade and eight thousand in favor of returning home."

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when you started working together?" we asked.

"It took us five weeks to do," Wise said. "It went fast."

"Then what?" we asked.

"We were very naïve," Miller replied. "We tape-recorded it, and I dragged a huge tape recorder around town, trying to get people interested in it. I remember playing it for Herb Jacoby, at the Blue Angel, one hot afternoon. He said what everybody said: 'Nobody knows about the thirties.' "

"We tried and tried, and then we gave up," Wise said. "Robin went back to England and was working there. Then George met some friends who knew Joe Cino, of the Caffè Cino."

"A very interesting man," said Haimsohn.

"A marvellous man," said Wise. "He wanted his place to be a showcase for writers. He was very dedicated to this."

"What happened to the Caffè Cino?" we asked.

"Joe Cino died," Wise said. "But not before we put on a one-act version of 'Dames at Sea' there for thirteen weeks, in the summer of 1966. We were the biggest hit of Off Off Broadway ever. I was there all summer at the piano. I had a contract to teach summer school, which I had to give up. I don't know if you remember the summer of 1966. Heat!"

"And not once did Jim take off his coat," Haimsohn said.

"Did you get paid?" we asked.

"Yes," Wise said. "They would pass the hat. One week, there was eight dollars and seventy-nine cents for everybody. Fourteen people, including us and our two leads, who, by the way, are still in the show—Bernadette Peters and David Christmas. She's wonderful, and he has a kind of Jimmy Stewart face and manner. He's wonderful, too."

"What happened after the summer of 1966?" we asked.

"It's a complicated story," Wise said.

"You tell it, Jim," said Haimsohn and Miller.

"Well, someone told us we ought to have a lawyer," Wise said. "So I called up a man named Jordan Hott, who was getting out the Off Broadway *Playbill*, called *The Show Card*. I'd never met Hott, but I asked him for the name of a lawyer and he named a lawyer for me. A year later, our theatre at Newark College of Engineering needed a teacher-director, and I called up Hott for a recommendation again. We talked about it over a cup of coffee, and a few days later he called me up and said that he was interested in taking the job himself. Everybody at Newark liked him, and he started working there. And at one point he asked to read the script of 'Dames at Sea.' I gave it to him, and he said he wanted to take an option to produce it."

"I came back from London last October, and we did some cutting and rewriting," Miller said. "We had already expanded the script to two acts while playing the one-act version at the Cino."

"How much did it cost to produce?" we asked.

"It was budgeted at thirty thousand dollars, but it cost six or seven thousand more," Wise said.

"Most of our investors are lawyers and doctors," Haimsohn said.

"Three are teachers from Newark College of Engineering," Wise added.

"Shares were sold at six hundred dollars apiece, but we couldn't afford to buy any," Miller said.

"Except for me. I bought one, fifty-fifty, with a friend," Wise said.

"Two Christmases ago, I was driving a taxi in London," Miller said thoughtfully.

"Well, how are you all doing now?" we asked.

"We get the standard six-per-cent royalty," Wise said.

"I'm staying with friends," Miller said. "I can't afford a hotel."

"We've paid off the option money, and so far we've each got about a hundred and fifty dollars," Haimsohn said. "I've been wondering about these fellows who finish writing a show and then fly off to Jamaica for a six-week vacation."

"We'll be all right as soon as the investors are paid off," Wise said. "There's interest in 'Dames' in London, and in Germany, Sweden, and Holland. Next to 'Promises, Promises,' we're the biggest musical hit."

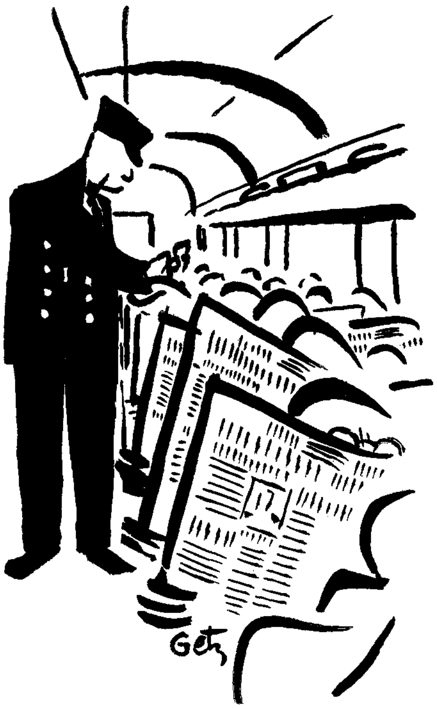
NOTES FROM A BOTTLE

(*A bottle containing the following notes was discovered on a mountainside on Ascension Island, in the South Atlantic.*)

MARCH 23rd. 7 A.M.: Looked out the window of my apartment, saw that the water was up to the second story all along Eighty-sixth Street. Yesterday, the movie marquees toward Lexington were still visible at twilight, but this morning they are gone. There were, of course, no lights last night—there has been no electricity in the city for three days. (No telephones, no water, no heat, no television. Heat and telephone service had been gone for several days before that, owing to the fuel strike and the phone strike. Some portable radios still work, but they receive only the grainy sound of static.) A light snow is falling.

4 P.M.: It is almost dark again, and the water is approaching the fourth floor. No planes or helicopters were seen today; the airports were probably the first to flood, and any planes that managed to get aloft would have run out of fuel by now. It looks like another night of parties and celebrations. Across the street, candles and flashlight beams move about in the windows, and in our building loud, cheerful voices can be heard echoing in the fire stairs. There is a lot of shrieking and laughter. The children, as usual, are riding bicycles up and down the halls, as adults—bundled up in all manner of clothing, and carrying drinks and candles—roam the building, going from one party to another. The Williamses, who were supposed to go on a cruise, have been dancing around in their vacation clothes—Audrey in a fur coat and bathing suit, Harold in a mask and flippers. A lot of things have been thrown out of windows; Ed Shea on 7 was tossing an orange back and forth to somebody in the building across the street; one group was skimming L.P. records, throwing them like Frisbees. There has been a good deal of horseplay. Carson on 8 would lean out his window and drop a paper bag full of flour on any head that was sticking out below. The biggest party last night was in the MacNeills' on 4—Alice played the piano, and everyone sang and danced until around three. (Today, a group of volunteers is moving the piano up to the Webers' on 6, just in case, and the Webers intend to have everybody in.) Phil Lewis amused everybody last night, saying that an ark was on its way and that it was going to take two people from the upper East Side. Martin, the doorman, has been drunk for a couple of days; he opened the Wenkers' apartment on 10—they're in Spain—and he has been holding court up there, dispensing the Wenkers' liquor with a free hand. There is still no explanation for the flood, beyond rumors shouted from one building to another. A lot of activity on Eighty-sixth Street during the day. For a while, everyone was throwing piles of flaming newspapers out their windows and watching them float away, burning, and there was considerable boat traffic—outboards, rowboats, a Circle Line boat with a crowd aboard, a small tug, a speedboat full of howling drunks towing a water skier in a black wet-suit. An hour ago, the Mayor went by, smiling grimly, in a large Chris-Craft cruiser with the city flag on the stern, the deck jammed with officials. Presumably, the water has reached Gracie Mansion by now, although the mansion is on high ground.

MARCH 24th. 3 P.M.: The water is now just below my windows on the ninth floor. There is nothing to do but watch. The water is filthy—there had been the six-week garbage strike, and all the city's garbage is awash—and the seagulls are everywhere, feasting. A number of people came up to stay in my apartment during the night, but they have left now and gone to a higher floor. They all arrived with apologies and genial remarks, but when they left they did so without fanfare—simply disappeared, one or two at a time, when I wasn't looking. I'd hear the door click shut, and I'd know they'd gone upstairs. There has been constant speculation on the cause of the flood—an atomic test in the Arctic is a popular explanation—but no one has any information at all, and no one really expects any. Those of us who have lived here for any length of time have become hardened: one simply waits. Langford, the lawyer, who recently moved to New York and lives on 8, was furious at first. "Why haven't we been informed?" he kept demanding. "I have contacts in Washington. . . ." But when I saw him a few minutes ago—he was standing in the hall, eating a once-frozen TV dinner—he was brooding, and when others spoke to him he didn't reply.



5 P.M.: The strangest thing is the silence of the city. No car noises, honking, sirens. Bodies float by, tangled in wreckage—furniture, lumber, trash. Suddenly a boat's horn, but then it is silent again—extraordinary silence. The loudest sound, except when the gulls come near, is the slap of water just below the windowsill, or the scrape of something bumping the window air-conditioner.

MARCH 25th: We are on the roof now. I have no idea what time it is, but it is daylight. The lower buildings have been submerged, the tall office buildings stand like tombstones above the heaving waves. There are whitecaps toward Central Park. An ocean liner stood by the Pan Am Building for a while, then moved out to sea. Our rooftop is packed with people; many huddle against the chimneys, trying to keep away from the bitter wind. Alice MacNeill—her piano was abandoned on 8—tried to get everyone to sing "Nearer My God to Thee," but there was little response. No one wants to accept the situation as final, and yet everyone is keeping to himself. Langford, I notice, has moved toward the tallest TV antenna and has stationed himself near its base. He dreams, I suppose, that when the water covers the roof and the skylights and the chimneys, he will shinny up the pole and cling to the top. In his mind, probably, the water will rise until it reaches his ankles, and then stop. That is his hope. Then the water will recede, go down, down, down—and he will be saved. The water is swirling around the skylights now. The wind shifts. The waves are coming straight in from the Atlantic. —JAMES STEVENSON

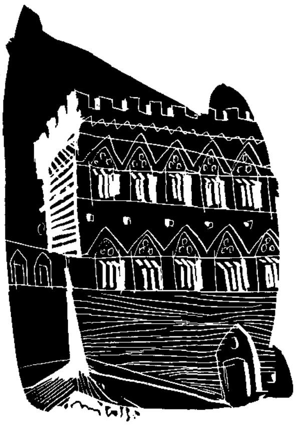
THE BRACELET

"THE A, please," he said. Since the practicing with the piano began, they had been only two-thirds of a trio each time. Either the cello player had sudden insistent demands made upon him that prevented the meeting or the newfound violinist could not come so far downtown (to West Sixty-seventh Street) at the arranged hour. This evening, he had telephoned a thousand apologies. The cello player, however, had arrived.

She struck middle A, the A above, too, and the one below, and to these A's he tuned patiently and at length. Then he moved the stand for the cello foot, brought his chair forward, nearsightedly peered at the music, and said ruminatively, "Mmm . . . mmm . . . a dotted half equals eighty. Three beats."

He had brought with him an electric metronome, which she now set at eighty. "Well," he said, "turn on the power." At her touch, the metronome not only began ticking but flashed a light as it ticked.

She tried the right hand alone to see how fast three beats are when set at eighty and was surprised to find that the music completely changed in character at the accelerated tempo. "So that's it!" she said. Mendelssohn's D-Minor Trio had been his suggestion. She had never happened to hear it. The flashing light distracted her and she turned the metronome to face the wall, scrambling to accommodate to the ticking.



"Ho-ho! Too fast, too fast!" He stopped playing. "You beat me! Let's forget about this metronome until later." She clicked it off and he said, "By the bye, I'm going away the end of the week."

"Going *away*?" She, too, stopped playing and turned to him, noticing that the design of the watchband he had taken off remained deeply imprinted on his wrist.

"Flying to Greece. An international conference. Once more the A, please."

She smiled and asked, "Going away before we get this right?," striking the A, and again the one above and the one below, her eyes on the imprinted wrist. If a silver wristband leaves its mark, something tougher than skin is called for to enclose bones, arteries, tissues, she thought. Skin is nothing to count on. A fugitive view of a falling plane, flames enveloping it, accompanied the reverberating A's.

He continued to tune to the A, trying G, too, and G sharp. Suddenly, singingly, he launched into the velvety, beguilingly simple line of melody that begins on the seventh page of the first movement. "So that's it!" she said.

But the fugitive fantasy pursued her, and she thought, It is all lost in the event of sweeping disaster, this knowing about coming in just as the arpeggio begins, knowing the tricky places in this and in the other trios, quartets, quintets, octets he expertly reads. And his own main work—what about that? The intimate knowledge of his patients (quirks, mannerisms, tics, obsessions, delusions, suicidal impulses, aberrant sexual desires), the vast complexity of this delicately encoded knowledge of each—what about all that? *Lost!* "Don't fly," she said.

"According to the statistics, it's the safest," he said, reasonably. He tapped the music stand with his bow, then moved it down the page. "Mmm . . . mmm. . . . Skip the beginning. From the place marked D—teepumpumpum. . . ."

The phrase needed dexterity, and she had not practiced it enough.

"A little faster. Not so fast as marked, but faster. *One*-and *two*-and *three*-and," he counted briskly. Counting, too, under her breath, she listened to the cello's inconsolably sorrowing theme now inextricably mixed up with his flying and falling.

"A little faster yet," he said. "More strict." And she, beginning uncertainly the part she had not practiced enough, smoothly played at the new tempo the allegro that had suddenly, unaccountably, become part of her fingers' knowledge.

"Again," he said, "at the cantabile. I'll count one measure. . . . Now begin."

"NOW begin," said Miss Braverman, the piano teacher, in that dimly lit, long ago, chilly room. "Not so slow. *Hur*-ry, *hur*-ry, *three*-and *four*-and . . ." Miss Braverman's foot tapped the rug while the piano, as her pupil played the exercise out of "Beyer's Book," made a harsh and lonely dismal sound. She hurried, striking the wrong notes, going back to correct them. The piano stool was turned so high it wavered gently; playing the treble made her teeter to the right, playing the bass made her teeter to the left. Raggedly, she played the lesson she hadn't practiced.

Miss Braverman made a gesture that at first seemed loving. She put firm fingers around her pupil's thin arm above the elbow to steady her. When she faltered, Miss Braverman lightly pinched the arm to urge her forward, pinched to steady her on the stool, pinched to hasten the tempo. *Pinch* "and *two*-and *three*-and *four*-and . . ." Miss Braverman pinched harder and harder.

Each Friday, the clock in the unknown recesses of Miss Braverman's house made a doleful series of clucking sounds as she entered. When it clucked again, the lesson would be over. She would run home, return to playing as she did all week, skimmingly, not counting, and lingering on easy places she discovered in other (not her lesson) pages in "Beyer's Book." These she played again and again, importuning her mother and father to listen, showing off runs and chords brilliantly inaccurate, skipping the notes written high above the staff and indecipherable.

THE cello player turned pages on the stand. "The andante," he said. "Here we don't have to hurry."

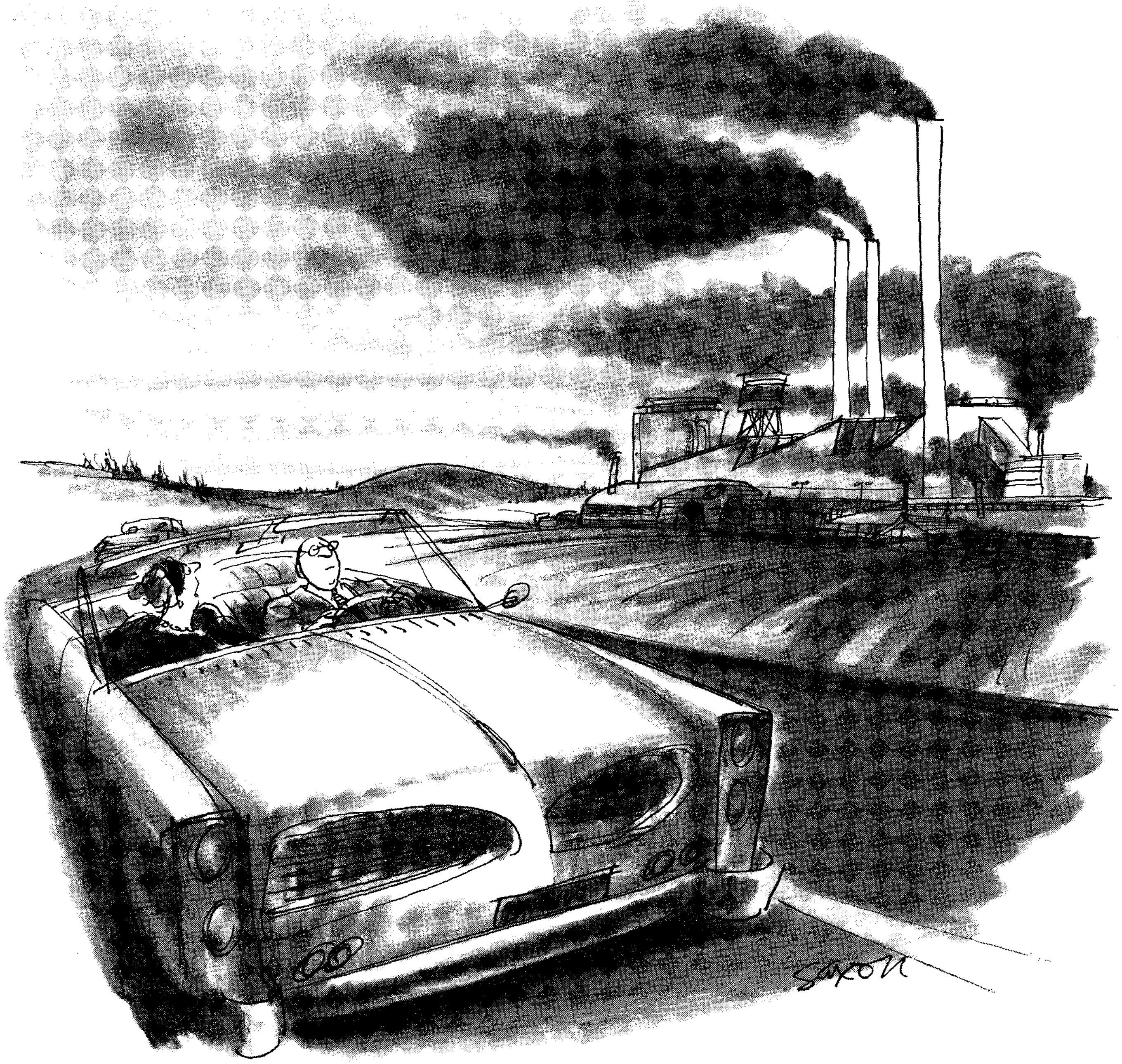
The piano—majestic, tranquil, subdued—began, and the cello, entering briefly, departing, allowed her the solo once more, and at last, in a flight of ascending sixteenths, the piano concluded.

Over his eyeglasses he looked at her in triumph. "We finished together!" His brow, which bulged slightly, was damp; the pale skin, laid in mild wrinkles over the wide short skull, glistened; the hair, indeterminate in color, strand by thin strand curling at the ends, shone.

"All of us together," she said. "Mendelssohn, you, me."

"By the bye," he said. "I brought this book for you. A short music history. A few paragraphs about Mendelssohn, but nothing about our trio. Mmm . . . mmm. A few remarks of my own also."

As he was leaving, he tapped the cello in its canvas carrier. "I'm taking this along. If you practice and I practice, by the time I come back we should be pretty good."



"Shouldn't someone be speaking out about that?"

• •

With ease and precisely as written, he played the most difficult scores. Her hastiness and scrambling were overcome, she gratefully saw, when he played beside her. Why did he bother to practice with her at all? Because they were old friends? Yes, but also because he could not resist teaching, could not resist the making of music, calling its figuration of symbols into being. And for this devotion and competence of his, this vocation, he became indistinguishable to her from the music. Loving it, she loved him, and cherished him. Therefore, she thought, her foolish fears and nagging horrid fantasies; therefore her longing for his safe, swift return.

"You're good already, but I promise to practice. My best to Freda." They shook hands. "Hurry back."

ONE Friday afternoon, Miss Braverman announced at the end of the lesson, "You are ready for pieces." She replaced her pupil on the piano stool, having lowered it, and played expertly, fast, evenly, the whole new piece. "Next week, bring this." Miss Braverman wrote on the cover of "Beyer's Book": "The You and I Waltz." Then Miss Braverman went downstairs with her, a single steep flight. In the entrance hall, Boris, her cousin, stood waiting.

Among all those relatives who came to America throughout her childhood, Boris stood apart. The others—assorted aunts, uncles, children of all sizes, babies swaddled and rigid—had arrived with the help of her father. An old established American—he had come in 1902—he met the newcomers at Ellis Island. Later on, they came to visit, greeting her parents and herself with kisses on the mouth, with cries and joyous gestures of delight, of fierce reproach for allowing so much time to elapse between reunions. They talked noisily and endlessly in Russian, and the children quarrelled and fought among themselves, unreasonably laughed, unreasonably cried.

Boris was restrained and soft-spoken, although he, too, talked Russian, kissed each of her family on the mouth, was carried away by excitements now and then, and gestured. But no one had had to get him at Ellis Island. He had walked in one day, carrying only a book, wearing a fur-lined overcoat, long and ill-fitting and having many bald spots in the fur. "I am Boris," he had unassumingly said. He was twenty-three, the eldest son of her mother's brother. He told them he had learned English in London and that he spoke it perfectly. He was looking for work.

"What kind of work?" With Boris, her father spoke at once in English.

"In the theatre, of course."

"Of course." Then he asked, frowning, "You wish to be an actor?"

"Not at all," Boris said. "A designer. A stage designer."

His thick, shining, red-burnished hair was parted at the side and combed up in a tall pompadour. He was proud of its waviness and gently ran his hand over his head from time to time, glancing into a nearby mirror. His eyes were pale and blue and floatingly liquid. He blinked frequently. His skin was fair, his cheeks pink.

This Boris now waited for her in the hallway of Miss Braverman's house, where Miss Braverman and her mother, a widow, lived. Miss Braverman smelled sweetly of talcum powder. Her face was round, as were all her features: staringly intent round brown eyes, round little nose, and roundly pursed mouth. The rest of Miss Braverman, too, appeared round and full. Her round head sat on a short neck. Her straight black hair was parted in the center and tied in a low knot with a black velvet bow.

As she hurried forward, Boris said, "I have been here quite many minutes. I am listening how you play. Very fine."

"*She* was playing." She pointed to Miss Braverman.

These three words Boris considered to be an introduction. He walked to Miss Braverman, who was still standing at the foot of the stairs, and warmly shook her hand. "I congratulate you," he said. He turned to his cousin. "You also, of having a so fine teacher. Goodbye." Again he shook Miss Braverman's hand. "*Dosvidanya*."

Outside, in explanation, Boris said, "The aunt said you are here in the house with the piano teacher's sign, so I think I will meet you to take a walk. I like music very much, but in particular piano music."

He was altogether surprising. For here, too, he was showing his difference from the other relatives. They all made music, but on accordions, cellos, bass viols, accompanied by shouted choruses, foot-stamping, handclapping. Piano music, even played as perfectly as Miss Braverman played "The You and I Waltz," was meek, mild, and thin compared to the clear, strong soaring melodies of the accordion, the vibrating, melancholy strings.

Each Friday afternoon, Boris waited for her after the piano lesson. Each time, Boris greeted Miss Braverman, congratulated her, spent a few minutes in conversation with her. He spoke not only with Miss Braverman but with Miss Braverman's mother. She, too, often appeared at the foot of the stairs after the lessons. Mrs. Braverman was beautiful also. Her silver hair was intricately braided high on her head. Mrs. Braverman, too, smelled sweetly of talcum powder.

The pinching had not stopped, but because of Boris and the walks she looked forward to the piano lessons. Boris waited for her afterward as if to reward her for her suffering.

One Friday, as they walked into the cold wind that blew off the East River, Boris blinked and smiled shyly as he looked at her. "Where does one buy presents in this neighborhood?" he asked.

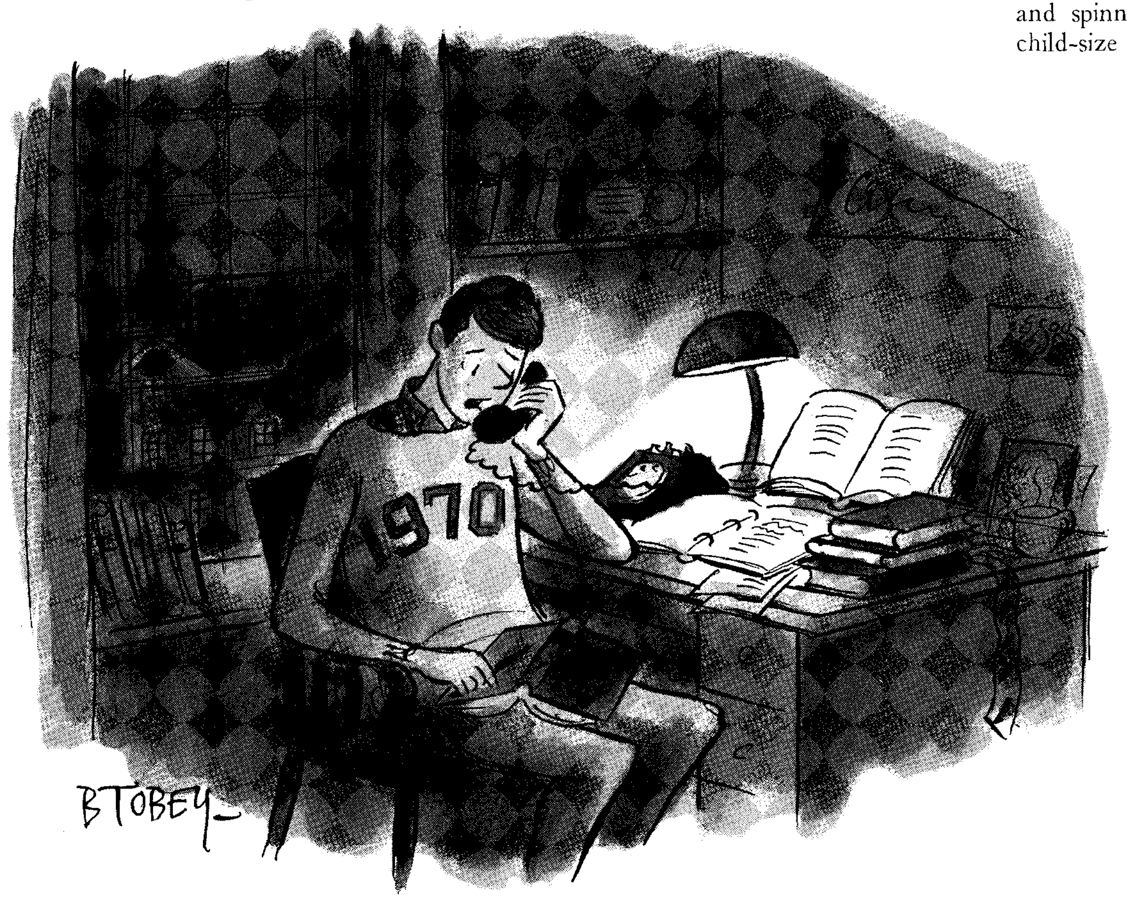
She guided him to the brightly lighted shopping street. Boris stopped at a toy store first, the window crowded and dazzling with moving, swinging, and spinning mechanical wonders. A child-size doll with butter-yellow hair, rotating on one toe, filled her with longing.

"This doll, it is something you like?"

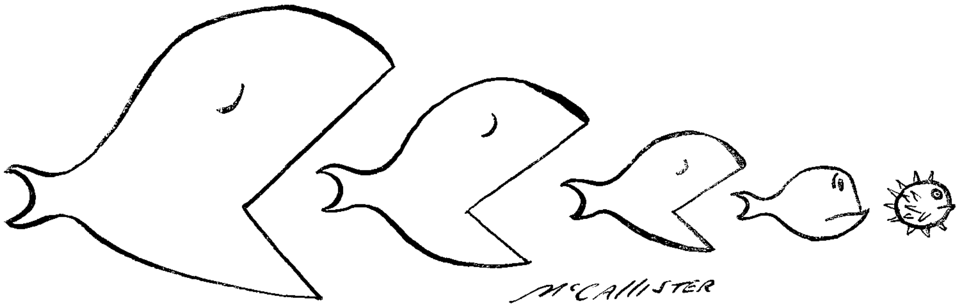
She shook her head. "I'm ten. I'm too old." She turned away, looking curiously into a jewelry-store window. In the center of this window, a hand, disembodied, long-fingered, lay on a red velvet cushion and displayed a bracelet. To show that it was expandable and was also the band that held a watch, the bracelet was stretched over the white petrified fingers on its way to its proper home, the wrist.

Boris, too, studied the bracelet-wristwatch. He lowered his voice. "What do you think? Do you think such a bracelet as we see here is a suitable present for a young lady?" His pink-cheeked face was now a richer, deeper pink. "What is your true opinion?"

Against her ribs, pressed



"Will you stop worrying, Mother! I'm not involved in any campus riots. I'm not taking any drugs. I'm cramming for a history exam."



against the cold storefront glass, her heart was banging.

"You like it?" Boris asked earnestly.

She could not find a single appropriate grateful word. She nodded rapidly, dumbly.

"I am happy you like it."

No one in her class had a bracelet-wristwatch. When Boris gave her this shining present, she would wear it to school; know, before the bell rang, when it was time for the lunch period, for going home. She would wear it, even in winter, with her sleeve pushed up, so that passersby could see it.

They were walking again, toward home, and she was shifting the music roll from one frozen hand to the other. Despite the hasty practicing from "Beyer's Book," she had graduated from "The You and I Waltz," from "Carnival in Venice," to "Für Elise," now rolled up inside the music roll of imitation leather. She would play it for Boris and her parents as soon as they reached home.

As always on the return from the piano lesson, her mother insisted that Boris stay for supper. "You did not expect me," he always said, but stayed. This late afternoon, he said, "I cannot. I must go to meet someone on Second Avenue. At a theatre. This man, Kornfeld, has in mind to give me a very big job."

"Boris, what kind of life is it to be an actor?" her mother asked. "Go to night school. Learn a trade. Become a pharmacist. A drugstore is respectable."

"Aunt," Boris said, "this meeting is not about an actor's job but to make a stage set—a curtain also. When this curtain is drawn up," he said, his pale swimming blue eyes blinking rapidly, the rims reddened with the cold, "it does not go to each side, as old-style curtains do. No. As it rises"—Boris stood up and raised his arms—"one sees interesting small and large folds, and on the stage is the scene of a palace. Later, the palace disappears and one sees a room inside the palace. The title of this play is 'King Lear.' "

"Oh, 'King Lear,' " her mother said. "For this you will need maybe a thousand yards of red velvet and a thousand dollars."

Boris was silent.

"You have made such a curtain? You have seen such a palace?" she asked him.

"It is my first," he said humbly.

"Well," her mother said, "someone will make this curtain. It can be Boris. Why not? Boris, I will help you. It is a long walk to Second Avenue. After supper, you will go. First, sit down. Everything is ready."

Boris stood, sat, stood again while her mother brought bread, then soup to the table. She paused to say, "When you meet him, this man who is waiting for you, what will you say to him? What have you to show him?"

"I have made designs," Boris said with dignity, but he looked troubled.

She shook her head. "He will say, 'What are these little papers with designs? Show me a real curtain that you have made, Boris.' If he says this, what will you say?"

"Aunt," Boris said, "how can I show him a real curtain?"

"Not a large one. A little one will be enough." She hurried to the sewing machine, searched in a drawer, and found a folded bit of crimson velvet—the remnant of a dress she had sewed for her daughter. She handed it to Boris. "Show me what you mean. Show me, out of this little piece of velvet, a curtain."

Boris arranged the velvet on the oilcloth-covered table. "This is the stage, let us say. Here the curtain hangs." He bent, arranging the velvet in little folds. He straightened up. "Aunt, this is a very good plan, to make a true little curtain."

"Wait—" Again her mother went hurrying, this time down the narrow hall that led to the bedroom. There were scuffling sounds. Then she returned with a small woven willow hamper, the hasps of which hung brokenly. "Look," she said, "a real stage." She set the hamper on its side, its cover in front of it. "Here is a theatre—a small one, it is true, but you will make a small curtain, and you will say to this man, 'Here is the curtain and here is the palace, too.' Here, Boris, inside you can construct a palace and rooms, too, and he will see he is dealing with a true designer." She looked victorious.

"If I could borrow this basket," Boris said.

"Take it," she said. "It does not even hang together. As a basket it is useless, but as a stage it is very nice."

She brought food to the table, moving with happy animation. She had pacified Boris as one pacifies and bribes a child, and for the same reason—to eat his supper. "Meet your friend tomorrow or the day after or whenever the curtain will be ready, and the stage, too."

So Boris stayed, as he always stayed, and ate with them. Her mother folded the velvet into the hamper, put the lid on, and tied it all together with string wound round it many times. He departed late that evening. As he was leaving, her mother said, "Boris, I advise you to consider a drugstore."

In the succeeding weeks, she waited to hear news of "King Lear," of Boris's part in it, the little hamper's part. Boris did not mention it. Nor did she.

IN the book the cello player had left for her, a Lincoln Center program held the place at "Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Felix Jakob Ludwig." She read, "This composer's life was an exceedingly happy one. True depth, not always present in the compositions of this perhaps all-too-happy life, is revealed in the oratorios, Elijah and St. Paul. . . . Untroubled by financial difficulties, by self-questioning, by exhausting struggles during his lifetime, Mendelssohn died in Leipzig on November 4, 1847."

The cello player had underlined "exceedingly happy." In the margin he had written, "To be born a Jew in Germany in 1809, with his name, was to grow up not 'exceedingly happy' but ever aware of virulent anti-Semitism, as if one would say 'exceedingly happy' about a Jew born in Germany in 1933. The *Judensturm* of 1819 found F. M. a child of ten. M. concealed his suffering, but not in the D-Minor Trio. (Note for monogr.: Anti-Semitism and the Creative Spirit.)"

She closed the book, leaving the bookmark where she had found it, and began to practice a passage in need of greater fluency—repeating, and always accelerating, then playing to the end, *leggero e vivace*, as the notation read, the third movement, the scherzo.

Someone born a hundred and sixty years ago, she thought, had written, during a questionably "all-too-happy life," a D-Minor Trio with a troubled, seething restlessness in the piano to accompany the cello's melodic line of reflective and calm beauty. It had been necessary for her to be pinched and hurried until she could play, despite bad habits, the upward and downward flights of that trio's minor arpeggios. It had been necessary for the cello player to flee from patients with fixed ideas, with obsessive thoughts, uttering pitiful cries for release from their demons. It had been necessary so that they could recapture, she and the cello player—and not even augmented by the violin voice—the thoughts of that writer, dead, despite his "all-too-happy" life, at thirty-eight. This complexity of lives and thoughts and of concealed suffering had filled the room with figured sound.

THE ANGELS AMONG US

Outside the window—the night burned
by lights, the ice trellis blooming,
white armature of dreams.
And there, moving darkly, one after one,
over the horizon, the beautiful herds
lowering into distance.

The waves break over my head.
It is time to sail right out of the window
into the wake of the animals
who are leaving their paw prints to follow
in the snow. They are not far
from the north wind now,
keeping pace, nuzzling together.
The wind is the form of their speaking.

It is the night and the force
of these buildings that loosen
the tongue of the wind.
They are calling to me!
Across marshland, savanna, tundra,
and thicket, their language borne
on prayer and dust. I must answer
the beaver who, hearing her babies crying,
gnaws her own flesh through to escape,
leaving a paw behind. The blood
on the trap is the edge of my dream.

I am one with them in dreams—
felines and rodents of woods and rivers,
running across my body on whispering paws.

Even now they go quietly, disturbing no one.
As I fall in the slow revolution
of dreams, I am traced by a bullet,
I am cut by the hunter's knife,
I hear slaps of the trap. My cries
inhabit the rooms of sleep.

I struggle to wake with my eyes
against locked eyelids and madness.
They are calling to me, a sister,
come from the same endless labor
in the same primeval mud. I stand still
with my ears back, light and listening
with the wolves and the wolverines,
the minks, the otters, the beavers.
I spring on all fours. We are all
one now. In my dream I can dare
to lay my own throat bare to my enemy
as the wolves do.
It is too late.
I think of the lamb and of milk.
They are shaving the head of the lamb.
We are flying to the limits of night
from my own kind. Here, lungs on fire,
rung over rung inside the heart's glacier.
Here, where the dead bones glitter
in the magic center of the dream,
I see a sign. A flicker of stars,
pale and fluttering as a baby lamb.
I name them: The constellation
of animals—the angels among us.

—NAOMI LAZARD

• •

ONE afternoon, she ran up the stairs of Miss Braverman's house to find herself alone in the lesson room. On the piano, open to page 1, was "Hearts and Flowers." She tried it, skipping phrases, hurrying it along.

She looked up. Miss Braverman stood in the doorway, waving her from the piano. Guiltily, she snatched her hands away, and instantly something captured her whole attention, caused her to teeter on the piano stool in the direction of Miss Braverman: on Miss Braverman's wrist was the bracelet that was also a wristwatch—new, golden, shining. It caught the dim, green-shaded light from the single lamp in Miss Braverman's music room, sent gleaming, reflected shafts toward her in a clear, unmistakable message.

She ran out-of-doors the instant the lesson was over. But she could not avoid Boris. A half block away, she met him hurrying toward her.

"Today," he began at once, "I read a story of a man. All his life he saves up money to buy an overcoat. At last he buys it. No sooner is it bought it is stolen. It is a story that makes me cry, although I have read it many times. Imagine these small marks on a page that make a person cry. But only if it is in one's own language. But sometimes," he added, "two people do not know each other's language yet they have sympathy and understanding for each other."

She knew he was talking about Miss Braverman, to whom he had given the bracelet. Out of her wounded and deceived heart, she longed to say to Boris, "Miss Braverman pinches."

Boris went on talking, looking down at her, as they made their way through the crowds of people that filled the street. As if there had been no misunderstanding, as if all were usual, Boris said, "So many people! So many, and each one is not like any other one. And each part of each one is a little different from all others. If I make a stage set, a curtain, the eyes of each one who sees these are a little different from other eyes. So what happens? Each one sees a different curtain!"

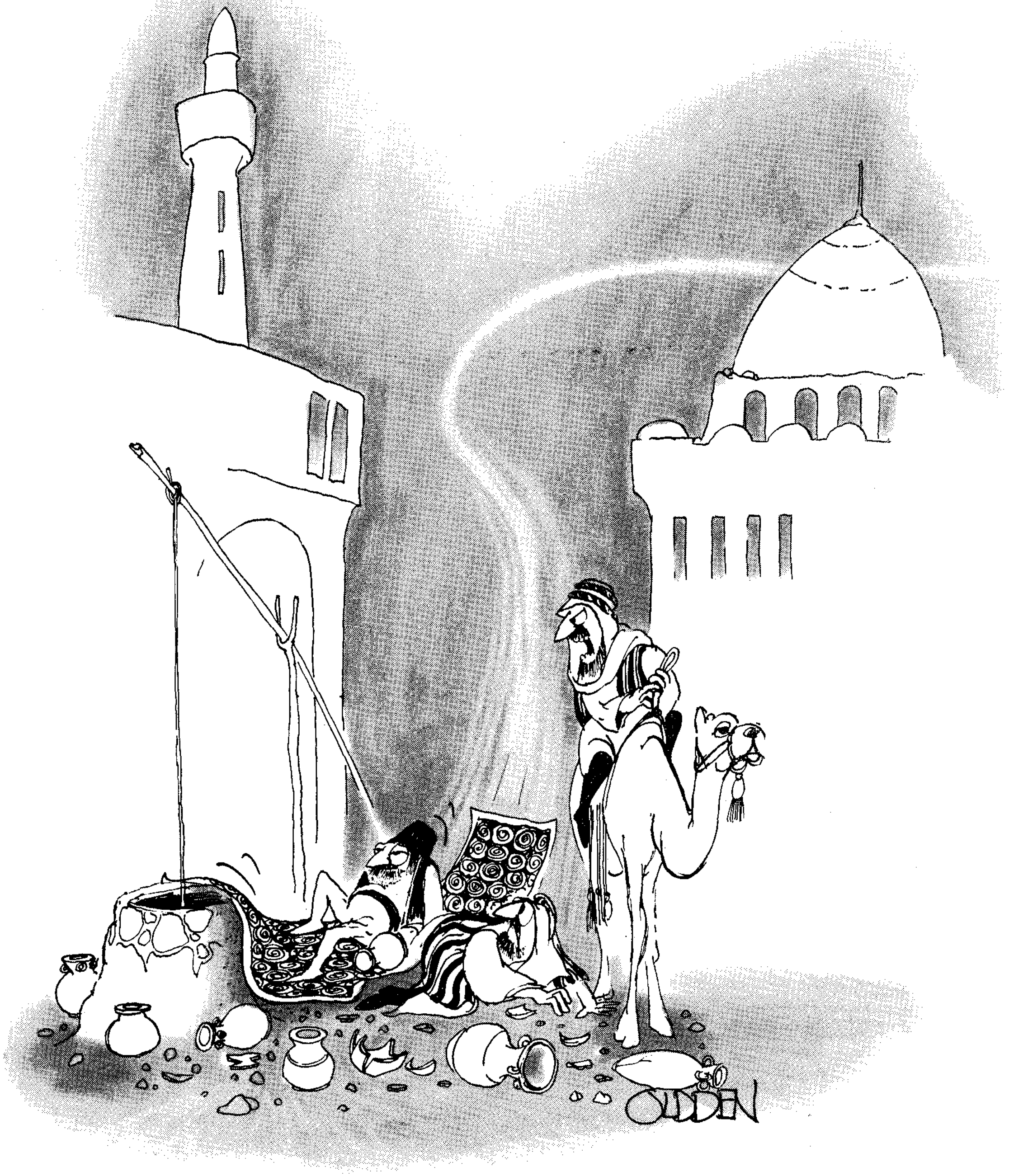
Kornfeld had not seen the same curtain that Boris had designed. Kornfeld had seen a curtain he did not approve of.

While walking beside Boris, she felt herself forgiving him, blaming, instead, Miss Braverman. How could he know she pinched? How could she warn him that Miss Braverman was not what he thought her to be?

One misty afternoon in early spring, Boris himself provided an opportunity. As they began their Friday walk, he said, "Today let us go again to that lively street of stores."

Today, she resolved, she would lead him to the jewelry-store window. There she would warn him; she would tell him that Miss Braverman was cruel. But when they stood in front of the glittering display, he was the first to speak: "As I am going away soon, and as I want you to have a remembrance of me, today I shall buy you the bracelet and the watch we have already seen in this window."

Warmth spread to her cold finger-



"Flying and hashish don't mix, Abdullah."

tips—warmth and happiness—but they were quickly vanquished. Sorrow overwhelmed her. "Going away? Where are you going?"

"I must go home," he said. "Come, let us go inside, *chorna glazaye*, black-eyed little one."

The bracelet with its watch slid up and down on her arm. "I can make the band smaller to fit her," the jeweller said. She would not allow it. Not a single link would she part with.

At home, they were already aware of the sad news. Boris stayed this evening, affable as always, tenderly passing his hand over his wavy hair, reassuring himself as to its neatly combed appearance, glancing at his reflection in the samovar's shining brass roundness. His relatives were downcast. Boris was not. He looked about him. He smiled. As if through his eyes, she saw the holes in the caning of the dining-room chairs, the bleak pattern of the linoleum, the pale ghastliness of the ceiling light under its dome of colored glass. For the first time, she knew a feeling of dissatisfaction with her surroundings, wished somehow that she could leave here, go with Boris. And only because his glance around the room communicated his view of it to her.

She clung to her father's hand as Boris bid them goodbye, embracing each of them, warmly, lengthily. He carried his fur-lined overcoat on his arm. She wore his bracelet-wristwatch. It was almost at the elbow.

Her father said in a low voice, so that her mother would not overhear, "There is danger there. The revolution is raging."

"Yes," Boris said, also softly, still smiling, his blue eyes swimming and blinking, "I know."

"You have escaped. Now you wish to return into the fire?"

"After the revolution," Boris said, still speaking softly, "persecutions will be of the past. The theatre, music, art—these will be the most important. You will see."

The next Friday, Miss Braverman walked downstairs with her after her lesson, and the Friday after that as well. The third time, as they reached the foot of the stairs, Miss Braverman said, "Where's your cousin? Doesn't he call for you anymore?"

She turned happily to Miss Braverman. "He went away."

"Went away? Where?" Miss Braverman asked sharply.

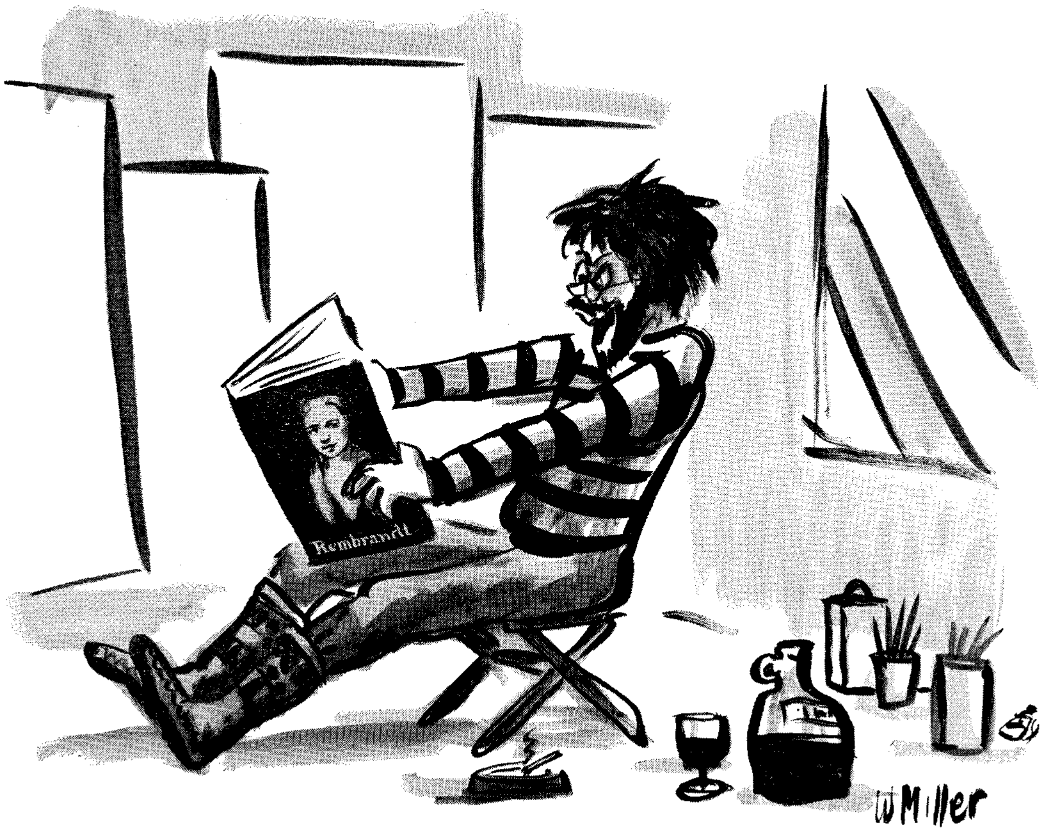
"To Russia."

"When is he coming back?"

"Never!" she said triumphantly, and on the instant, beginning to cry, recognized at last that it was true—for herself as for Miss Braverman.

"He is gone," her mother said, now and then, when someone remembered Boris. "Like a stone in water."

THE violin player was arriving. He had travelled from his home in the Bronx, first by bus, then by subway, for at least an hour and a half, and the spring day was winter cold. In his bustling way, he was removing his muffler, putting his violin under his arm to take off his gloves, rubbing his hands. He made a half-dozen jabbing movements for every needed one, giving up his hat, his muffler, his gloves reluctantly and with second thoughts about each—taking back his muffler to fold



"Anything he could do I can do Nower. I can do anything Nower than him!"

• •

it, taking back his gloves to lay them in his hat before returning them all to her. He came to the piano and brought up a chair, moving it forward, then backward, and opening the violin case with busy, quick, distraught fingers.

Seated before the music stand, he adjusted it, again moved forward in his chair, then moved the stand toward himself, while opening and spreading the sheets of music, which slipped and dropped to the floor and threw him into the most fumbling, frenetic movements of all. Usually talkative while bustling, tonight he was morose. "The A, please," he said, all his features in movement, his splayed-out yellowish teeth coming down over his underlip at the same time that his eyebrows drew down to make overhanging shelters for his black small eyes; even his nose quivered as he began the tuning. Then, suddenly, he was quiet, shutting his eyes and listening as she struck the middle A and the A above.

"The first time I see him," he said, "he's walking in front of my store with the cello case. Naturally, I notice him because he carries a cello. It's about five in the afternoon. The next day again. And so on. I make up my mind. He practices every day or he plays somewhere. One day—it is a warm day of spring, the sun is shining—it happens I am busy with a customer who wants a certain type lining. He is already talking about the lining a half an hour. So I am becoming nervous and I say to the customer, 'Excuse me, there is outside just this minute someone I have to see.' I put on the counter everything—the overcoat that I am shortening into a car coat, the lining samples, everything—he should make up his mind. And I, in the meantime, go outside. 'Excuse me,' I say to him, 'are you a musician? I myself happen to be from Szeged. It is in Hungary. There I played second violin in the Philharmonia Society. I would like to continue here to play chamber music. Perhaps you are interested?' I ask him, 'Are you possibly a cello player in an orchestra?' He puts his hand on my shoulder as an old friend. 'No, I am an amateur. I like to play in my spare moments. Even in my office. I am a doctor. Yes, I am interested.' "

She stared at him. She knew about that first conversation, had already been told this by the other as well, and by the violin player himself at their first meeting, in almost the same words.

"Suddenly!" he said. "No warning. Nothing."

"Warning? Warning of what?" But already she felt disaster imminent, about to be put into words.

"You didn't hear? You don't see a newspaper? A whole big article, even about the music. Even about playing the chamber music! I called up. 'Freda, what happened, my God?' I ask her. She is not able to talk on the telephone. Only crying. Then she says, 'Stefan, thank you for calling. A stroke,' she says, 'it was a stroke. The day he comes home, a stroke.' "

Her hands lay in her lap and she recalled the wrist with the imprint of the band. *Mmm . . . mmm . . . By the bye*, he would have said, *it was a stroke.*

"The A, please," the violin player said, leaning a little toward her, his brows beetling and his head nodding. "The doctor would prefer, I am sure, we should continue to practice."

She struck middle A, then the A above, and, having tuned to the A, he said aloud to himself, "For me a long wait at the beginning. For sixteen measures." Through the sixteen measures that she played in their old troubled restlessness, he nodded his head, keeping time, his brows drawn down, and as the measure approached for coming in he drew a long noisy breath that ended in a sigh.

Together—the violin with its tenuous beauty and the singing piano—together, even without the silenced, absent cello's sustaining strength and calm, they again called up, out of symbols written by a man dead, too, long ago silenced, absent, music that filled the room with coruscating brightness.

WHEN she was alone once more, she leafed the music pages until she came to a place she had not practiced enough. She listened to the silence. The room was bereft of music in the same way that Freda was bereft, that the violin player was bereft, that she herself was bereft. With her left hand, she began to play the part that accompanies the melodic line in the finale, and the notes sounded—as they had in that long ago, greenly lit room—lonely, harsh, dismal.

—MINA LEWITON SIMON

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For a while last fall, it appeared schools would be closed between Thanksgiving and New York. An error in calculations was found, enabling schools to stay open.—*Dayton Daily News.*

It would be an easy place for error to creep in.

ANNALS OF JURISPRUDENCE

THE WHITMORE CONFESSIONS

I—AT THE STATION HOUSE

ON August 28, 1963, Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert were murdered, in an apartment they shared with a third girl, in Manhattan. Because of a number of circumstances—including the social position of the victims (Miss Wylie, a researcher for *Newsweek*, was the daughter of an advertising-agency executive and a niece of the author Philip Wylie, and Miss Hoffert, a graduate of Smith College who had gone into teaching, was the daughter of a prominent Minneapolis surgeon), the site of the crime (East Eighty-eighth Street near Park Avenue), and the brutality with which the murders were accomplished (both young women were stabbed repeatedly, and Miss Wylie was sexually molested)—anyone who read a newspaper soon had ample opportunity to learn a great deal about the Wylie-Hoffert case. Of course, many crimes of violence committed in New York City pass into the records of the police and the courts practically unknown. The following spring, on April 14, 1964, Minnie Edmonds was found dead, of multiple stab wounds, in a tenement courtyard in Brooklyn. This killing was also a brutal one, but the social position of the victim (Mrs. Edmonds was a Negro day-worker) and the site of the crime (Brownsville, a dismal slum) insured that it would receive very little public attention. The Edmonds case was merely one of twenty-seven homicides recorded that year within the jurisdiction—about one and a third square miles—of the Seventy-third Precinct of the New York Police Department. Assaults of one sort or another are fairly common in that part of Brooklyn, and in the early morning of April 23rd, nine days after the Edmonds murder and just a block from where Mrs. Edmonds' body had been found, a practical nurse, Mrs. Elba Borrero, returning home from work, was attacked, she later told police, by a young Negro man who forced her into an alleyway and threatened to rape and kill her. Mrs. Borrero screamed, and when a patrolman responded the young man ran. The patrolman, Frank Isola, fired four shots and chased the young man two blocks along Sutter Avenue before he turned a corner at Amboy Street and was lost in the night. The gunshots attracted a number of police radio cars, and the area was searched, unsuccessfully. Isola himself went back and obtained from Mrs. Borrero a description of the man who had attacked her. He also got a pencil that she said had been held to her throat to simulate a knife and a button that she had torn from the man's coat when he broke away and ran.

A few hours later, just after dawn, Isola was on Sutter Avenue again, searching for a possible trail of bloodstains—he believed that one of his shots might have hit Mrs. Borrero's assailant—when, through the window of a laundromat on the corner of Hopkinson Avenue, he noticed a young Negro man, just standing there. About forty minutes later, retracing his steps, Isola saw the young man again, still in the laundromat. Loiterers are by no means uncommon in Brownsville, but the hour was sufficiently early to arouse Isola's suspicions. When he investigated, however, everything seemed to be in order. The young man said he was waiting inside out of the cold to meet his brother and go to work at a nearby salt-packing plant, and when Isola asked him he responded readily enough with a name and address. Then the young man volunteered something. "I know why you're asking me these questions," he said.

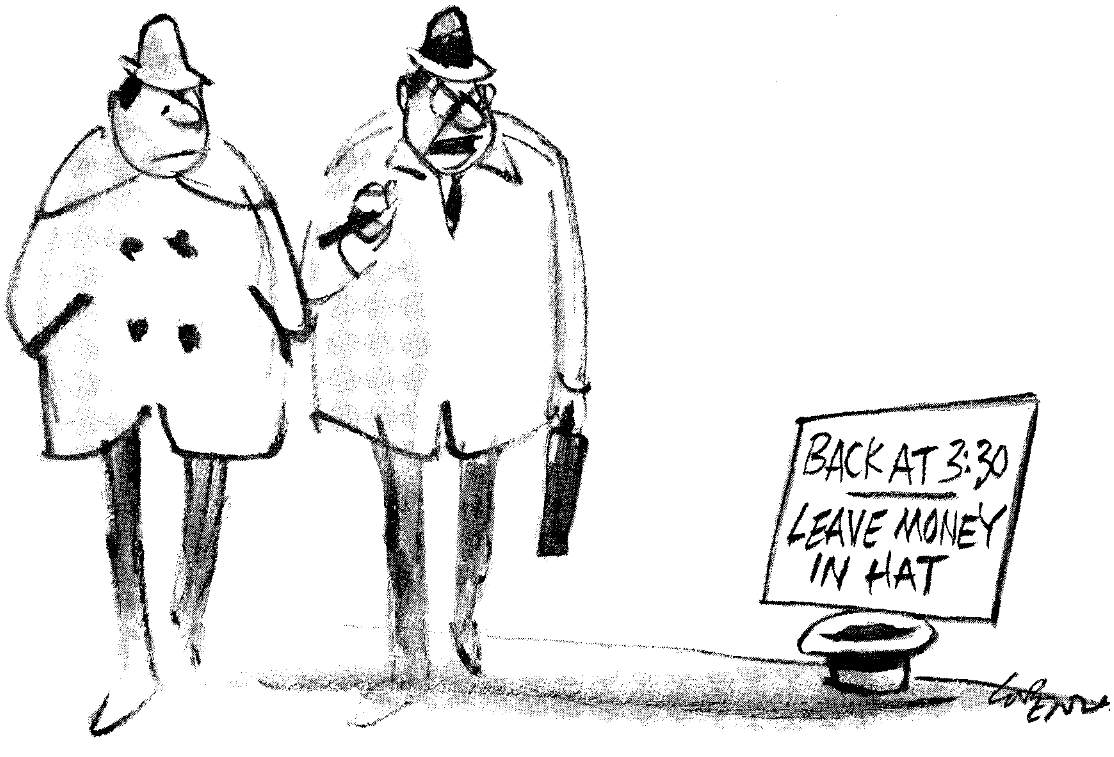
"Oh?" said Isola. "Why?"

"It's about that fellow the police were chasing last night," the young man said. "What was the shooting all about?"

The patrolman told him about the attack on Mrs. Borrero.

"How low can some people get?" the young man said. "I saw the cops chasing the man down Sutter Avenue, and they were shooting at him. He went into a building on Amboy Street." At his own suggestion, the young man led Isola a block west on Sutter Avenue to point out a tenement on Amboy Street.

Although Isola didn't bother to make a note of the address of the building, he was evidently impressed by the fact that here was a witness who claimed to have seen the man who attacked Mrs. Borrero, and might be able to identify him. From a call box,



"Everywhere you go these days it's 'The public be damned.'"

Isola summoned the precinct's street sergeant, and after a few minutes a prowl car pulled up. The sergeant leaned out of the car to talk to the young man. "Between you and me," he said, "it's against the law not to tell them where a guy went to when they're looking for him." But he *had* told the officer where the guy went, the young man pointed out. After ordering the patrolman to make sure he had the young man's name and place of employment, the sergeant drove off. A moment later, three other young men appeared, and the witness said he had to go to work, and left with them. Patrolman Isola went to his morning assignment, a school crossing, and then returned to the Seventy-third Precinct station house and turned his information about the witness over to a detective.

The news that had not particularly interested the precinct sergeant did interest the men who were investigating the Edmonds murder. The Seventy-third Precinct has the reputation of being the toughest police duty in New York City; each of the men in its overburdened detective squad carries a load of more than six hundred cases, and in 1964 the squad as a whole handled more than seven thousand separate investigations. Nonetheless, a considerable team effort was being devoted to the search for the killer of Mrs. Edmonds. The man who had been assigned primary responsibility for the investigation was Richard Aidala, a former semi-professional football player, who in sixteen years of police service had risen to first grade, the highest detective rank. Another first-grade detective, Joseph Di Prima, whose record of twenty-seven years of service included nineteen citations for outstanding work, had been assigned from the Brooklyn North Homicide Squad to work with Aidala. In the nine days since the discovery of Mrs. Edmonds' body, these two had questioned more than ninety subjects, and their investigation had begun to focus on one particular suspect, when on the morning of April 23rd they were attracted by three striking parallels between the attack on Mrs. Borrero and the murder of Mrs. Edmonds. Both crimes had taken place in the early morning, the scenes of the two crimes were close together, and both women had been forced into alleyways. When Patrolman Isola reported that he had found a witness in the Borrero case, the detectives moved quickly to bring him in.

TO A SAXON POET

You whose flesh, now dust and planet,
Once weighed like ours on earth,
Whose eyes took in the sun, that famous star,
You who lived not in the rigid past
But in a ceaseless present
At the topmost point and dizzying apex of time,
Who in your monastery heard the call
Of the epic's ancient voice,
Who wove words
And sang the victory at Brunanburh,
Ascribing it not to God
But to your king's sword edge,
You who with fierce joy celebrated swords hammered
  out of iron,
The Norseman's shame,
The banquet of raven and eagle,
Gathering in your military ode
The ritual metaphors of your kin,
You who in an age without history
Saw in the present the past
And in the blood and sweat of Brunanburh
A mirror of ancient sunrises,
You who so much loved your England
And did not name her—
Today you are but a few words
That Germanic scholars annotate;
Today you are my voice
When it calls back to life your iron words.

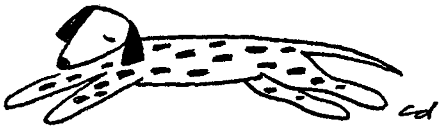
Of my gods or of the sum of time I ask
That my days attain oblivion,
That like Ulysses I may be called No One,
But that some verse of mine survive
On a night favorable to memory
Or in the mornings of men.

—Jorge Luis Borges

(*Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni*)

• •

The name that Isola gave them was George Whitman, but when Aidala and Di Prima drove to the plant of the Schoenberg Salt Company, where the witness had said he had a job, they were told that nobody of that name was on the payroll. Far from being discouraged, the detectives became even more interested in the young man whom Patrolman Isola had turned up. At this point, though, aside from a vague description, they had only four more or less solid pieces of information about him. First, he knew about Isola's early-morning chase and had correctly identified the point where the pursued man turned a corner and disappeared. Second, he had volunteered the information to Patrolman Isola. (In Brownsville, coöperation with the police is rare, and is often regarded with suspicion.) Third, he didn't work at the Schoenberg Salt Company, so he was a demonstrated liar. The fourth thing the detectives knew about the young man was that he had been waiting on a weekday at the corner of Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues to go someplace with some other men. If he did have a job, then the chances were that, like most people, he would take the same route to work every day. The next morning, Detective Aidala and Patrolman Isola would be waiting at Hopkinson and Sutter to see if the young man they wanted to question turned up.



George Whitman was not the name of the young man Detectives Aidala and Di Prima were looking for. His name was George Whitmore, Jr. Then nineteen, Whitmore had grown up, literally, on a junk heap. Although he had lived in Brooklyn off and on for nearly two years, the place Whitmore still considered to be his home was a hundred and fifty miles away—a three-room shack in the mid-

The smallest public house in Britain
CAR PARK
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Starke

"I could have a gold mine here if only I could enlarge the place."

• •

dle of an automobile graveyard his father operated on the edge of Wildwood, a resort town on Cape May, at the southern tip of New Jersey. For Whitmore, who had a younger sister and an older and a younger brother, childhood had been, at best, difficult. There was never enough money for clothes, and not always enough for food. The father, a contentious man with a record of minor arrests, quarrelled continually with his wife, a frail and sickly woman. And, beyond family and economic problems, Whitmore suffered two handicaps that his brothers and his sister had been spared. One was a persistent and acute case of acne, which left his face spotted with running sores. The other was spending his first eleven years in a myopic haze. Not until he had been in school five years and was floundering far behind his classmates did he receive his first pair of glasses—through a program supported by the Greater Wildwoods Lions Club. The optometrist who prescribed the glasses found that young Whitmore's unaided vision "approached economic blindness."

In school, Whitmore was held back several times, but he was known to his teachers as agreeable and always eager to please. He remained in school until he was seventeen, when he dropped out of the eighth grade. Given his educational standing, the acne, and the stigma attached to living in a junk yard, it is scarcely surprising that his social adjustment was retarded. Dreamy and addicted to fantasy, he grew up pretty much of a loner, running with a neighborhood gang no more than was necessary for self-protection. Of course, the boy's difficulties in establishing relationships, difficult enough with the Negro inhabitants of his own neighborhood, were increased vastly in the white community beyond it. Once, when he was thirteen, he did strike up a friendship of sorts with a white girl, a year or so older than he was, whose father owned a few horses outside Wildwood. But even this minuscule relationship was terminated when the girl's father drove all neighborhood boys from his grounds after he caught some of them smoking near the hay bales in his stable. In Whitmore's limited society, a white friend—particularly a white girl friend—was a mark of status, and since he no longer had one, he made one up. One day, while working at the town dump, he came across two discarded snapshots of white girls, and he wrote on the back of one, "To George from Louise." A Negro girl he knew slightly was named Louise Orr, and beside the inscription he wrote down Louise Orr's phone number. He also picked up an address book that had been lost or discarded by a businessman in Wildwood. From then on, when the boys began bragging, Whitmore would show off his address book and pretend that a white girl in one of the snapshots was his girl friend, "Louise."

Even with his address book and his snapshots, George Whitmore did not cut much of a figure among the neighborhood boys, but, having plenty of free time at his disposal since he had dropped out of school, he discovered a new source of stimulation, at the Ivy, a Negro hotel, about a block away from his home, that was frequented by entertainers appearing at the white resort hotels downtown. The Ivy's guests knew nothing about the boy's home in a junk yard or about his dismal school record. There he was looked on merely as another admiring "town boy," and as often as he could slip away from whatever work he had found—or his father had found for him—Whitmore would make for the hotel restaurant, where he would nurse a soda, feed the jukebox if he had the change, and join unobtrusively and

"Until the roll is called up yonder, I'll bet that's the last we see of ***that*** *umbrella."*

• •

vicariously the fellowship of the performers and their families.

The summers were the good times. The winters were hard, socially and economically. Like nearly every other place in Wildwood, the Ivy shut down when the season ended, and with the departure of the summer crowds jobs became just about impossible to find—particularly for a timid boy with no more than an eighth-grade education. Whitmore, like the rest of the family, found himself constantly embroiled in quarrels with his father. After one quarrel, he tried to enlist in the Army, but he was rejected because of his vision and a previously undetected heart murmur. Finally, in 1962, when Whitmore was eighteen, his mother left her husband and took her daughter and two younger sons up to Brownsville, where she had family connections and where her older son was living already. Whitmore's sister and his younger brother were put in school, and a job was found for him at a Long Island metal-stamping plant.

Brownsville, in the northeastern part of Brooklyn, which was originally populated by immigrants, primarily Russian Jews, has been virtually annexed within the past twenty years by the neighboring community to the west, Bedford-Stuyvesant, which was the Borough of Brooklyn's original Negro ghetto. As the descendants of the early inhabitants of Brownsville were displaced by the waves of later migrations—first of Negroes and later of Puerto Ricans—the streets changed. The synagogues and a number of theatres where Jewish headliners once performed fell into disuse and were transformed, eventually, either into churches or into crumbling ruins. Prosperous furniture and clothing stores that had once drawn patrons from all over the city became credit houses offering, for the most part, shoddy merchandise on the installment plan. The residential streets of Brownsville now house some hundred and sixty thousand Negroes and ninety thousand Puerto Ricans in row after row of depressingly similar tenements. In the past half century, these tenements have acquired an infamous reputation for violence and crime—some of New York's most notorious gangs had been spawned in them—and in recent years the area has received further recognition. As Mayor Lindsay told delegates to the annual meeting of the National Association of Counties last year, the average annual income in Brownsville "is little more than half the city average—an average which includes such depressed neighborhoods as Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant," and he added, "Of almost fifty thousand households, about four per cent are standard. The rest are below that minimal index of adequacy. There are other statistical indexes, and in each Brownsville ranks very high. More of its infants die than anywhere else in New York. More of its young people are delinquent. More of its citizens are the victims of crime. By every number we have to measure the suffering of a community—narcotics addiction, welfare dependency, sickness, and malnutrition—Brownsville is a leader." In his conclusion, the Mayor quoted an unnamed local pastor: "If there is a Hell, the people of Brownsville will take it in stride."

This, then, was the community in which George Whitmore came to live in 1962. He announced that he was going to work hard at the job in the metal-stamping factory and, if possible, go back to school. As it turned out, he didn't do either. He quit the job in three months, and after that the only employment he managed to find was a few days of furniture moving. Having nothing better to do with his time, he went back to Wildwood in the summer of 1963. At home, nothing had changed. Living in the junk-yard shack again, and working only hard enough to satisfy his father, Whitmore spent as much time as he could among the entertainers and their families at the Ivy Hotel. All things considered, it was a pleasant summer for him, and he lingered on in Wildwood after the close of the season. Early in the fall, he

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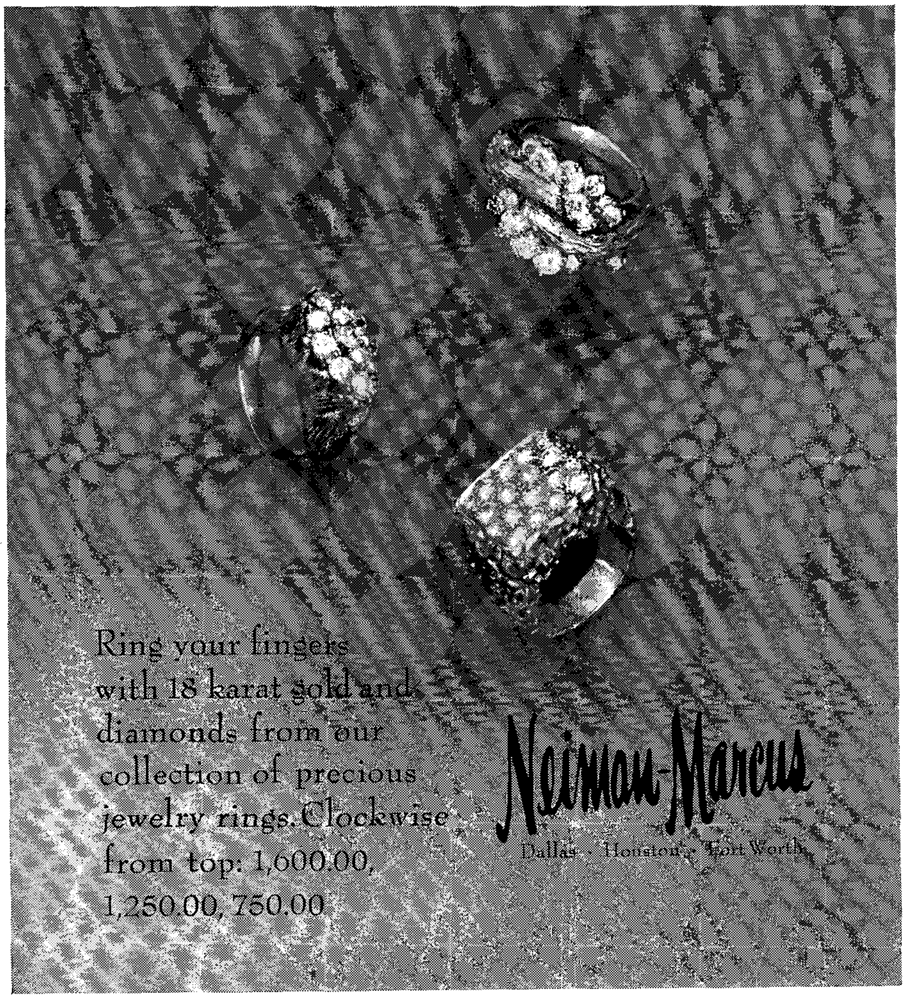

broke his glasses during a playground basketball game, and in December, when lack of work—and pressure from his father—forced him to leave the junk yard, he boarded the bus for Brownsville without them. The glasses had still not been replaced on the chilly morning of April 23rd when Patrolman Isola walked into the laundromat on Sutter Avenue and asked him what he was doing there.

In Wildwood, Whitmore's only contact with police had been with a Negro sergeant who kept a fatherly eye on kids in the Negro neighborhood, and in Brownsville he had had no previous direct dealings with the police. He told Patrolman Isola what he was doing in the laundromat—waiting for his brother, to go to work—and he complied at once when he was asked his name and address. Although the name that Patrolman Isola wrote in his memorandum book was George Whitman, Whitmore has insisted that he gave his real name, and the discrepancy may be reasonably explained by the fact that even among friends he is extremely soft-spoken. Isola himself has said of the encounter that he "missed" the number of the home address Whitmore offered, also on Amboy Street, and they agree that to substantiate his identification Whitmore offered two letters he said he had received at the Amboy Street address. They also agree that before the arrival of his older brother, Shellie, and the two other men Whitmore volunteered the information that he had been on Amboy Street early that morning and had seen a man being chased by police skitter around the corner from Sutter and disappear into the building he pointed out to Patrolman Isola. "Help me, help me, the law is after me," Whitmore quoted the fugitive as saying when he ran past.

Later, while Whitmore was walking to the Schoenberg Salt Company with his brother and the two other men, with whom he was going to try to get a job there that morning, he told them the substance of the conversation he had been having with Patrolman Isola, but nobody took him seriously. In Shellie Whitmore's mind, apparently, making up stories was typical of his brother, and so was the announcement half an hour later, after they had walked all the way to Schoenberg Salt, that despite several warnings he had forgotten to bring his Social Security card. Without the card, he could not be employed, so he walked back alone toward Hopkinson Avenue. At this point, Whitmore had a new problem to worry

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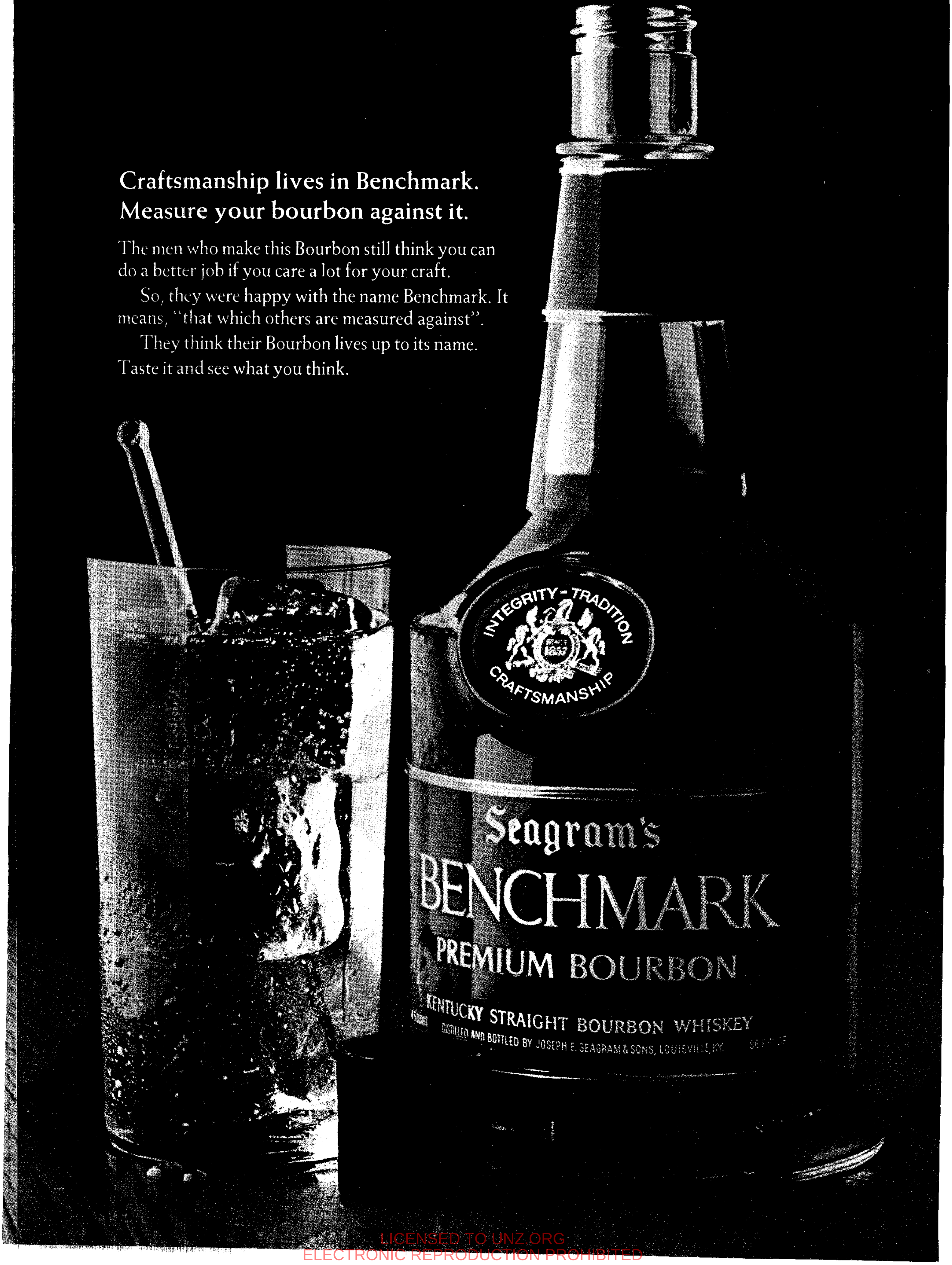
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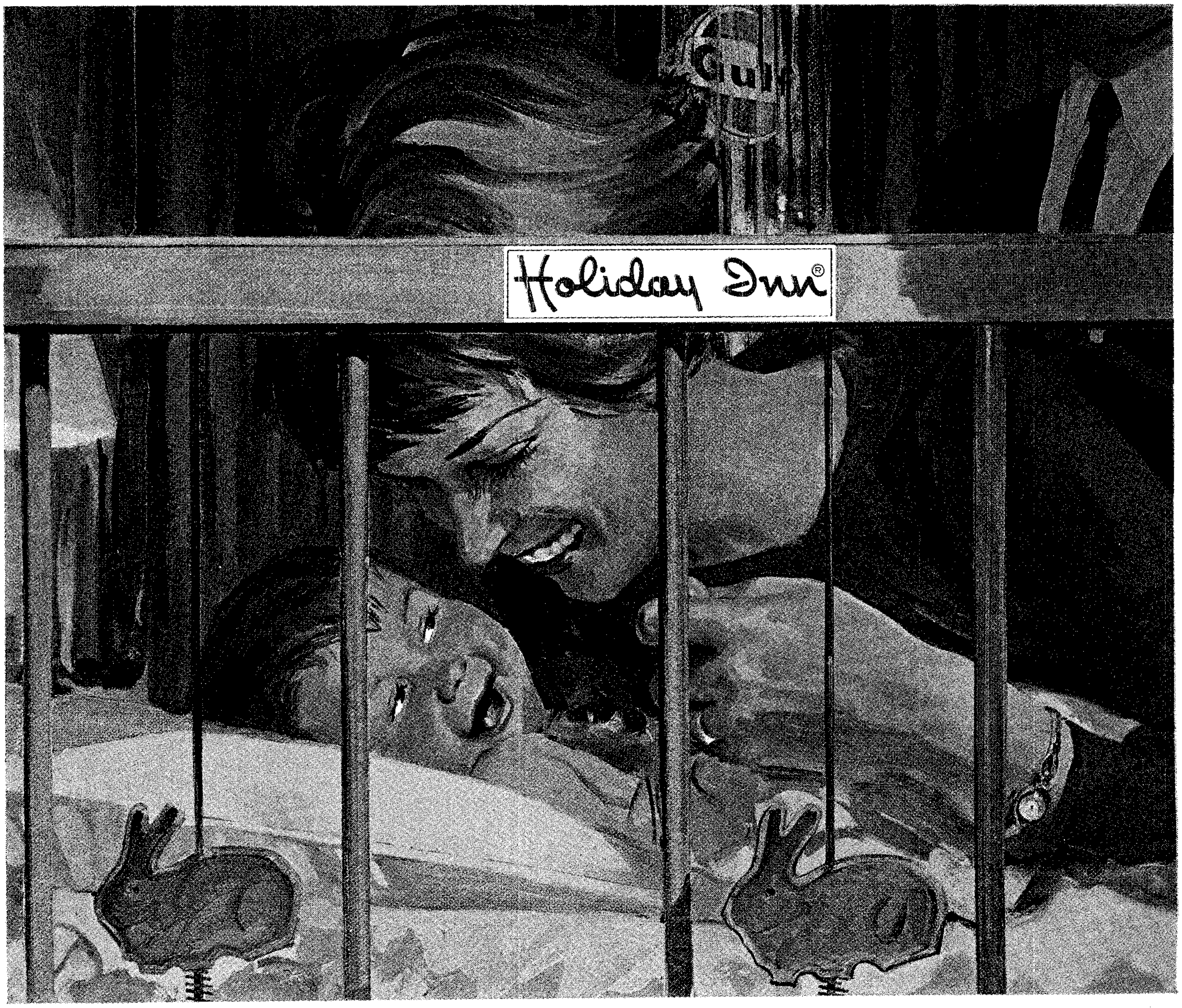

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USE YOUR CREDIT! WE HONOR AMERICAN EXPRESS, DINERS CLUB & GULF TRAVEL CARDS Gulf about. He was heading for the apartment of his girl friend, Beverly Payne, and Beverly's mother could be expected to ask him why he was not working. Rather than admit that he had stupidly forgotten his Social Security card, Whitmore prepared an elaboration of the brief conversation he had had with Patrolman Isola, making it into a lengthy episode. Being a regular watcher of television, he had seen that in detective programs identifications were sometimes made from thick books filled with photographs, and when Beverly greeted him at her door he told her he hadn't gone to Schoenberg Salt because he had been taken to the Seventy-third Precinct station house to look through the books for a picture of a man he had seen running away from the police in the early morning. Actually, the explanation was unnecessary, because Beverly's mother, Mrs. Mary McKinley, had left the apartment for the day by the time Whitmore arrived. Beverly, who was then seventeen and nominally a student in the tenth grade, decided to stay home from school and keep him company, as she had often done before. The nature of the relationship between the two young people had recently caused Mrs. McKinley to commit her daughter to Youth House. After her release, however, Beverly had come to an understanding with her mother. George Whitmore, who had become accustomed to spending his nights at Mrs. McKinley's, would thenceforward have to stay somewhere else. And Mrs. McKinley, for her part, bought from her own savings a flashy engagement ring to formalize the relationship.

Most of that day—Thursday, April 23rd—Whitmore spent with his girl friend at her apartment. He did find time to stop at a candy store on Sutter Avenue, but none of his friends were around, so he didn't stay. Somewhere along the line, after school was out, he ran across his younger brother, Gerald, and he told him the story about the Seventy-third Precinct and the identification books, and over dinner, in the McKinley apartment, he told it again, to Mrs. McKinley. Relatively early in the evening—well before eleven—Whitmore left his girl friend's apartment and walked a block up Hopkinson Avenue to the home of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Blondell Dantzler. Before he began devoting most of his time in Brownsville to Beverly, Whitmore had spent many of his evenings in the Dantzler living room, squinting at television and sketching pencil portraits of his cousins across

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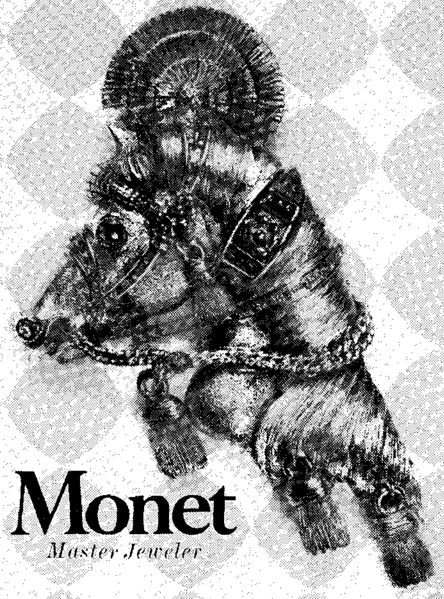

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the pages of school copybooks. On April 23rd, however, he spent less than an hour there—only long enough to tell the story about the identification books again—and then he left.

The temperature was fifty degrees, and Whitmore shivered under a thin and dirty raincoat that belonged to his older brother. George owned a newer and warmer trenchcoat, but, some time before, Shellie, about to go out on a date, had paid him a dollar for a temporary exchange of coats. Turned out of Beverly's apartment and too shy to ask for asylum with his aunt and uncle, Whitmore headed for 191 Amboy Street, where his younger brother was staying with a cousin. But nobody was at home there, so, as he had the night before, and a good many nights in the past, Whitmore made do. He crossed the street to an almost identical tenement at 178 Amboy, and, wrapping himself in his brother's coat, he burrowed into a small space under some metal stairs in the rear of a dirty hallway. And there he fell asleep.

THE next morning, Whitmore awoke at about seven and walked back toward Beverly Payne's apartment, to clean up. As he passed the laundromat, however, he was stopped by Detective Aidala and Patrolman Isola. Aidala showed Whitmore his badge and asked him if he had spoken with the patrolman the day before. Whitmore said he had, and, at Aidala's request, he gave his name, and this time, for identification, he produced a New Jersey driver's license. Aidala then told Whitmore to come with him, and Whitmore—assuming, he said later, that his story about the identification books was coming true—readily agreed. The three drove to the Seventy-third Precinct station house in Aidala's car. When they got there, Aidala telephoned Mrs. Borrero and said he would like her to come down to the station house. Patrolman Isola was sent to pick her up.

Left to himself in the dingy squad room, on the second floor of the station house, Whitmore squinted around at straight-backed chairs and at "wanted" circulars posted on the dirty walls. In his fantasy of the previous day, he had described himself as an important witness being consulted by the police about the man he had seen on Amboy Street, but that wasn't the way it seemed to be turning out. What actually did happen at this point—and, indeed, during the next twenty-five hours that Whitmore spent in the Seventy-third Precinct headquarters—has become the subject

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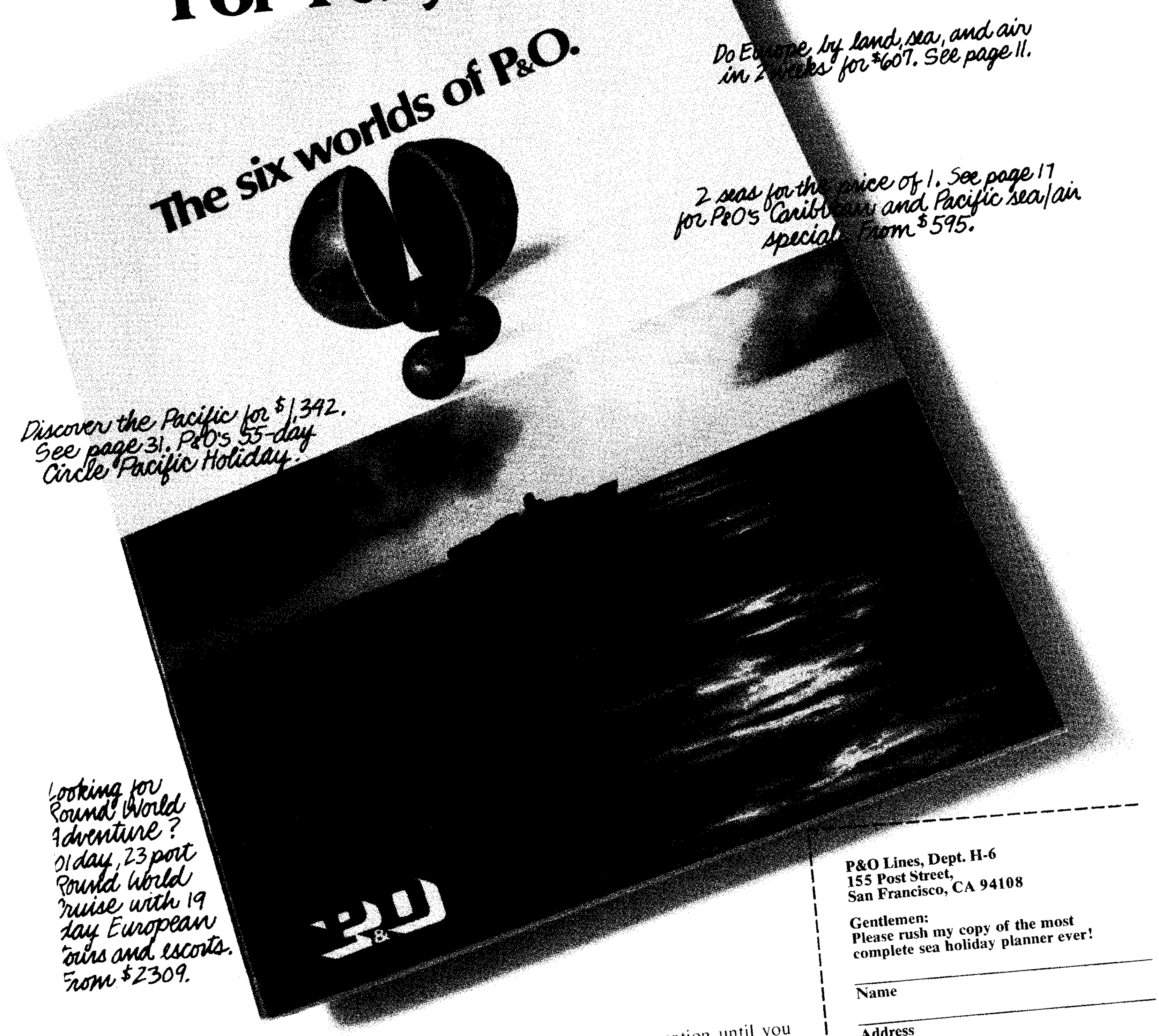

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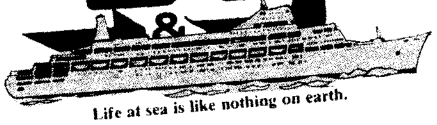

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of controversies that have been thrashed over in three separate hearings and five trials. The treatment Whitmore received from the police figured indirectly but quite significantly in at least one of the Supreme Court's decisions over the last few years relating to the Constitutional rights of defendants while being interrogated. In any event, despite emphatic disagreement on several crucial points about whether physical force, improper psychological pressure, or deliberate deception were used that day to make a poorly educated and far from quick-witted Negro youth tell what the police believed to be the truth, it seems clear that at about seven-thirty Aidala took Whitmore from the squad room just before Patrolman Isola led Mrs. Borrero through it into the office of the squad commander. The door separating these two rooms has a peephole in it, but Mrs. Borrero was too short to be able to look through it until a pair of telephone books were put down for her to stand on. When she was able to see through the peephole, Isola called out to Aidala, who brought Whitmore back into the squad room. At once, Mrs. Borrero began to tremble. The door was slightly off the latch, and in her agitation she pushed it ajar. "That's the man," she said, but then, as an afterthought, she asked if she could hear his voice. Whitmore was directed to say, "Lady, I'm going to rape you. Lady, I'm going to kill you." At the sound of Whitmore's soft, husky voice, Mrs. Borrero's distress became overwhelming. It took fully fifteen minutes for Aidala and Isola together to calm her. Then Whitmore was taken into the squad commander's office for a direct confrontation. Through the partly open door Whitmore had heard Mrs. Borrero identify him, and as soon as he was taken into the office he told her she was making a mistake. No, she said, trembling again, this was the man who had attacked her.

In effect, Whitmore had been in custody since seven, but Mrs. Borrero's identification provided the basis for a formal arrest. He was led back into the squad room, where the contents of his pockets were scattered on a table and checked, item by item. According to an inventory prepared for the police property clerk, these included a black imitation-leather wallet containing nothing but a few papers and pictures, including two snapshots of white girls; an address book; and a pink-handled jackknife. The inventory also listed a fifty-cent paperback book entitled "The Tall Dark Man," which may have been in the pocket of Shellie Whitmore's coat—although George Whitmore has said that he has no recollection of ever having seen it before—or may have become mixed up with Whitmore's effects on the table.

At this point, Whitmore could have been fingerprinted and booked in the Borrero case, but instead Aidala called Detective Di Prima, the man from the Homicide Squad who had been investigating the Edmonds murder with him, and asked him to come right down. While they waited, Mrs. Borrero was ushered out of the squad commander's office, Whitmore was brought back in, and the door was closed. Whitmore later claimed that in the half hour that followed, during which he was alone with Aidala and Isola, he was beaten:

> The detective kept on—kept on asking—saying that I was supposed to have raped this lady, and then he started punching on me . . . and I kept telling him that "I don't know anything about this," and at the time the other officer came in and he was rolling up his sleeves . . . and he came over and started punching on me, too, and then they stood me in front of a chair, and every time I said, "I never seen this lady before," I got knocked into the chair, and then I told them if I told them that I did do what they said I did I would be lying, and they called me a liar, so they kept beating on me and beating on me, so I just broke down and said yes.

No visible bruises appear in nude photographs taken of Whitmore twenty-four hours after the alleged beating, and Aidala and Isola, for their part, say that actually very little happened while they were awaiting the arrival of Detective Di Prima—that they talked with Whitmore, but not particularly about the case. Both officers maintain that there were neither arguments nor scuffles. And in this they are supported by Mrs. Borrero, who was seated just outside the squad commander's office. She says that she heard no unusual noises.

ONE of the oldest techniques of police interrogation is the one that is called "Mutt and Jeff" in "Fundamentals of Criminal Investigation," by Charles E. O'Hara, a former New York City detective. According to this technique, as O'Hara describes it, one interrogator, Mutt, is relentless and menacing, and the other, Jeff, appears as "a kindhearted man," who "disapproves of Mutt and his tactics." Another standard police manual, "Criminal Interrogation and Confessions," by Fred E. Inbau and John E. Reid, refers to this technique as "the friendly-

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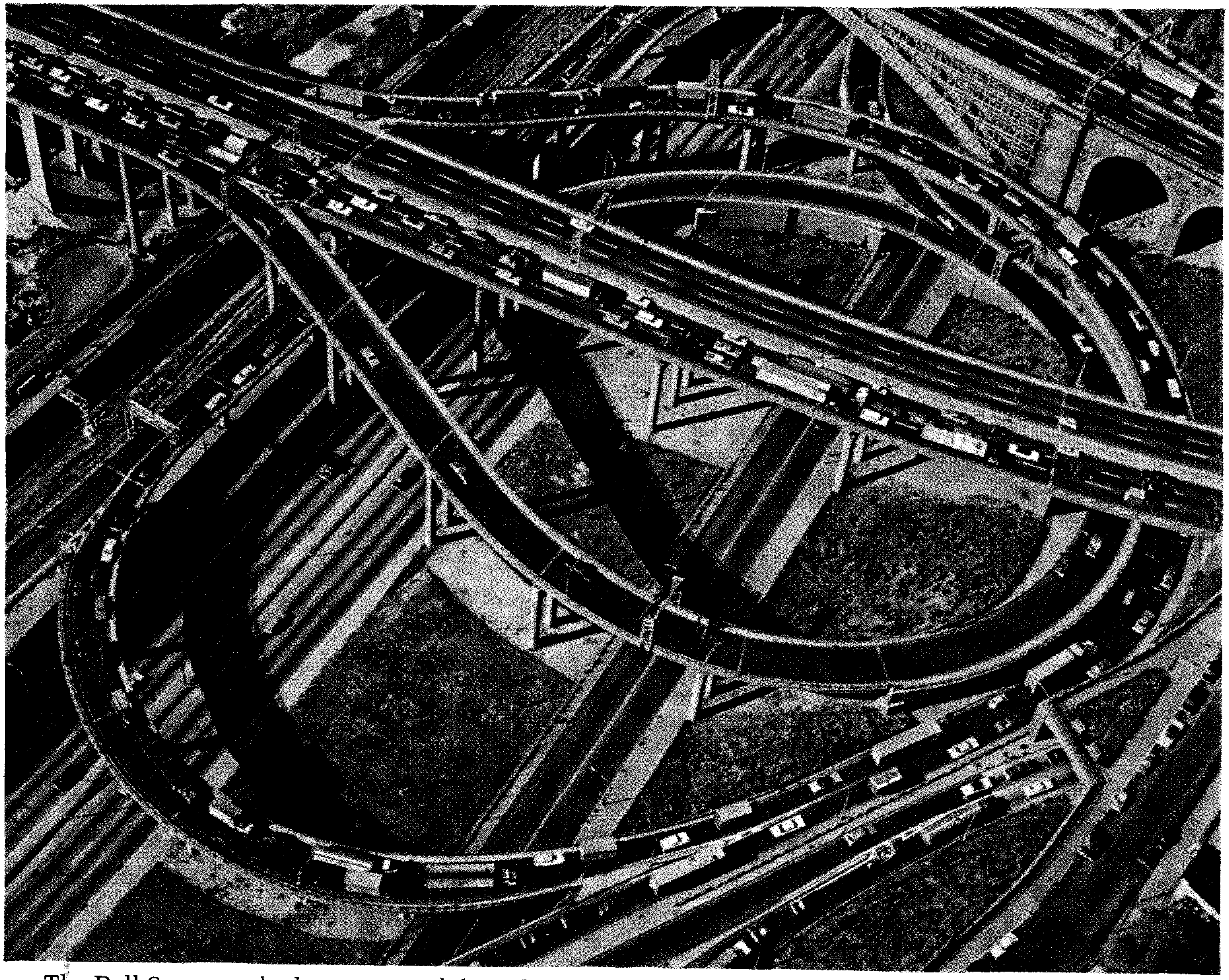

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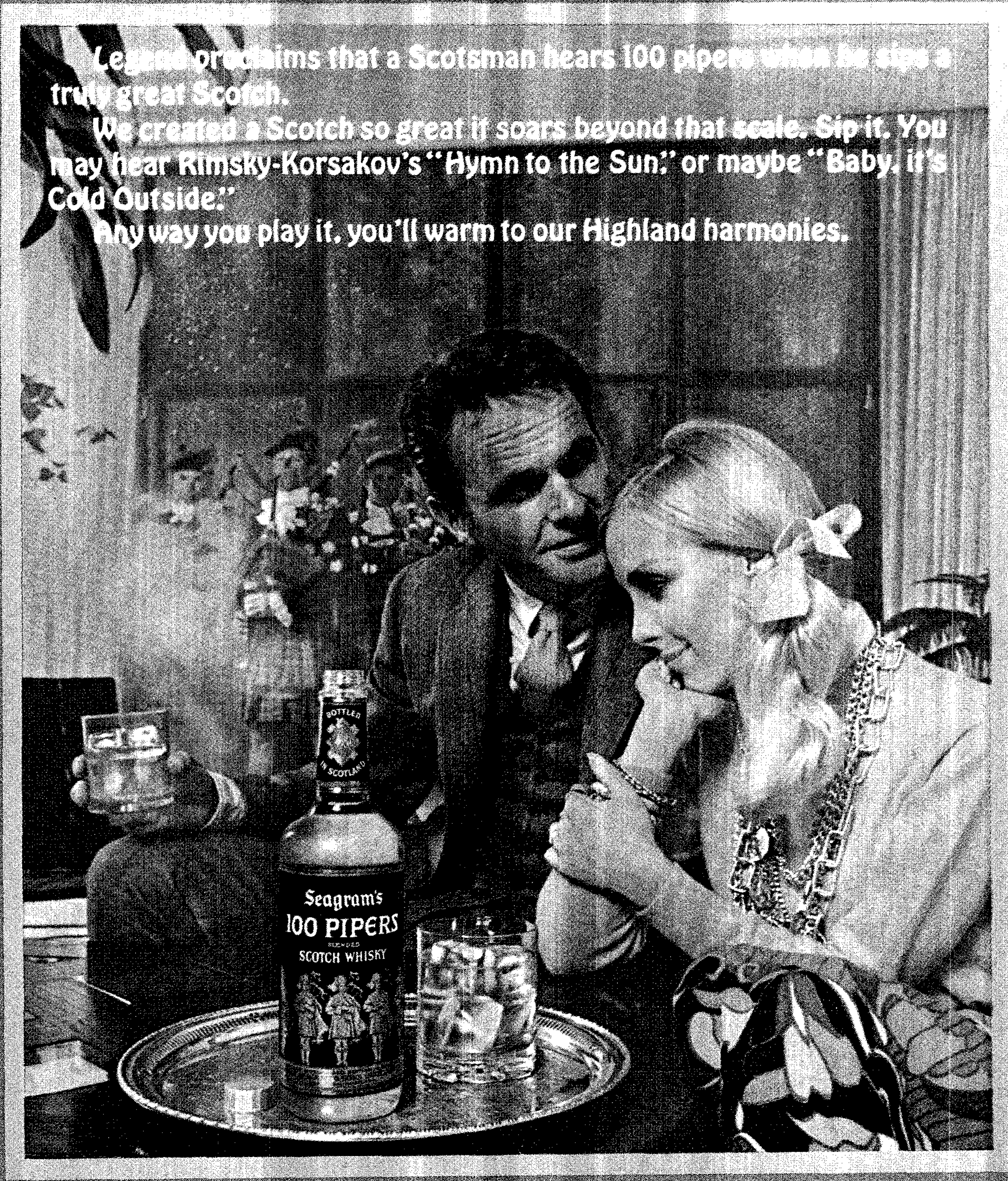
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unfriendly act" and notes that its use is "particularly appropriate in the interrogation of a subject who is politely apathetic—the person who just nods his head as though in agreement with the interrogator, but says nothing in response except possibly a denial of guilt." And that was a very accurate description of George Whitmore.

As soon as Detective Di Prima arrived in the Seventy-third Precinct station house, at about eight-fifteen, he asked Whitmore, in a kindly tone, if he was hungry, and sent Patrolman Isola out for Italian rolls and containers of coffee. While they ate, Di Prima talked gently with Whitmore, not about the Borrero or Edmonds case but, rather, about Whitmore's life in Brownsville. The conversation covered his employment—or lack of it—and his personal relations at home. Why wasn't he living with his mother? Did she give him a hard time? How did Whitmore stand with the draft? Whitmore said that he had tried to enlist once but had been turned down by the medics. Di Prima made a noncommittal remark that Whitmore later said he interpreted as an indication that perhaps when this was all over they would help him get into the Army.

Then, still very gently, Di Prima got down to business. Of course, as a Homicide man, he was not technically responsible for the Borrero case, but detectives often find that it pays to ask questions in ascending order of their importance. Di Prima worked up to Edmonds through Borrero. In his words:

> I asked him whether or not he was the person that had attacked Mrs. Borrero. I asked him if what she said was true. He said, in the beginning, he said that he did not attack Mrs. Borrero, he didn't know anything about it. I said inasmuch as Mrs. Borrero had identified him as her assailant there was no other thing for the police to do but to arrest him. If he wanted to tell me anything about it, it was his privilege . . . he didn't have to speak to me if he didn't want to.
>
> He thought it over a little while, and he then asked me, if a fellow was convicted for this type of crime, how much time would he do. I said I honestly didn't know, the punishment for the crime would be limited to the courts and the judge. He then turned around and says, "Well," he says, "I'll tell you the truth. I want to tell you that I'm the one that Mrs. Borrero identified as—I'm the person that she identified as assaulting her." I again reminded him that he didn't have to speak to me about this if he didn't want to, but if he wanted to tell me the truth I would listen to him and I would relay that same truth to the court. He continued talking to me. . . . He told me later on, during the conversation, when I reminded him that there was nobody there

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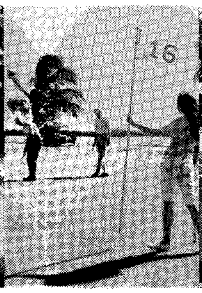
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that would hurt him, and I kept talking to him in a nice level. I asked him was he afraid of me. He said, "No, you're speaking to me better than anyone else has ever spoken to me in my life." He said, "My father never spoke to me like that."

After obtaining from Whitmore the admission that he had assaulted Mrs. Borrero, Di Prima and Aidala pressed him for details. Where was he when he first saw her? How far did he follow her? What did he say to her before the patrolman chased him away? Then they brought out pencils and yellow tablets and went over the episode again, recording his answers to their questions. The resulting statement covered only two pages, but it took the detectives about an hour and a quarter to write down.

Although the two detectives have testified on a number of occasions that they began working on the Borrero case in the belief that it might be related to the Edmonds murder, they have also upheld from the witness stand the Police Department's explanation that Whitmore was questioned about the Edmonds case because during the Borrero questioning he "inadvertently mentioned Chester Street . . . the street where Minnie Edmonds was found dead." Actually, a mention of Chester Street in a discussion of the attack on Mrs. Borrero was not at all surprising, because she had told police she was pursued two blocks west on Blake Avenue, from Rockaway Avenue to Bristol Street, and the street between Rockaway and Bristol is Chester. Nevertheless, here is how Di Prima has described the next stage of his interrogation of Whitmore:

> When we were through with the Borrero case, I said to George Whitmore, "You mentioned Chester Street in your conversation with me. Have you anything in your mind about Chester Street?" At first he said, "Well, the boys fight on Chester Street. You know, there is a lot of jitterbugging going on." [In another version, the detective said that Whitmore used the word "bebop."] I said, "This is nothing new to the police. We know about the jitterbugging. What is on your mind or have you anything on your mind on Chester Street other than the jitterbugging?" He said, "You mean about the woman that was hurt on Chester Street?" I said, "What do you know about the woman that was hurt on Chester Street?" He said, "I hurt the woman who was hurt on Chester Street." I said, "Do you care to talk to me about it?" He said he would.

According to Di Prima, this conversation took place at about 10 A.M., after the Borrero confession was concluded, but at some time before ten Di Prima's commander at Brooklyn North Homicide, Lieutenant John E. Currie, had been notified that a suspect in the

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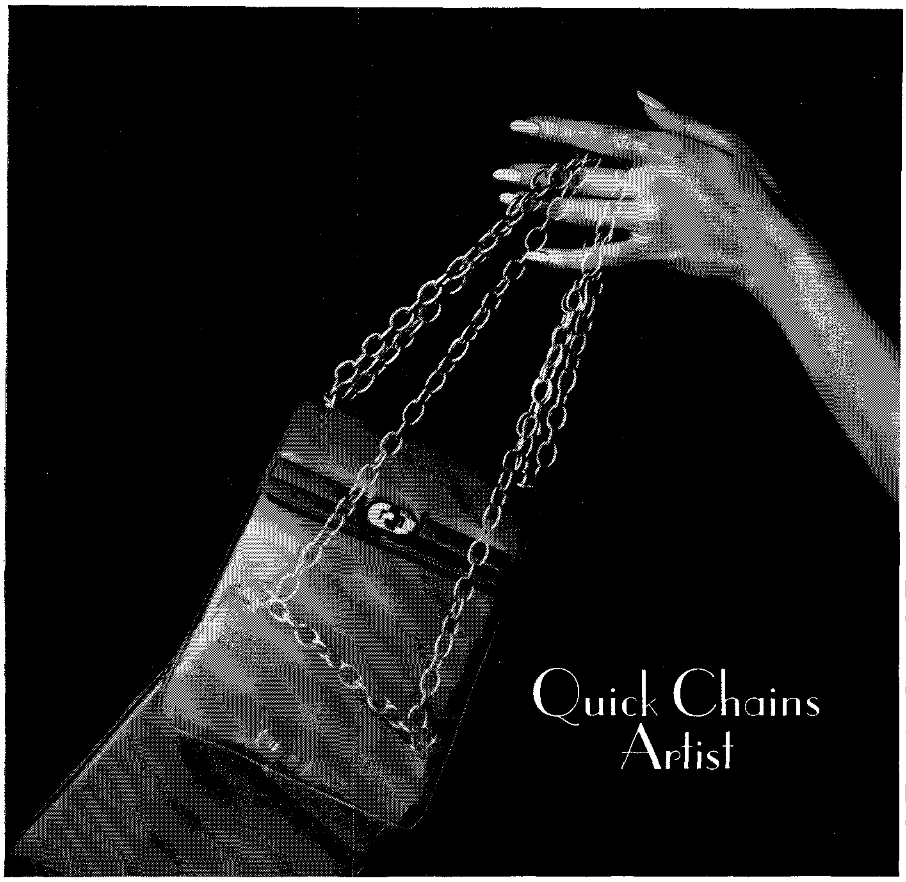

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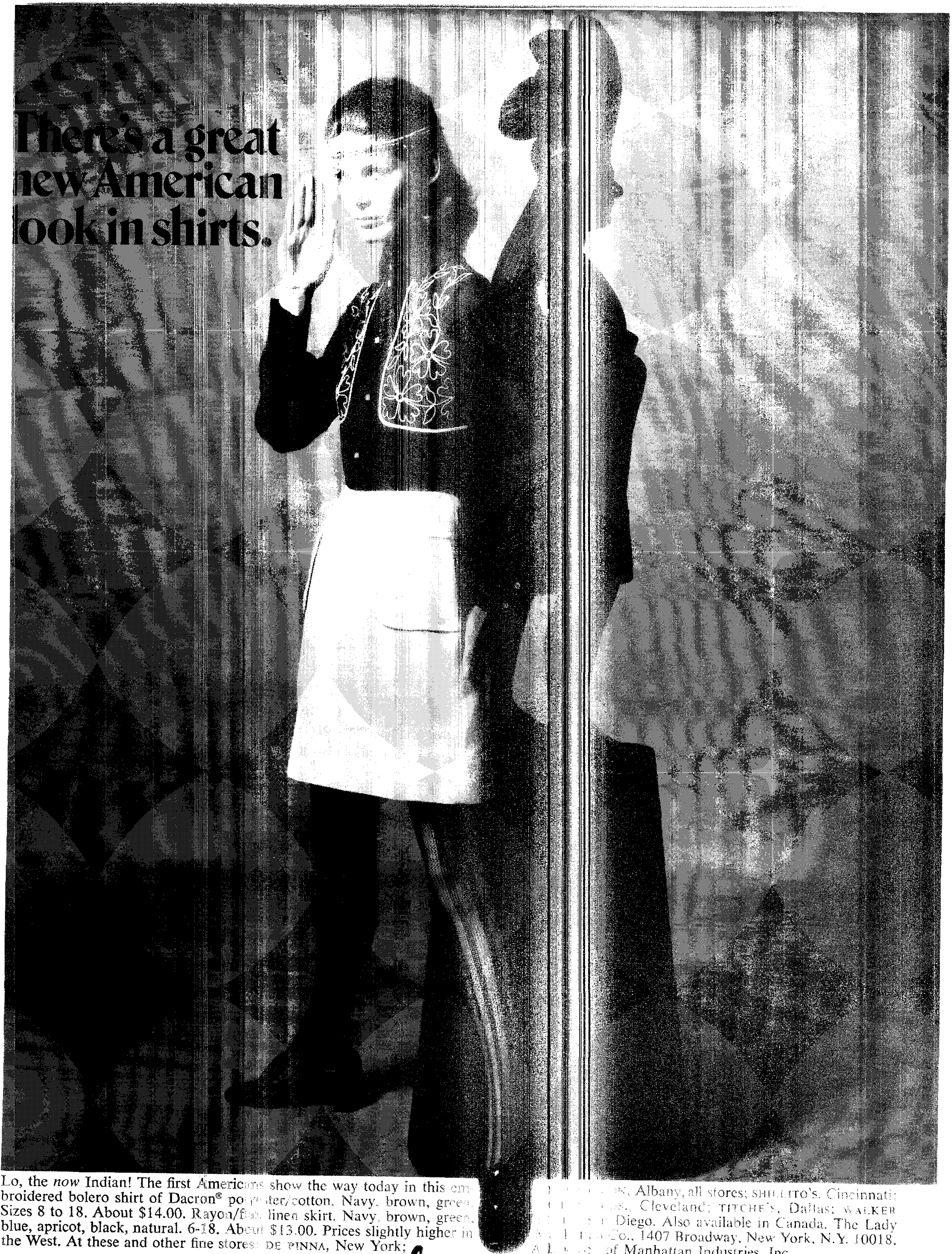

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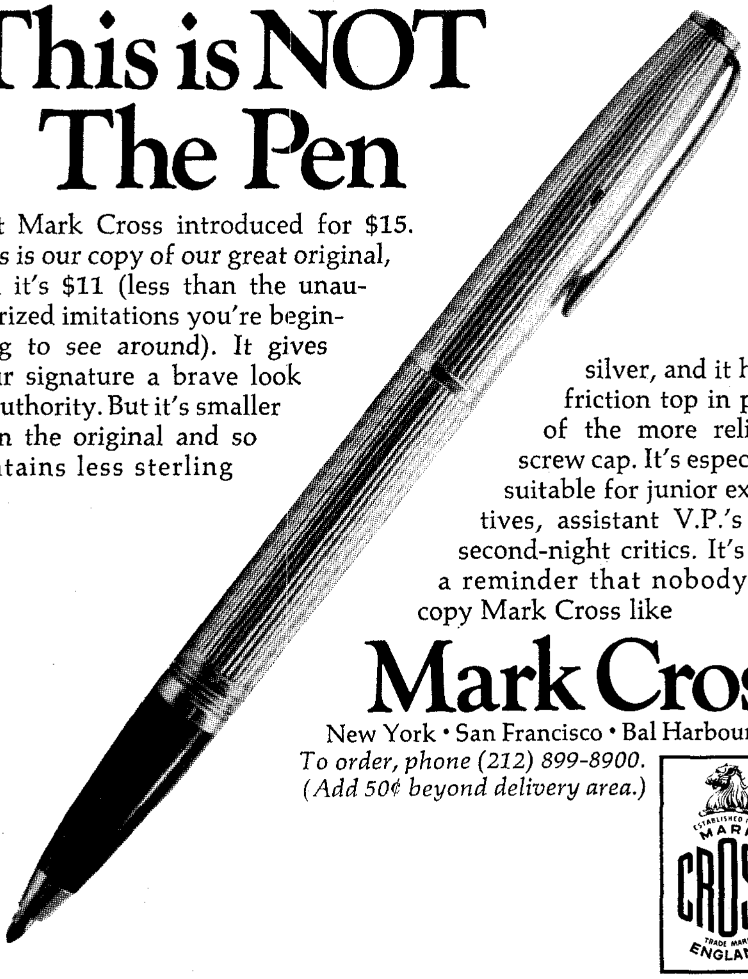

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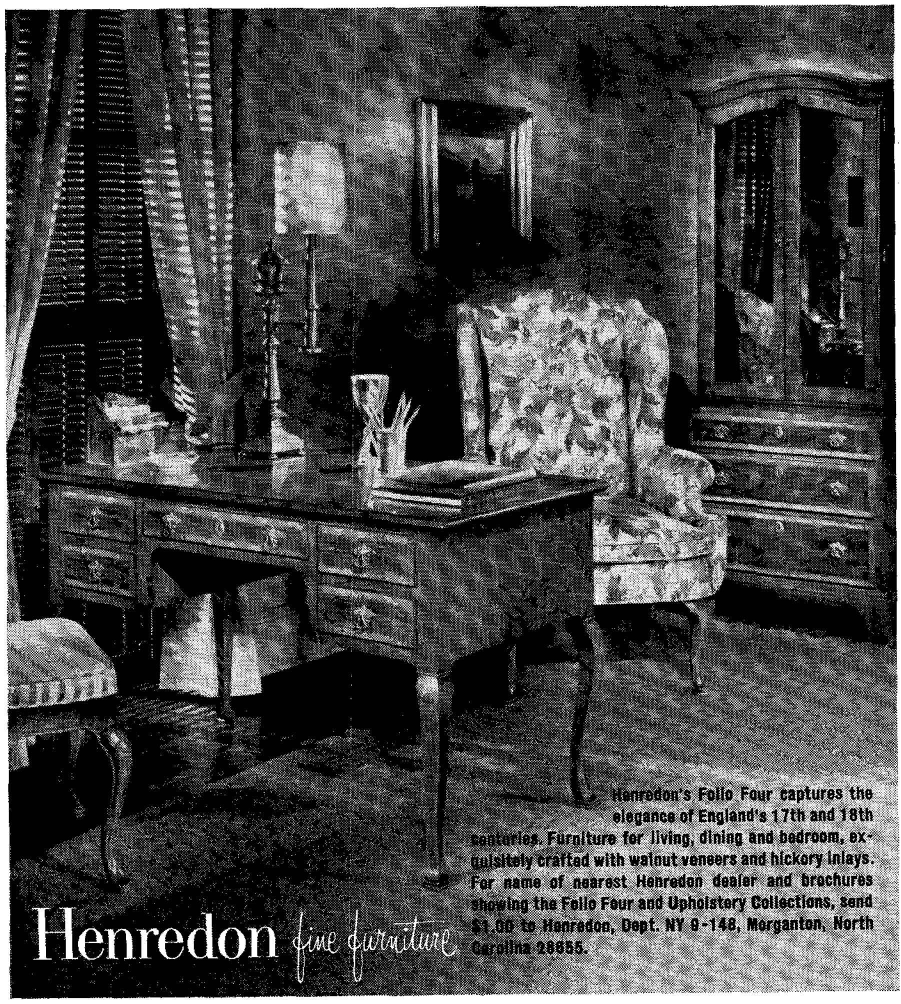

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Edmonds homicide was being questioned at the Seventy-third Precinct. Lieutenant Currie, accompanied by two detectives, Edward J. Bulger and Charles Fazio, reached the station house shortly before ten-thirty, and by that time Whitmore was well into his second confession. The lieutenant put his head into the squad commander's office, listened for a minute, and then withdrew his head to tell his two men, "They got it all wrapped up." Lieutenant Currie, who had business elsewhere, instructed Fazio and Bulger to stand by at the Seventy-third in case any snags should develop.

One snag soon did. Under questioning, Whitmore was describing the murder just the way detectives had envisioned it as happening, but he couldn't provide them with the murder weapon. The jackknife found on him when his pockets were emptied was incapable of inflicting the deep wounds—one of them a penetration of four inches, into and through the aorta—that had killed Mrs. Edmonds. What had Whitmore done with the murder knife?

With the conclusion of the Borrero statement, Patrolman Isola's connection with the case had ended, but even so, and in spite of the fact that it was his day off, he had remained in the squad commander's office listening to the Edmonds interrogation. He took no part in it himself until Aidala and Di Prima began concentrating on the knife. According to the detectives, Whitmore was describing the murder weapon as a black-handled, all-metal knife with a picture of a panther on each side of the handle when Isola said, "I got a knife just like it up in my locker." The patrolman was sent to fetch the knife, and Aidala has testified that when he brought it back "George Whitmore told us it was a knife exactly like this that he stabbed the woman on Chester Street with." But having a knife "exactly like" the murder weapon was unsatisfactory to the detectives, and they intensified their efforts to get Whitmore to tell them where his own knife was. Here is how Whitmore has described those efforts:

> They kept on insisting that I had a knife, which I kept telling them that I had no such knife, and they made a statement that this knife would be the only thing that would help me, and they need it, they wanted to find it. So I told them that I had lost a knife, and I don't know where it is, and they just insisted, so I told them that I hid it.

All right, where was the hiding place? Eventually, Whitmore led the detectives to the space under the met-

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al stairs of the tenement at 178 Amboy Street, where he had slept the night before. He and Aidala, Di Prima, and Isola rode there in an unmarked Homicide Squad car driven by Fazio, and, in the presence of the building superintendent, Detective Aidala knelt and swept his hand around under the stairs. He brushed out a door key but no knife. The detectives looked at Whitmore, who knelt, too, and groped under the stairs, with no better result. "Maybe I made a mistake about leaving the knife under the steps," he said. "There is a possibility it's over at my girl friend's house."

At Beverly Payne's apartment, Whitmore was instructed to knock. She kept a chain bolt on the door and opened it only a crack. Then, seeing Whitmore, she unlocked it. The officers went into the apartment with him. "They asked me did he use to stay here," the girl said later. "So I told them yes. And they asked me where was his clothes, and I showed them the room. . . . They took some of his pants and my brother's pants." (The wounds inflicted on Mrs. Edmonds had bled freely, and although the pants that the detectives gathered up showed no bloodstains, they wanted technicians at the police laboratory to look at them, for traces of blood can sometimes be discovered even after clothing has been washed or cleaned.) But the search for a murder weapon resembling Patrolman Isola's knife was unsuccessful. The detectives, Beverly, and Whitmore sat down at the kitchen table to talk things over. The detectives questioned Beverly closely about whether Whitmore had come to her house on April 14th, the morning of the murder. At last, Beverly said that on that particular day she might have opened the door for Whitmore and run back to bed without noticing the condition of his clothes. When the men left the apartment, Beverly has said, she left, too. "Why did you go to the police station with them?" she was asked later, on the witness stand. "They told me to get my coat," she answered. (There is disagreement on this point. The police officers have said that the girl asked if she could come to the station house with them but that, because there was no room in the car, they refused permission. The only independent witness on the point, a neighbor, testified that the girl left the tenement with the detectives and drove off with them. In any event, there is no doubt that she was at the precinct headquarters later in the day.)

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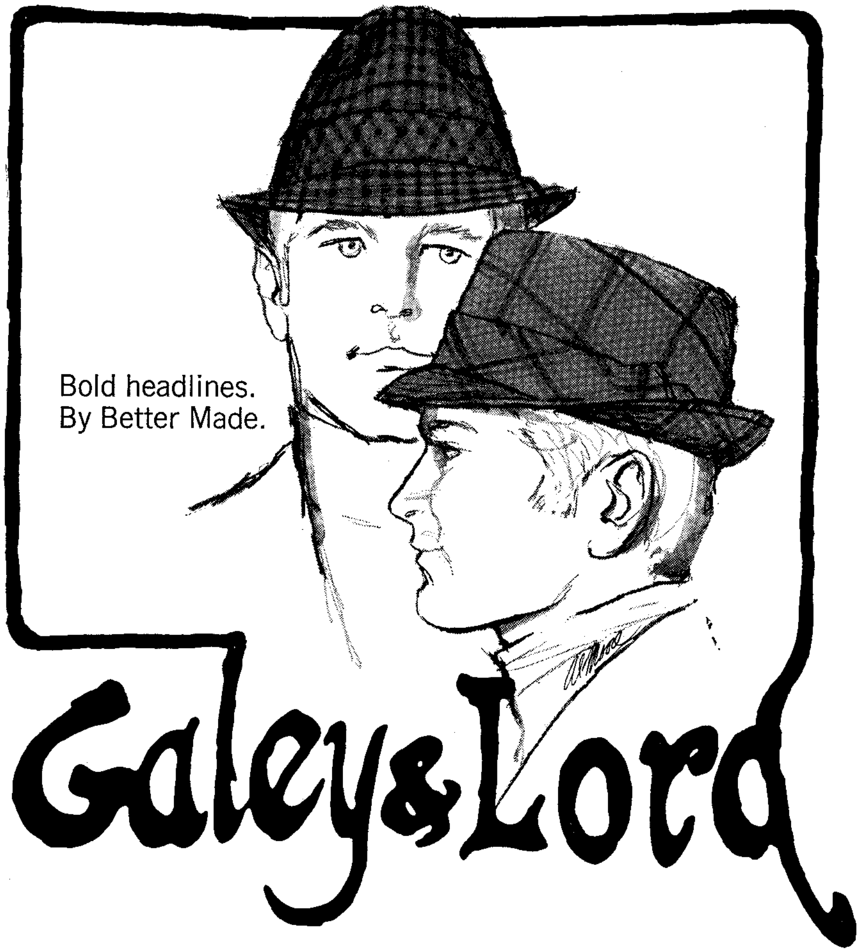

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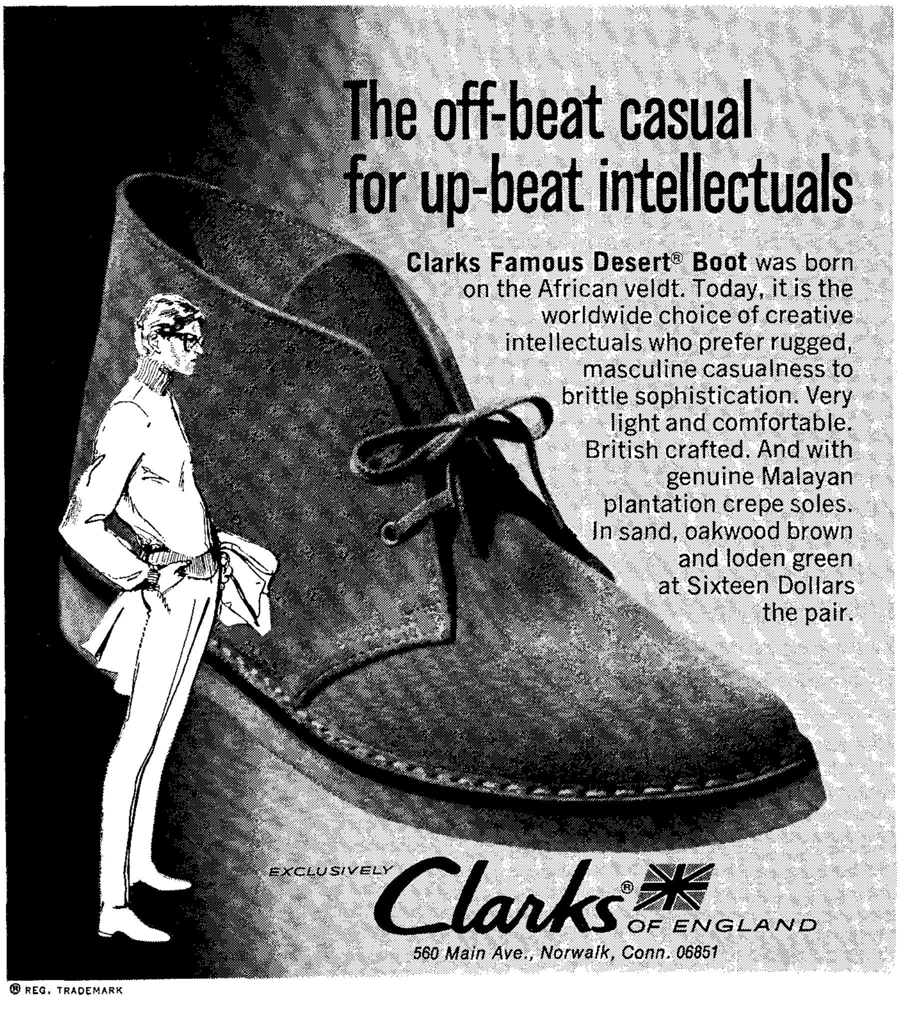

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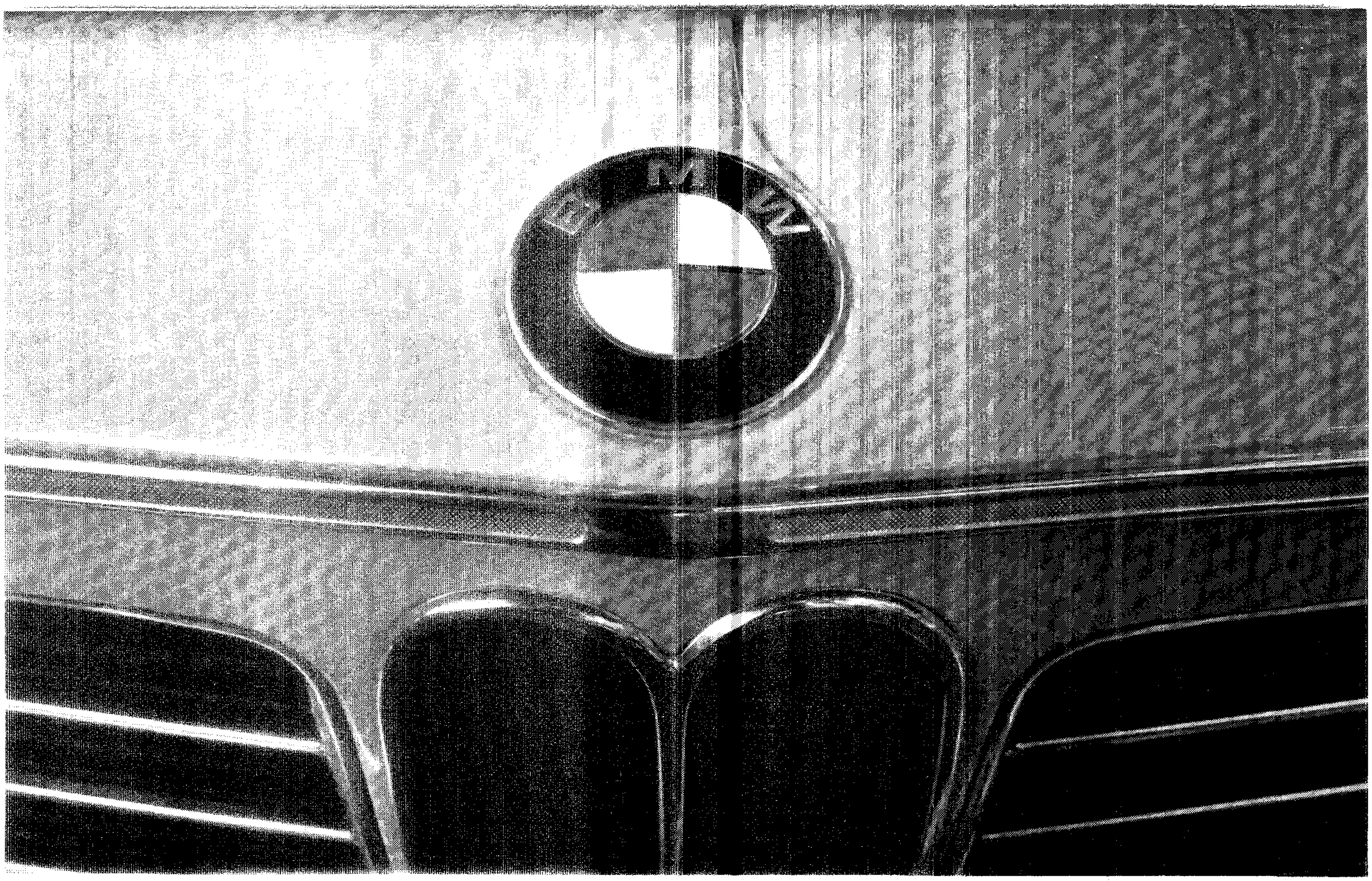
more again found himself secluded in the squad commander's office with Detectives Aidala and Di Prima. By now, it was afternoon. Patrolman Isola, who had, in effect, been working since midnight, had ducked out to get himself some lunch, and sandwiches were ordered up for the two detectives and their prisoner. After Whitmore had finished his sandwich, the subject of the absence of bloodstains on his pants came up, and, according to the detectives, he said that he had rinsed the pair he had been wearing twice in a strong solution of bleach. (Whitmore's undershirt was found to be spotted with bloodstains, but the police technicians who analyzed these stains reported only "inconclusive" findings, which did not, in effect, contradict a claim by Whitmore that the stains could have come from running acne sores on his back. The report on the pants was also inconclusive.)

Knife or no knife, the investigation of the Edmonds murder case was considered closed, and Detective Aidala put in a call to summon an assistant district attorney and a stenographer to take Whitmore's formal confession. There would be a delay, the detectives were told. The Homicide Bureau man on duty was occupied in another precinct and would be tied up for at least an hour. While they waited, the detectives decided that they might as well run through a reënactment of the crime. So Whitmore was taken, again in Fazio's squad car, to Chester Street, and there, the officers later testified, he pointed to the exact spot where Mrs. Edmonds' body had been found ten days earlier, described the pursuit and the attack on the woman, and then showed them his escape route. They were back at the station house sometime after two o'clock. There were then a few additional, perfunctory questions about the murder weapon—"They stated to me that if Beverly didn't, if we didn't come up with the knife, if she had it, they were going to send her to a girls' home," Whitmore has said—but, on the whole, the detectives seemed inclined to accept the theory that he offered about the knife, which was that perhaps someone had stolen it from beneath the stairs at 178 Amboy Street.

All that remained for the detectives to do was to fingerprint and book their prisoner on the Borrero and Edmonds charges. When the assistant district attorney came, he would take statements, and these would be the principal evidence at the trials, which seemed certain to be routine affairs, scarcely worth



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a paragraph in the Brooklyn edition of the *Daily News*. But just then the investigation took a new turn, which was to make the name of George Whitmore notorious throughout the country, and perhaps save his life.

ALONG with the paperback novel, Whitmore's black wallet was still lying on the squad-room table where Detective Aidala had dropped it that morning. Detective Third Grade Fazio more or less idly riffled through it, and came across the two snapshots of white girls. Fazio, who was still something of a rookie as a detective, showed the pictures to his partner, Edward Bulger, who was a first-grade detective and had been given nine citations in twenty-six years on the force. In the eight years he had been a detective, Bulger had earned a reputation for obtaining confessions in a number of difficult cases in Brooklyn; he was best known, though, for an investigation of a hold-up murder in which he cleared a man who had been wrongfully accused. Bulger was struck by one of the snapshots shown to him by Fazio—the picture on which Whitmore had written "To George from Louise." It showed two young girls in a convertible; one of them was sitting on the folded-down top, her blond hair blowing in the wind. "Are you going to talk to him about it?" Fazio asked, nodding in the direction of Whitmore, who was out of sight behind the door of the squad commander's office. When Bulger nodded, Fazio knocked on the closed door. Di Prima opened it, and Bulger showed him the photograph. "Joe," he said to Di Prima, "I would like to talk to him about this picture. It bears an awful resemblance to Janice Wylie."

If any detective in Brooklyn was an expert on the Wylie-Hoffert murders, it was Edward Bulger. He was one of a number of Homicide men who had been pulled off assignments throughout the city to supplement the considerable number of Manhattan men investigating the so-called career-girl murders, and he had spent more than three months on the case before he was returned—against his wishes—to his regular duties in Brooklyn. There is a certain amount of rivalry between the detectives in Manhattan and those in the outlying boroughs, and it had been rumored in the Brooklyn commands that Bulger was forced off the case because of professional jealousy on the part of "the Park Avenue boys," who were said to look with disdain on the Brooklyn detective's rather blunt approach to the interrogation of suspects. "I could swear this is a picture of Janice Wylie," Bulger said, and Di Prima told him that he would be finished with Whitmore in a little while and Bulger could talk with him then. It took Aidala and Di Prima about fifteen minutes more to fingerprint their prisoner and fill out the necessary cards and papers to prepare him for booking, and then Bulger was invited into the squad commander's office with his picture.

In a sense, it was something like a football substitution. Aidala, who left, was replaced by Bulger as Mutt, but the kindly Detective Di Prima stayed on as Jeff. "You've been truthful all day," Di Prima told Whitmore as Bulger began his new line of questioning. "Now make sure you keep telling the truth."

But the truth was hardly what an experienced interrogator like Bulger expected to hear—at first, anyway—from a man he knew only as a murderer, a would-be rapist, and a liar. Hadn't Whitmore denied the Borrero rape attempt at first, too? And hadn't it taken Aidala and Di Prima more than seven hours to get straight stories from him about the relatively uncomplicated crimes to which he eventually confessed? Prepared for early denials, Bulger was equally prepared not to be deterred by them. Certainly he had as much to go on now as Aidala and Di Prima had had in the morning. If the Borrero case was similar in its surroundings to the Edmonds case, then the Edmonds case, in the brutality of its execution, was similar to the Wylie-Hoffert case. (Both Janice Wylie and Mrs. Edmonds had been sexually molested.) Besides, how could Whitmore have come by a picture of Janice Wylie if he hadn't stolen it from the East Side apartment?

As both the O'Hara manual and the one by Inbau and Reid make clear, there is a psychological art to carrying out an interrogation properly. For example, a good questioner doesn't just slam into a subject by asking him whether he committed the crime in question. According to Inbau and Reid:

> Care must be exercised to avoid having the subject indulge in repeated denials of guilt. If the interrogator hears him out on his denials of guilt he will become more and more fortified, and the chances of obtaining a confession from him become less and less.

Instead of asking Whitmore about the murder of the girls, Bulger started out by concentrating on the concrete

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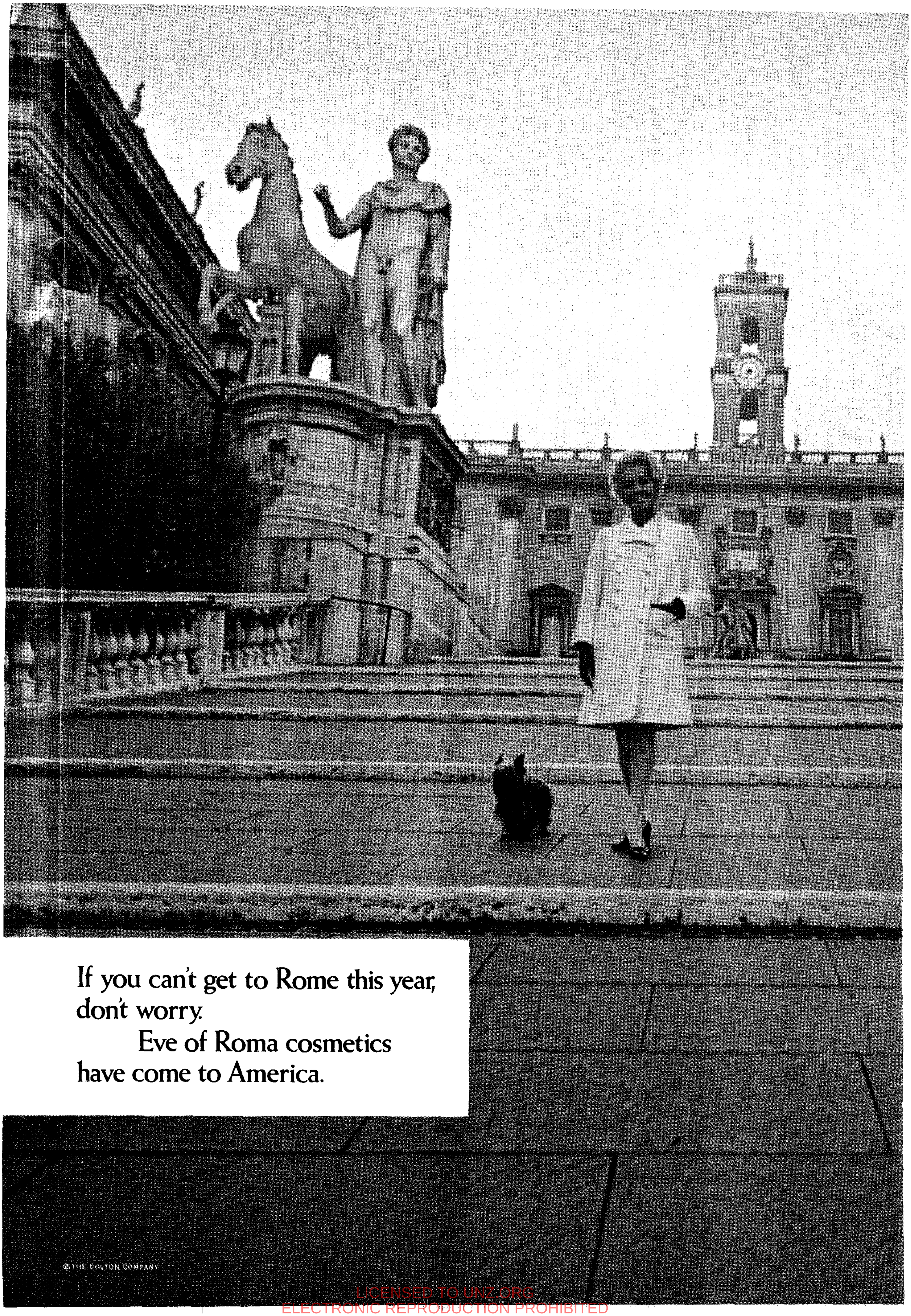
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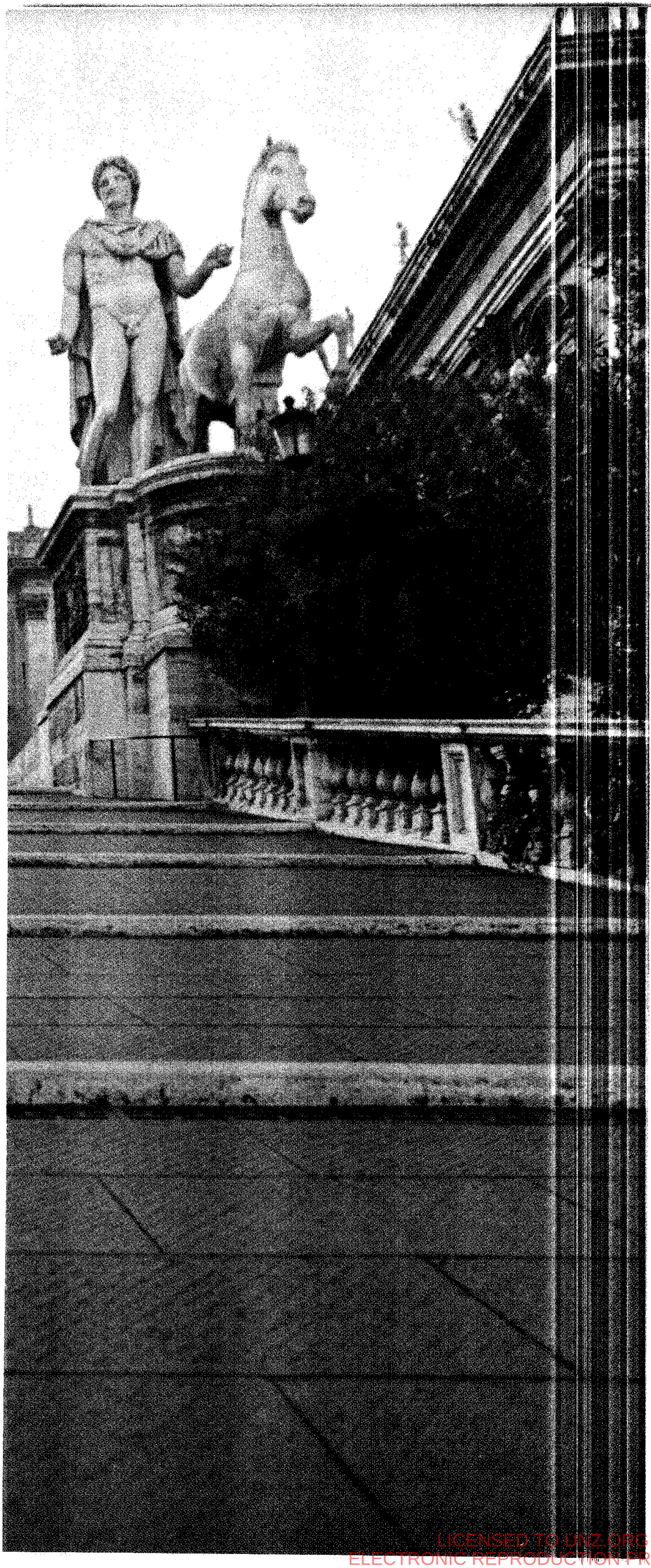

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evidence he had—the picture. Where had Whitmore got this picture? For about twenty minutes, Whitmore fumbled through what the detectives considered a patently unsatisfactory story about finding the pictures on the Wildwood town dump and writing the inscription in order to delude his friends into believing he had a white girl friend. And as soon as Whitmore realized that the detectives didn't believe him, he retreated, characteristically, into his imagination. Louise now became the only white girl he had ever dreamed might be his friend, the girl whose father owned the small stable. The girl's name wasn't Louise and he hadn't seen her for more than five years, and Louise Orr, whose telephone number was on the picture, was a Negro girl, but, even so, this was the story that Whitmore now tried to placate the detectives with. But why would a nice girl like this give him her picture? That was what Bulger and Di Prima wanted to know. Was he sure he hadn't stolen it? Whitmore went along with the suggestion. Yes, he had stolen it, from the home of the girl in Wildwood. Now the detectives were sure they were breaking down the story. They had brought Whitmore around to admitting that he had stolen the picture; all that remained was to get him to admit where he had stolen it.

It was now after 3 P.M. Assistant District Attorney Edward C. Alfano had finally arrived to take Whitmore's statement in the Borrero and Edmonds cases, only to be intercepted in the squad room by Detective Aidala, who explained that there was now a new investigation going on and asked him to come back later. At this point, Alfano had the authority to take charge of the arrest procedure. If he had chosen to do so, he could have insisted upon seeing Whitmore and getting his statement then and there—and a number of assistant district attorneys would have done just that—but Alfano had another investigation awaiting him, and, showing only a trace of annoyance, he told Aidala to call the District Attorney's office again when he finally got his cases ready.

There was one procedure that could not be postponed indefinitely, however, and that was booking Whitmore. At three-thirty, therefore, he was taken out of the squad commander's office by Detective Aidala and led downstairs to a desk lieutenant, who asked him his name, age, and address, whether he was a narcotics addict, and whether there was anyone he wanted notified of his arrest. After telling the officer that he

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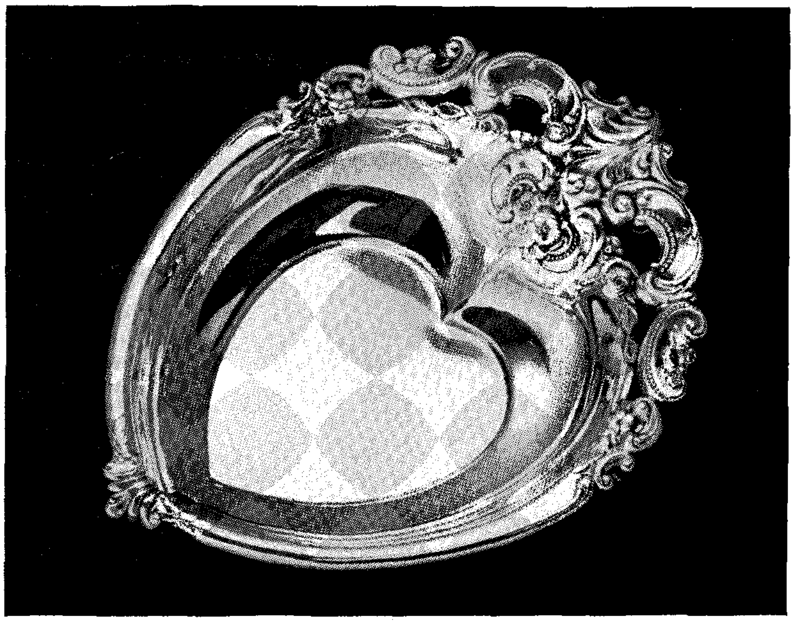
was not an addict and impressing on him that he did not want his family notified (Beverly Payne was still in the station house, and he said later that if his family had to know about what had happened to him he preferred that she tell them), he was marched upstairs again and handed back to Detectives Di Prima and Bulger.

By now, the two Homicide Squad detectives were ready to close in on Whitmore's stories about the picture. Instead of being returned to the squad commander's office, where he had been questioned most of the day, he was taken into a small interrogation room, where there was no telephone, and where, Bulger pointed out, there would be "more privacy." Whitmore was still sticking to the story that the blond white girl in the picture was the daughter of a man who owned a stable in Wildwood, and he also said that the phone number on the back of the picture was hers. Fazio was detailed to check the story out. The first time he dialled the number, he reached a house in Queens. No Louise lived there. On his second try, he dialled the southern-New Jersey area code first and then the number, and when a woman answered the phone he asked her what place he had reached. "Cape May Court House," she replied, and Whitmore was informed that he had been caught in another lie—that the number on the back of the photograph belonged to a public building. In fact, Fazio had reached the former home of Louise Orr, in the town of Cape May Court House, New Jersey. But the accusation naturally heightened Whitmore's confusion, and, as O'Hara points out in his manual, a subject in such a state "is unable to think logically and clearly since his sense of values has been disturbed and his imagination is distorting perspective." O'Hara goes on to say, "It is possible for the investigator to obtain admissions or even a confession from the suspect by further misrepresenting the picture."

All the detectives involved in the interrogation have been adamant in swearing that none of Whitmore's questioners told him the address of the two murdered girls. Whitmore, however, insists that after the collapse of his story about the girl whose father had a stable Di Prima asked him, "Couldn't you have gotten this picture off Eighty-eighth Street? . . . Didn't you go into Eighty-eighth Street and go into an apartment and take the picture?" In any event, twenty minutes after his return to the second floor of the station house Whitmore confessed



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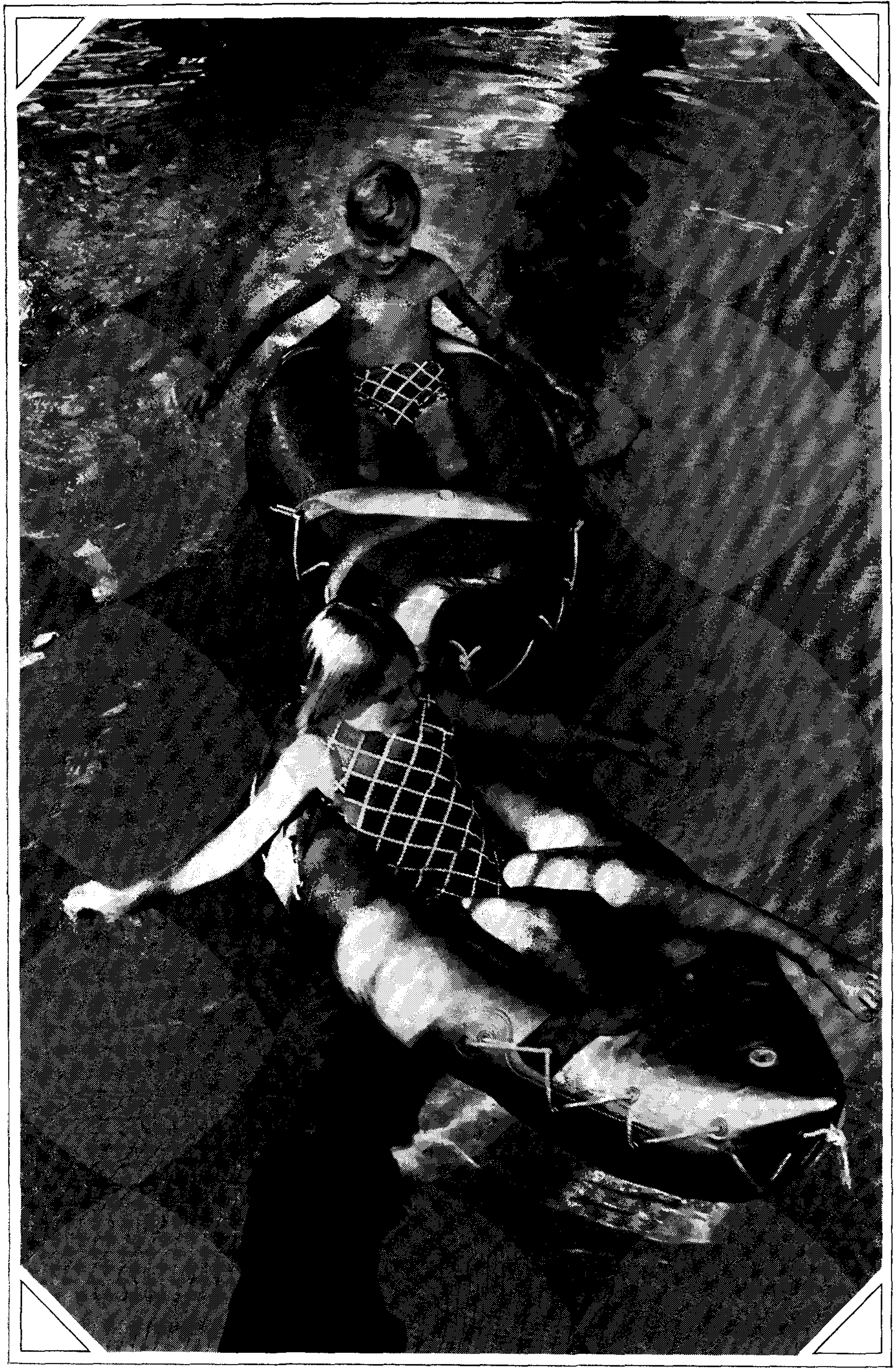

Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?

to the detectives that he had taken both of the pictures of white girls found in his wallet from an apartment on Eighty-eighth Street.

In the squad room, men coming in from assignments on the day shift learned about the development from clerical assistants, and it was confirmed by broad grins and high signs from detectives emerging from the interrogation room to summon higher-ranking commanders. Detectives who had come to work on the four-to-twelve shift were told that the Wylie-Hoffert murderer was in the house, and confessing, and soon the squad room was crowded with men watching the door of the interrogation room and casting sidelong glances at "the killer's girl friend," Beverly Payne, waiting patiently along with Mrs. Borrero, who by now seemed, and apparently felt, all but forgotten in the investigation. In the light of the traditional rivalry with Manhattan, the elation in Brooklyn was natural. What a lucky break! One small picture, almost overlooked in the wallet of an insignificant Brownsville punk, had broken the biggest investigation in New York.

But in the interrogation room the detectives certainly weren't letting up on Whitmore now that he had indicated he would tell them whatever it was they wanted to hear. Inbau and Reid again:

> A subject who tells the interrogator, "All right, I'll tell you what you want, but I didn't do it," is, in all probability, guilty. An innocent person will remain steadfast in his denial of guilt, regardless of the attitude or statements of the interrogator (always assuming, of course, the absence of physical harm, threats, or promises of leniency). A guilty person, however, may try to placate his interrogator by expressing a willingness to admit the offense while at the same time denying that he committed it. An interrogator, therefore, may be materially assisted by an awareness that a statement of this type is characteristic of the guilty subject.

Even though Whitmore was now coöperating to an extent, Detectives Bulger and Di Prima still hesitated to ask him for details of the crime committed against the two girls. Before doing that, they wanted to fix his mind firmly on the apartment he had admitted stealing the pictures from. Taking out the yellow tablets again, they asked him how he happened to get to Eighty-eighth Street. Inconceivable though this was to the detectives, the question posed quite a problem for Whitmore. He didn't have the slightest idea of where *Eighty-eighth Street was, or how to* get there. It had to be the subway, of

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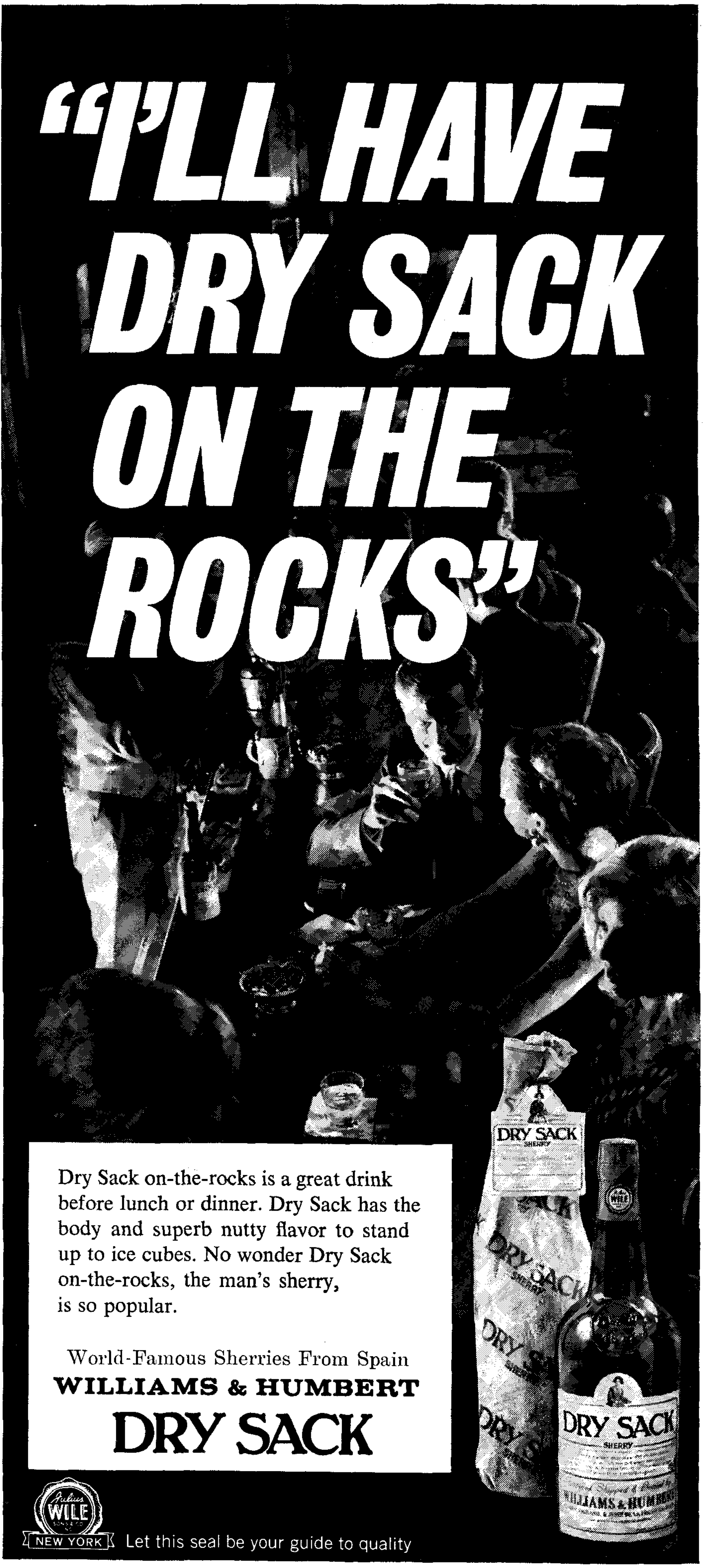
course. How else could he have got to Manhattan without a car? But he told the detectives that the only place in Manhattan he ever went to on the subway was the Port Authority Bus Terminal, where he caught the bus to Wildwood. Now they had a start, at least, and Detective Bulger began writing. The morning he stole the pictures, he took the subway and got off at the Port Authority. And then what?

Just as Whitmore was beginning to talk about the route he might have taken, the advance guard of what was to become a sizable crowd of important Brooklyn police officials arrived at the Seventy-third Precinct station house. Lieutenant Currie, the commander of the Brooklyn North Homicide Squad, returned there shortly after four, bringing with him Inspector William E. Coleman, the commander of the Thirteenth Detective District, which is made up of five precinct squads, including the Seventy-third. "This is the Inspector," Bulger told the prisoner when Coleman, in plainclothes (as, indeed, were all the officers dealing with Whitmore now), appeared in the interrogation room. If Whitmore failed to be impressed by the titles of these and the other superior officers who came to have a look at him, he did not fail to notice at least one thing about all the members of the detective division he saw. He said later, "I was the only Negro guy in there, and the rest of them were white, and at the time they weren't too friendly."

After listening for a minute to the questioning, which was conducted entirely by Detectives Bulger and Di Prima, Inspector Coleman called for a conference. Leaving Whitmore alone in the interrogation room, the two detectives reported to the Inspector outside, in the squad room. By this time, the Whitmore story had become rather long, and it took thirty minutes for the detectives to bring Coleman up to date. To all appearances, he was satisfied with the progress of the interrogation; at least, he testified later that he could not remember asking either Bulger or Di Prima any questions about it.

When Bulger and Di Prima got back to Whitmore, at about 4:30 P.M., they were ready to ask him what he had done to the girls. Di Prima was still going to ask most of the questions, but now Bulger's familiarity with the details of the Wylie-Hoffert killings would prove invaluable. He knew, for instance, that before the girls were hacked to death they had been stunned by blows from empty Coca-Cola bot-



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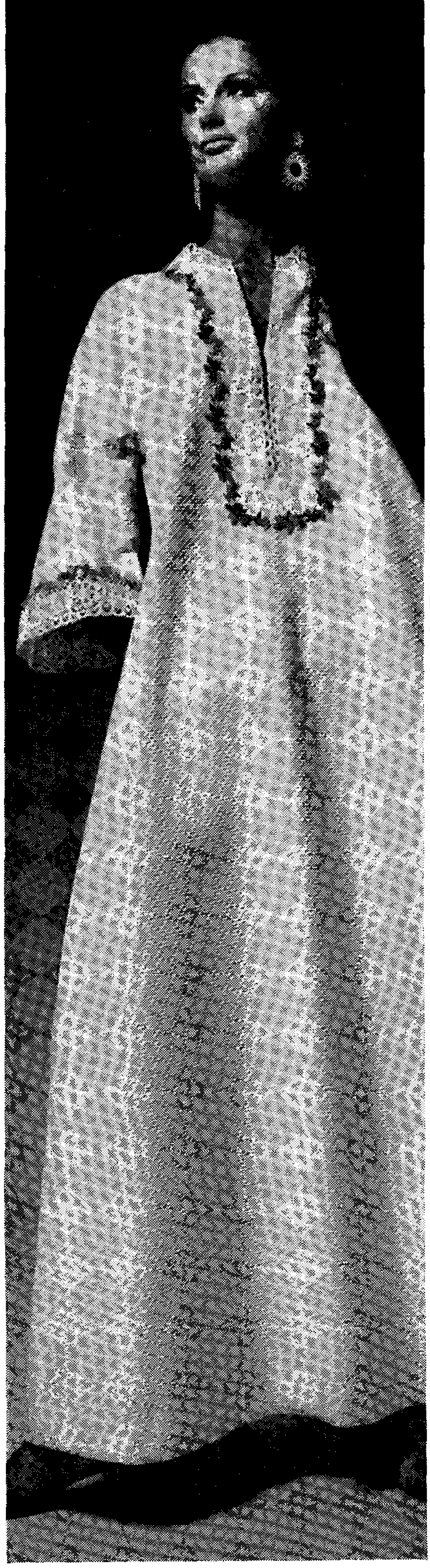

tles. On the day Whitmore took the picture, then, just after he had gone into the apartment, it would seem logical that he must have picked up an empty soda bottle and then seen one of the girls—right? And maybe she had started to scream—right? And maybe he had got a little excited and hit her—right? Not hard, just hard enough to shut her up?

Now, at last, the course of the interrogation became clear to Whitmore, and he backed off. He didn't know anything about any girls, he said. The detectives told him they weren't mad at him. They could understand how anybody might get excited, but they had these reports to make about what had happened to these two girls on the day that Whitmore was in their apartment. Whitmore sat silent, slumped down in a straight-backed chair, a far-away look in his eyes. One of the detectives left the room for a minute. Look, he said when he returned, he had just called up the girls on the phone, and they weren't mad at him, either. (Detective Bulger later testified that he "might have been" the one who resorted to this hoary but still effective interrogators' tactic.) With that reassurance, Whitmore, who had already admitted so much, agreed that if he had had the soda bottle in his hand when the first girl screamed he might have got excited and struck her, and might even have cut both the girls eventually. The death of the girls was not the only basic fact that was kept from him at this point in the interrogation. The statement taken just before 5 P.M. by Bulger and Di Prima also made no mention of the fact that the Wylie girl had been sexually molested.

Now more detective supervisors were filtering into the interrogation room. The commander of the Seventy-third Detective Squad, Lieutenant Damian Salvia, had been enjoying a day off, allowing his "whip," Sergeant Thomas Collier, to keep an eye on the proceedings in the Borrero and Edmonds cases, but how could he stay away when the Wylie-Hoffert case was being broken at his own headquarters? Another arrival was Assistant Chief Inspector Edward F. Carey, who was then the commander of Brooklyn North detectives. (He is now the Police Commissioner of New Rochelle, New York.) At the time of Carey's appearance, soon after five, Whitmore was coming to grips with the violent aspects of the case. He had drawn a rough diagram of the apartment, and was trying to describe the three kitchen knives that had been used to "cut" the

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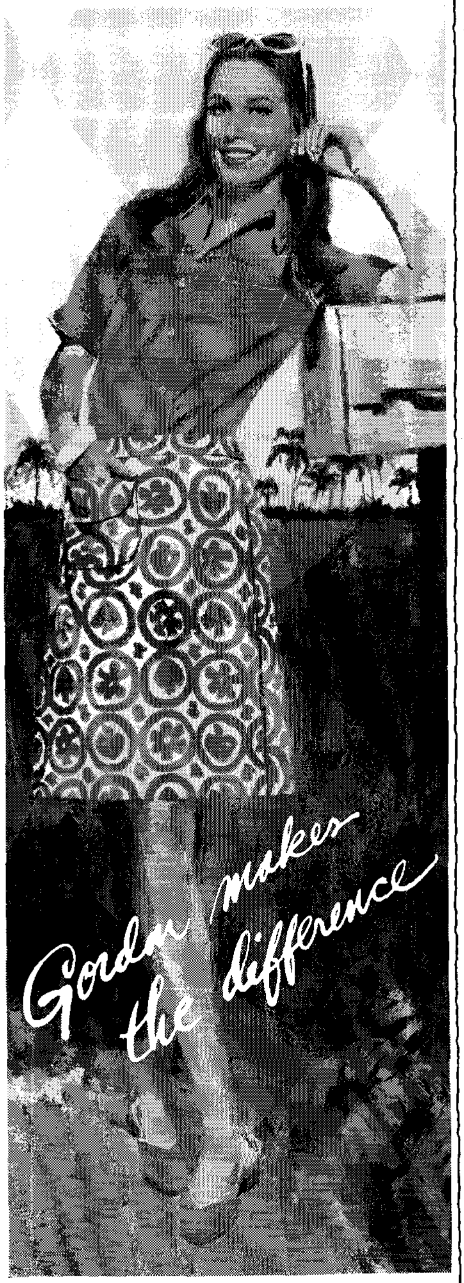

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two girls. (The detectives who used this standard euphemism both knew that the knives, two of which were found with their blades broken off, had been used to inflict a senselessly repetitious series of fatal wounds.) As the small room filled up, the interrogation was becoming increasingly formal, and Whitmore was struggling alone with an important question: Where in the kitchen had the knives come from? Whitmore looked around the interrogation room, but now no hints were forthcoming. A drawer in the kitchen table, he said. Carey shoved a pen at him and told him to initial the spot on the diagram. He did so, and this detail, thus irrevocably incorporated into Whitmore's confession, was to become something of a stumbling block for Manhattan detectives who had investigated the case; they knew that the knives used in the killings had come from a wall rack.

Manhattan detectives were not summoned to Brooklyn until after Bulger had completed the writing out of Whitmore's five-page statement covering the major details of the crime. Then, at 6:30 P.M., the chief of all New York City detectives, Lawrence J. McKearney, ordered the commander of Manhattan North detectives, Assistant Chief Inspector Joseph Coyle, to meet him at the Seventy-third with some of the men who had worked on the case. Coyle took John Lynch, of the Twenty-third Detective Squad, which covered East Eighty-eighth Street, and Andrew Dunleavy, of the Manhattan North Homicide Squad. Chief of Detectives McKearney arrived first, with his aide, Lieutenant Cyril Regan. They stepped into the interrogation room just before seven and listened as Whitmore went over some of the details of his statement. A few minutes later, Coyle was admitted to the interrogation room. At that point, somehow crammed into the eight-by-twelve-foot cubicle, containing a large table, were—in addition to Whitmore—Chief of Detectives McKearney, Assistant Chief Inspectors Carey and Coyle, Inspector Coleman, Lieutenants Salvia, Currie, and Regan, and Detectives Bulger and Di Prima. Shuttling in and out on various errands were Sergeant Collier, Detectives Aidala and Fazio, and even Patrolman Isola. It was the Chief of Detectives himself who finally suggested that Whitmore be left in relative privacy with the two detectives who were actually conducting the interrogation, Bulger and Di Prima. The ranking officers crossed the squad room and gathered in the squad commander's office (Assistant Chief Inspector Carey took Whitmore's diagram with him), and the others clustered in the squad room. Patrolman Isola went home at last; he had had a long day, and, as things turned out, it wasn't over yet. At about that time, Beverly Payne also left the station house. Her mother, Mrs. McKinley, having been told by a neighbor that Beverly had been taken off by the police with Whitmore, had come for her, and there was no more need for the girl, since Whitmore was coöperating nicely and the investigation had passed well beyond the point where the Edmonds murder weapon was of anything more than academic interest. Mrs. McKinley was told that it was all right for Beverly to go home. Mrs. Borrero, however, was allowed to leave only long enough to have some dinner. She would be needed later, when the assistant district attorney came.

After the departure of the women, the men in the squad room began to speak more openly about the events of the day. The Brooklyn detectives, without knowing much about the Wylie-Hoffert murders, seemed certain that Whitmore was guilty; the Manhattan detectives, without knowing much about the confession, had their doubts. For one thing, Whitmore had no record and had had little education—in fact, some of those who had observed him called him stupid and nearly illiterate—but the person who had killed Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert had shown considerable criminal sophistication in obliterating his fingerprints and covering his traces in the apartment where the murders had taken place. (At this point, the Manhattan investigators didn't know about Whitmore's myopia, which would have rendered such precautions on his part even more unlikely.) Furthermore, the two murdered girls had bled copiously, and presumably the killer's clothing had been spattered with their blood. Could Whitmore have travelled all the way back to Brownsville in daylight without attracting a good deal of attention? Another doubt had to do with the crucial photograph itself. The blond girl perched on the back of the convertible didn't really look much like Janice Wylie to the Manhattan detectives.

The doubts of the Manhattan detectives persisted after they were sum-

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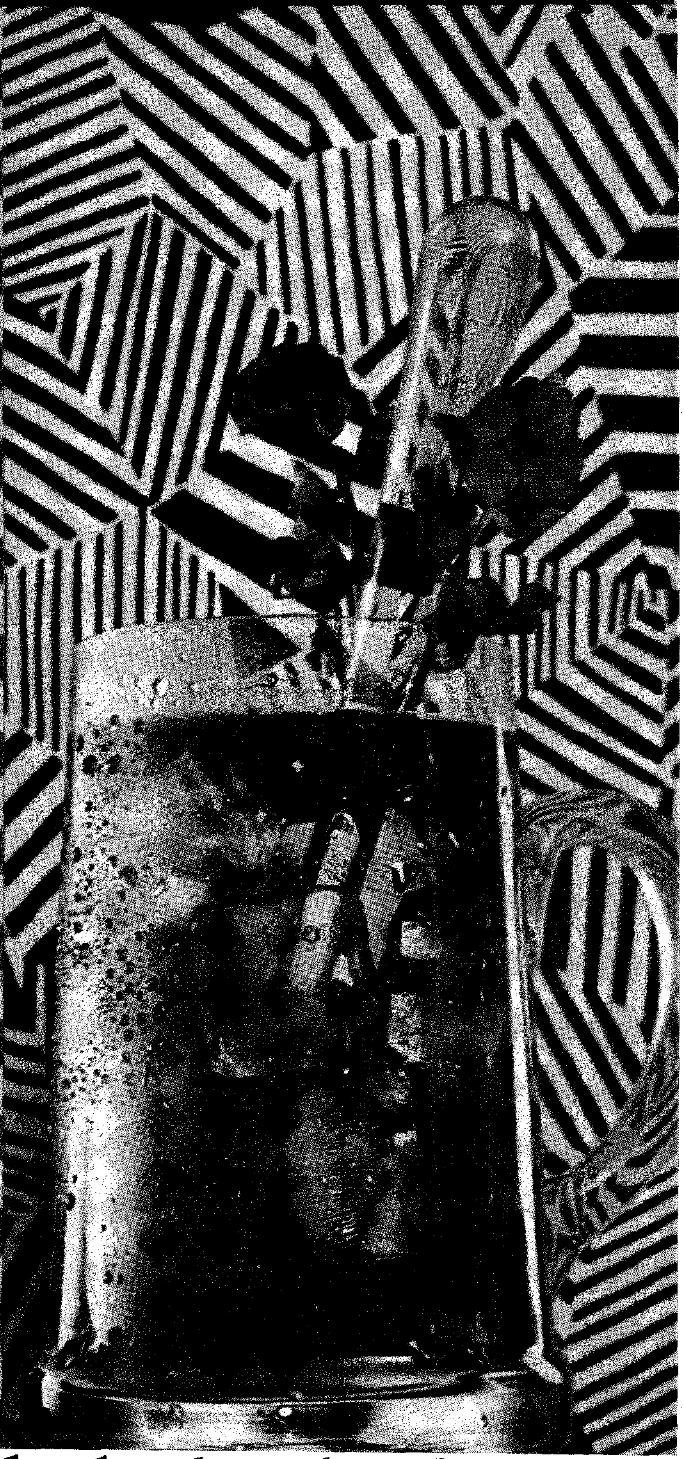

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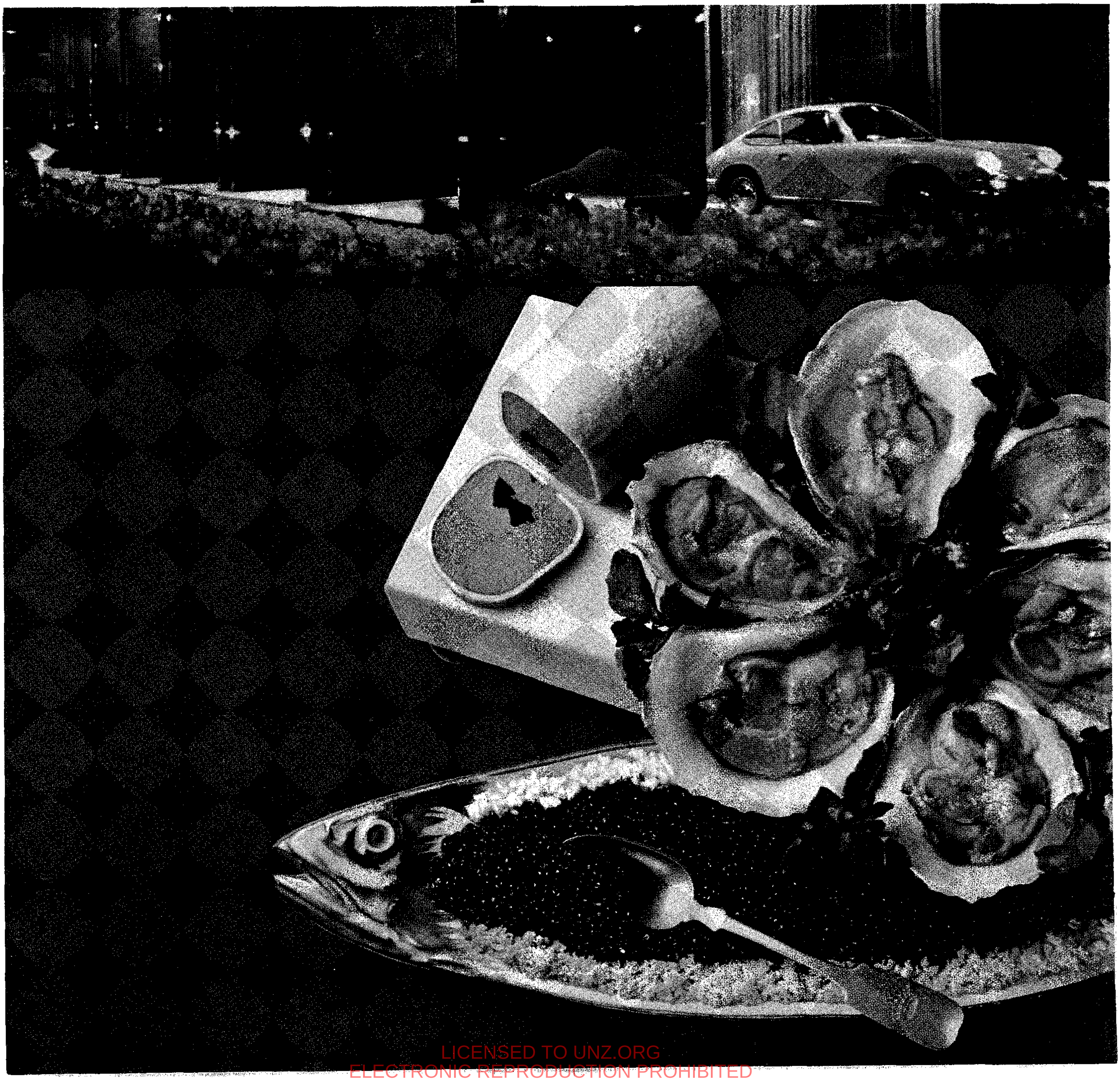

moned to the squad commander's office to hear Bulger read the statement he had taken. (Assistant Chief Inspector Carey used the interval to look in on the interrogation room, where he was shown, in Whitmore's hand, a second, and superior, floor plan of the murder apartment.) When Detectives Lynch and Dunleavy, of Manhattan, expressed dissatisfaction with the confession, they were told to write out a list of questions having to do with matters not covered by its text. Whitmore would be thoroughly questioned on each of these, and they could judge for themselves whether the confession had been put in his mouth.

While Lynch and Dunleavy were drawing up their questions, a Negro woman and a teen-age boy came to the door of the squad room. They were Whitmore's aunt, Mrs. Blondell Dantzler, and his brother Gerald, who had learned from Beverly Payne that Whitmore was being held at the station house. As Mrs. Dantzler tells it—with substantial agreement from Gerald Whitmore—when she came into the squad room a detective asked, "Can I help you?"

> So I said, "Do you have a George Whitmore here?" So he said yes, and I said, "Could I see him?" He said, "Who are you?" I said, "I'm his aunt." So he said, "No, you can't see him tonight," he said, "but you can see him downtown at Schermerhorn [Schermerhorn Street, the site of the Criminal Court] in the morning; be down there at 9 o'clock." So I said, "All right," I said, "but would you tell me what you got him for?" So he said, "Just a little something."

It was after 8 P.M. when Lynch and Dunleavy finished drafting their list of aspects of the homicide that had not been described in the statement taken from Whitmore, and by that time an officer had been found to mediate between the Brooklyn and Manhattan detectives. This was Deputy Inspector Frank E. Weldon, now deceased, and his qualifications as a mediator in this particular instance were outstanding. As commander of the Fourth Detective District, which covered East Eighty-eighth Street, he had been one of the officers called to the apartment on the evening of August 28, 1963, when the girls' bodies were found. He had subsequently supervised the work of Lynch and the other detectives assigned to the case from the Twenty-third Squad; it was Weldon, in fact, who, with Assistant Chief Inspector Coyle, had briefed Bulger and the other detectives temporarily assigned to the case. Only a month before, Weldon had been promoted from captain and trans-

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ferred to Brooklyn, where he now commanded an adjoining detective district, in Greenpoint, and worked in conjunction with the men from Brooklyn North Homicide, including Bulger and Di Prima. From the list compiled by Lynch and Dunleavy, Weldon drew up twelve questions, and these were submitted to Whitmore. One question had to do with the time he reached the apartment at 57 East Eighty-eighth Street. (In the original five-page statement taken by Bulger, Whitmore said he had not left Brownsville until 10 A.M., but an electric clock in the bedroom where the bodies were found had been stopped at 10:37. Surely he couldn't have ridden the subway to Forty-second Street and walked all the way to Eighty-eighth Street in thirty-seven minutes?) The other questions covered similar specific details about which the Manhattan detectives were not entirely satisfied. How had Whitmore managed to get through the lobby unseen? What staircase had he taken to reach the third floor? What color was the bedspread in the murder room? What had he tied the girls with? What had he done with the handles of the knives after he broke the blades?

Bulger copied the questions as they were dictated by Weldon, and then he crossed the squad room and shut himself in again with Di Prima and Whitmore. Everyone assumed that, owing to Whitmore's natural reticence and his low level of intelligence, it would be difficult to obtain an answer to any question until its context was fixed firmly in his mind. In order to ask about the knife handles, for instance, it would be necessary to take Whitmore back in his story to the point where he first found the knives, lead him through their use and their subsequent fracture, and then finally follow through with a question on their eventual disposal. To get answers to twelve questions using such a procedure would take a good deal of time, and during the interval Detectives Lynch and Dunleavy were sent back to Manhattan to show the crucial snapshot to the parents of Janice Wylie and the friends of Emily Hoffert. Everyone agreed on the need for positive identification of the picture, which was the only concrete link between Whitmore and the murders.

SEVERAL hours later, when Detectives Lynch and Dunleavy returned from Manhattan with their report on the picture, they were told that Whitmore had given satisfactory answers to the questions they had

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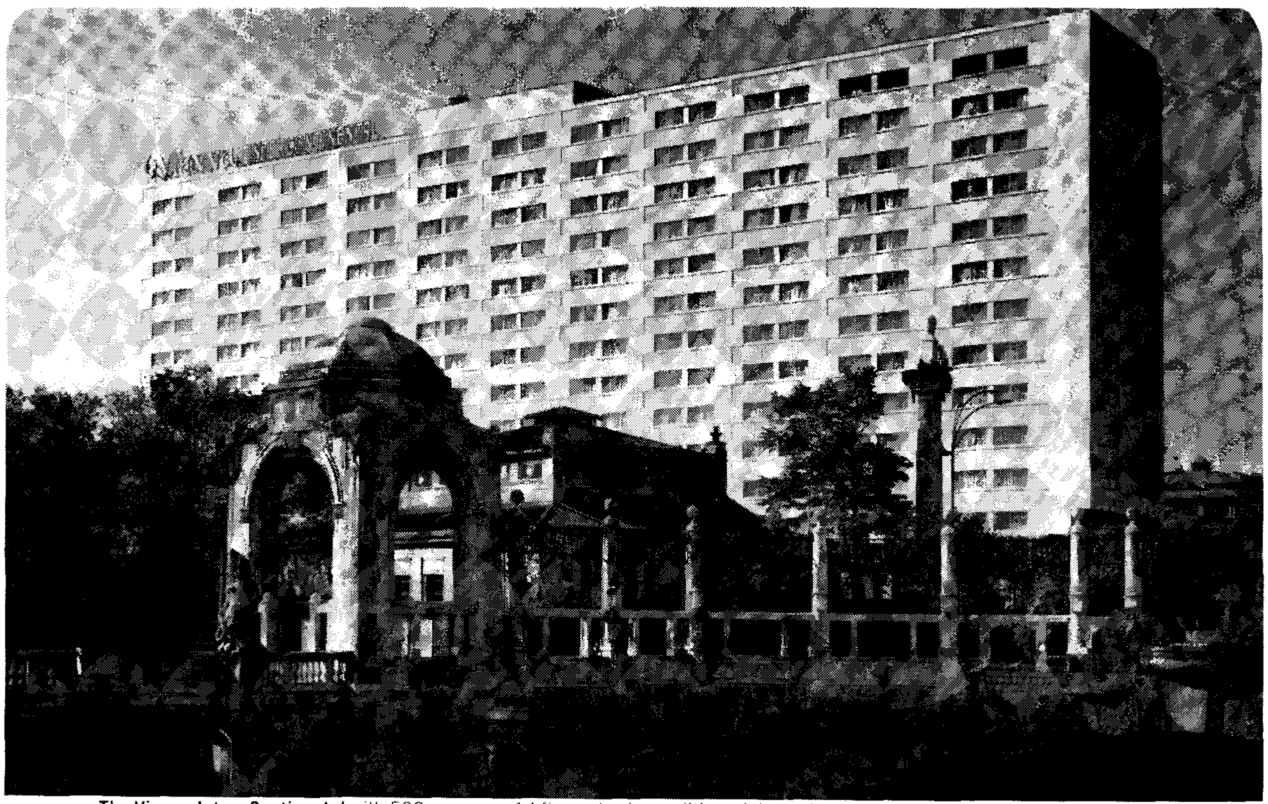

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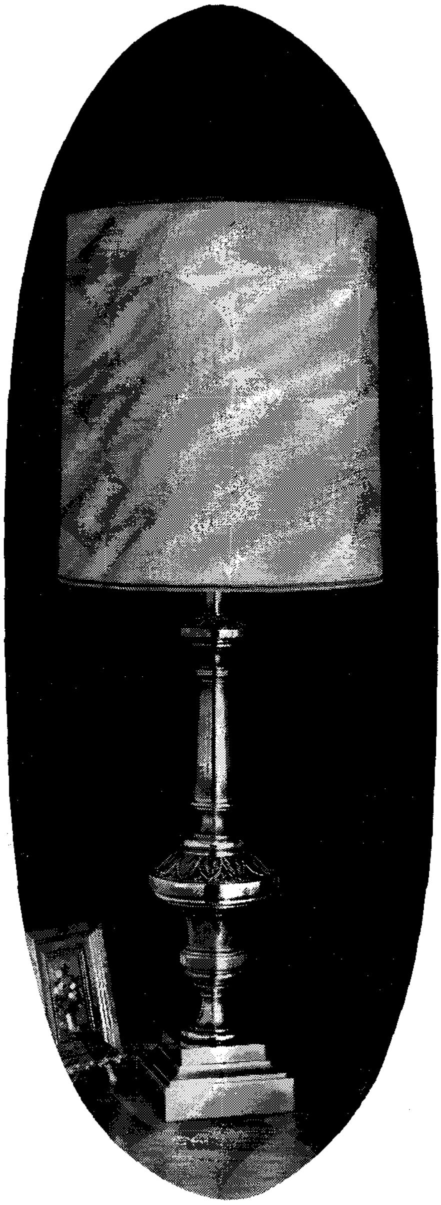

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prepared for him—even recalling that the bedspread was light blue—and that assistant district attorneys had been summoned to take his confessions. In the case of the Manhattan District Attorney's office, to be sure, the formal notification that a suspect was ready to confess to the Wylie-Hoffert murders was a superfluous formality. Since the afternoon, Assistant District Attorney Alexander Herman, then the chief of the Homicide Bureau in Manhattan (he, too, has since died), had been getting phone calls from detective officials who had been working on the case for months and had now found themselves excluded from the investigation at the Seventy-third Precinct. The Manhattan men were unanimous in expressing disbelief—from a distance—that this new suspect could be the killer, but Herman, on a later occasion, said, "Inspector Weldon was one of the men I had complete confidence in, as a matter of past experience." Just after ten, when the request for an assistant district attorney came in, the so-called circuit rider on duty, Peter J. Koste, was sent to Brownsville with a warning to keep his eyes and ears open. Koste, a young prosecutor who had been working in the Manhattan District Attorney's office for more than three years, also received another warning, which Herman was passing along to as many police officials as he could reach: Stay away from the press.

Accompanied by a stenographer, Dennis Sheehan, Koste arrived at the Seventy-third Precinct just after 11 P.M. He was introduced to the ranking police officials—most of them Brooklyn men—with whom he had not had previous contact, and then went into the squad commander's office. Later in the evening, he was to talk extensively with Di Prima, Bulger, and Chief of Detectives McKearney, but at the moment the assistant district attorney's dealings with the police were handled through Inspector Weldon, who began by showing him the statement that Detective Bulger had taken. Koste read the five pages carefully, and then directed Bulger to go over it one more time with Whitmore and ask him to sign it and initial each page and correction. While this was being done, Koste's Brooklyn counterpart arrived in the squad room. Edward Alfano, who had been turned away some eight hours before, had gone off duty, and his replacement was Saul Postal, who had worked in the office of the Brooklyn District Attorney for twenty-six years—sixteen of them as a stenog-

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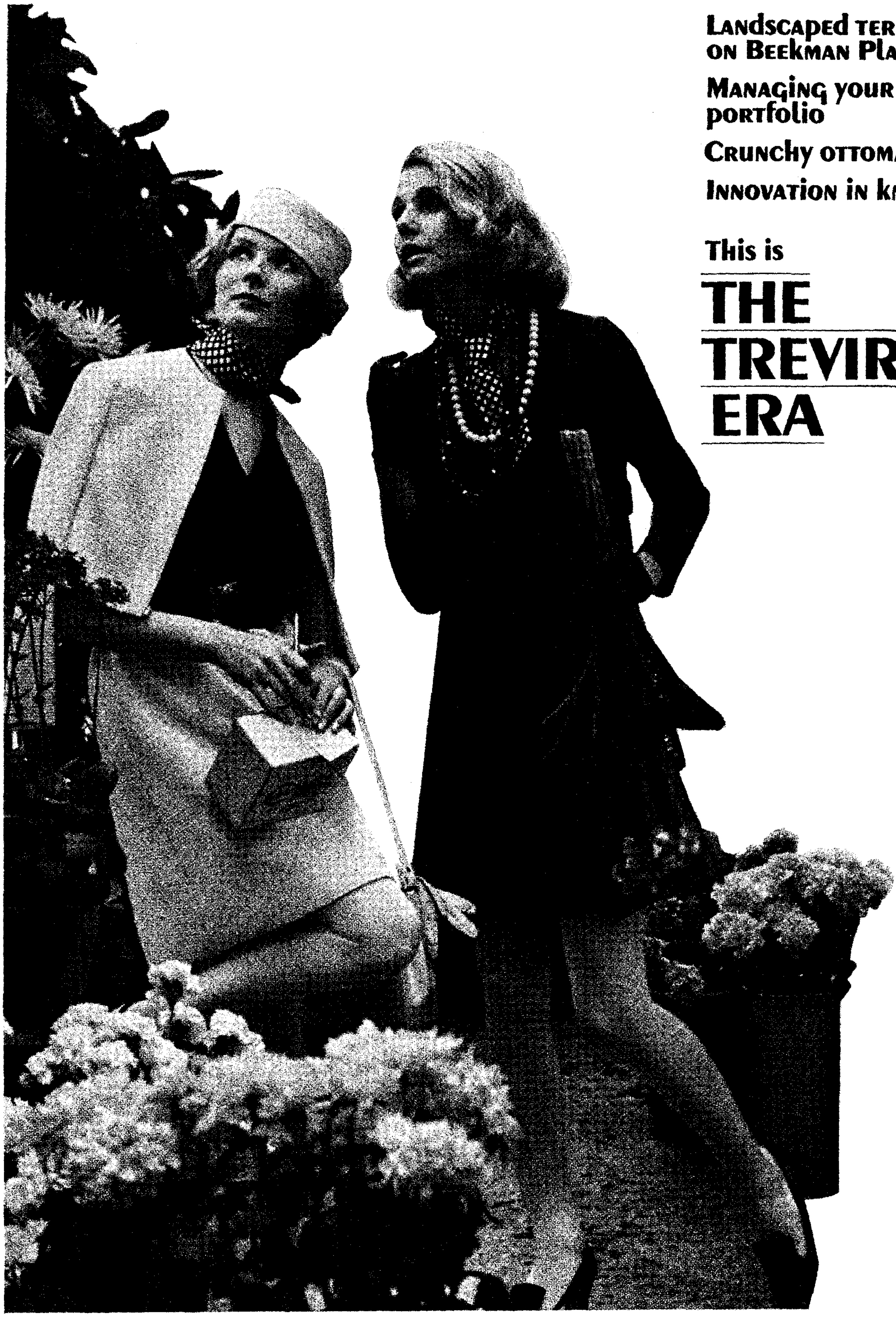

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rapher, the remainder as an attorney—and had, by his own estimate, taken "many thousands" of confessions.

Theoretically, as far as the assistant district attorneys were concerned, it should have been first come, first served, but Koste, who had been warned by Herman to proceed cautiously, decided that he would need time to study the complex Wylie-Hoffert case. Since the Brooklyn cases were routine and relatively straightforward, it was agreed that Postal would take the first statements, and so his stenographer, Raymond Linkletter, set up his stenotype machine in the interrogation room. Not long after eleven, they began by getting Mrs. Borrero's account of the attack on her. (The question of where Whitmore was at this moment raises another point of controversy. He claims that he had been taken out of the interrogation room and put in a mesh-wire cubicle—known as "the cage"—in the squad room. Detective Aidala maintains that Whitmore was not put in the cage until about three o'clock in the morning, long after he had started confessing and had been booked. Whitmore says that the first time he was put in the cage was right after he got to the station house on the previous morning. Since the police say he had not yet been formally arrested at that time, his detention in the cage then would have been a violation of regulations. Mrs. Borrero—certainly a hostile witness as far as Whitmore is concerned—and a police witness less directly involved in the proceedings have said that they remember seeing Whitmore in the cage well before Aidala claims he was put there for the first time.) After Mrs. Borrero gave her statement, Whitmore was brought into the interrogation room—from wherever he had been—and was identified as her assailant by Mrs. Borrero, who was then finally excused and driven home. Except for meal breaks, Mrs. Borrero had spent some sixteen hours at the Seventy-third Precinct station house. Even Patrolman Isola had gone home before she did—although about the time she was leaving he was coming back. Someone had called him up and told him that the Police Commissioner was coming to the station house to congratulate the men connected with the case. As it happened, the Commissioner, Michael J. Murphy, did not come to the station house, but Isola was interviewed by Chief of Detectives McKearney, and the "good look" he now claimed to have got at the man who attacked Mrs. Borrero was later described to

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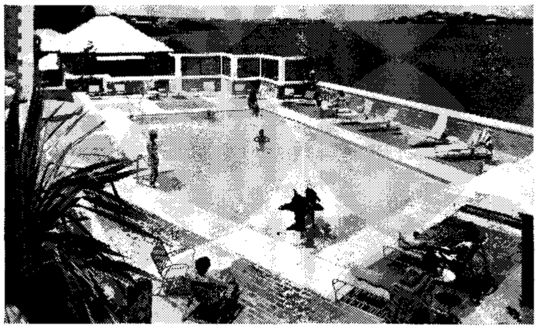

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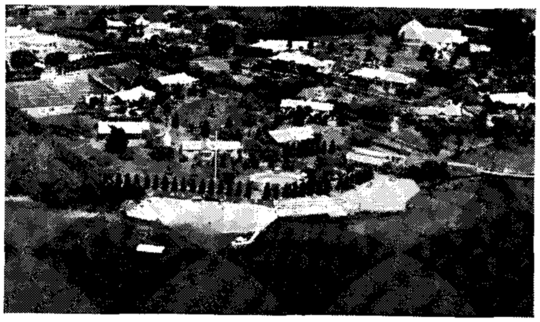

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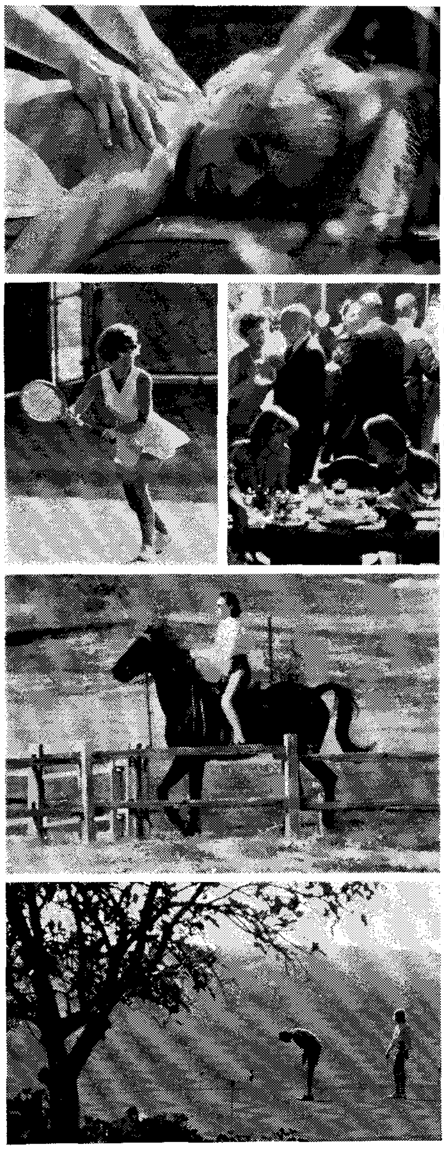

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reporters as the first link in the chain that led to solving the infamous career-girl murders.

After Mrs. Borrero's departure, the formal interrogation of Whitmore began. Facing him in the interrogation room were Postal and the stenographer, Linkletter, and flanking him were Detectives Aidala and Di Prima. Later, in a number of appearances on several witness stands, Whitmore claimed repeatedly that he had answered nothing more than his name, age, and address in the three confessions he gave that night, maintaining that the remainder of the answers were dictated into the record by the detectives. But jurors weighing his credibility also heard him claim that he had not seen Postal at all, and that he did remember Koste, the assistant district attorney from Manhattan, but only as the man who operated the stenotype machine. And, most surprising of all, at one point he stated under oath that he had never in his life seen Bulger, who was present with the two other detectives during the taking of the Edmonds and Wylie-Hoffert confessions.

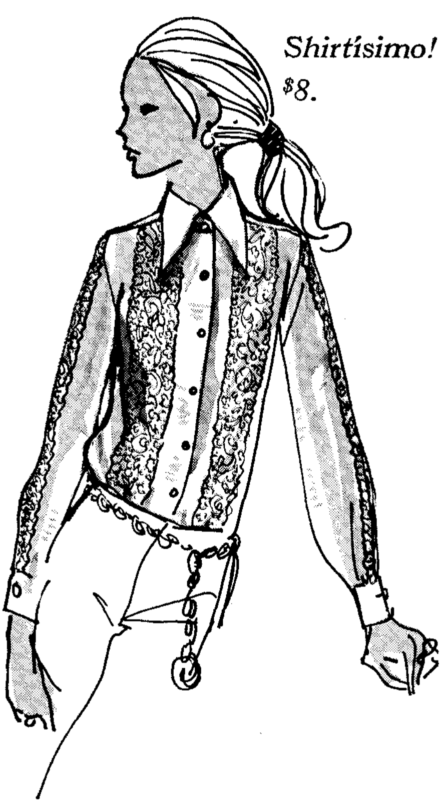
But if Whitmore's version of what happened during the formal interrogations strains credulity, so does the police claim that he was not coached. There is something almost funny about Whitmore's use of awkward euphemisms that are normally employed by police in mixed company and in courtrooms. Here is a passage in which he is telling of seeing Mrs. Borrero on Rockaway Avenue:

> Q.: When you saw this lady, did you decide to follow her?
> A.: Yes.
> Q.: For what reason?
> A.: I tried to have relationship.

In some instances, the questions seem not only to lead the suspect but actually to direct him to make specific answers. In the Borrero case, Whitmore is describing the attack itself:

> Q.: What was she doing?
> A.: She was putting up a struggle.
> Q.: And where did you take her?
> A.: Into a house.
> Q.: Into a what?
> A.: An alley.
> Q.: An alley or basement?
> A.: A basement.

The Borrero confession took less than twenty minutes to complete. It was followed almost at once by the Edmonds confession—separated from it, indeed, only by the slight pause necessary to allow Linkletter to type out a new heading. Whitmore's statement on the Edmonds case began at one



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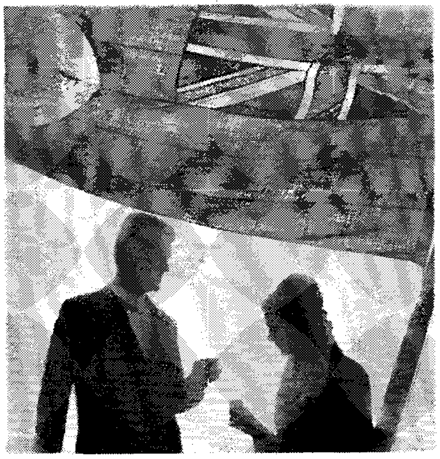

minute after midnight on April 25th. Again Whitmore was asked his name, age, and address, and after this routine opening Postal asked a question that set the tone for the entire statement:

Q.: Do you remember an incident that happened about ten days ago on Chester Avenue—an incident that happened between you and some woman that you stabbed? Do you remember this?

Postal's question is significant not only because it is leading—practically stampeding, in fact—but also because it aligns the prosecutor with the police in perpetuating the deception of Whitmore concerning the gravity of the assault he is supposed to have committed. Nowhere in the entire statement is Mrs. Edmonds said to have been either "killed" or "murdered"—only "cut" or "stabbed." The same holds true for the Wylie-Hoffert confession, taken later by Koste. Apparently, the assistant district attorneys, like the detectives before them, were taking no chances on letting Whitmore realize—even at this late hour—the true extent of the crimes he was confessing to.

Whitmore had by now been under interrogation for more than sixteen hours, and his state of mind at this point is suggested by a reply he gave when Postal began inquiring about the weapon that had been used against Mrs. Edmonds. The assistant district attorney was told that the knife had not been recovered, and that in place of it the detectives had brought into the interrogation room the knife belonging to Patrolman Isola, which Whitmore had said was its duplicate.

Q.: Did you have any weapon on you that evening?
A.: Yes, I have it right there.

Postal hastily corrected Whitmore by asking, "Did the knife that you had seem to be an exact copy of this?"

The Brooklyn confessions were finished by twelve-fifteen, but at that point the Manhattan prosecutor was still closeted with Inspector Weldon in the squad commander's office. Ninety minutes passed before Koste, fully briefed, emerged to sit down at a desk in the interrogation room across from Whitmore, who was flanked by Bulger, Di Prima, and Aidala. For twenty minutes, according to Koste's recollection, the events of the crime were discussed "in general terms," and he also took the opportunity to ask Whitmore if he had had enough to eat. He had. Sandwiches and milk had been brought in for him several times during breaks in the afternoon and evening interrogations, and cigarettes

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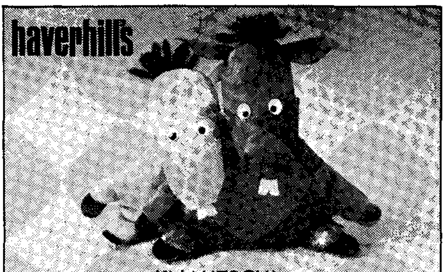

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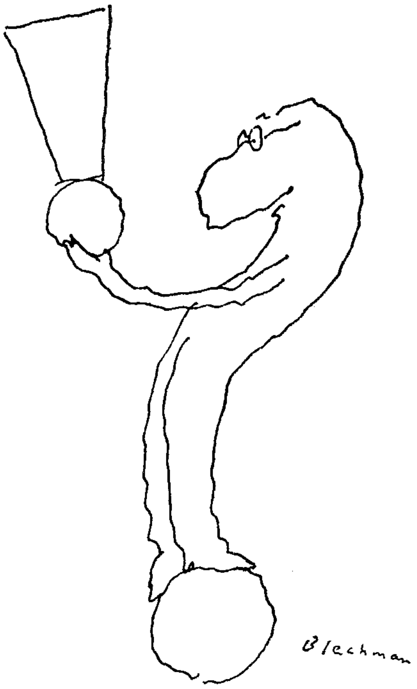

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had been provided by the detectives as he requested them. As recently as 11 P.M.—just before Postal began taking the Borrero statement—Whitmore had been given two hamburgers. He had eaten only one of them.

Koste had hoped that when he began questioning Whitmore he would have on hand the incriminating picture that had been taken from Whitmore's wallet, but he was told that the detectives who had been assigned to show it to the friends and relatives of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert had not yet returned. Koste had also asked that the murder weapons be brought to the Seventy-third Precinct for possible identification by the suspect, but detectives had not had time to retrieve these from the office of the police property clerk. Nevertheless, Koste decided at least to make a start at taking Whitmore's statement. Sheehan, his stenographer, set up his stenotype machine in the interrogation room, and, again in the presence of Aidala, Di Prima, and Bulger, the questioning continued. As befitted the importance of the Wylie-Hoffert case, Koste's questioning was much more detailed than Postal's had been. There were more than five hundred questions in his complete interrogation, which, when it was transcribed, came to sixty-one and a fraction typewritten pages. For the record, Koste identified himself, the stenographer, and the three detectives to Whitmore, advised him of his "right not to say anything if you don't want to," and warned him that "anything you say or anybody says in this room will be taken down on the machine."

Among the interesting aspects of the lengthy Wylie-Hoffert confession is Whitmore's apparently spontaneous ability to correct wrong or dubious answers. Here, for example, Whitmore is telling of his first sight of the building at 57 East Eighty-eighth Street:

> Q.: What kind of building?
> A.: About a four-story house.
> Q.: Four-story house you think it was?
> A.: Yes.
> Q.: What did you do when you spotted this four-story house? You think it was four stories?
> A.: Four or five stories.

Here the transcript notes, "Detective Bulger leaves room." Twenty questions later, after Bulger has returned to the interrogation room, the time sequence of the confession is interrupted to go back to the height of the building:

> Q.: You mentioned that this building was about four or five stories. Could it have been eight to ten stories?

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A.: I don't know if it's quite that high or not.
Q.: Could it have been eight stories?
A.: Yes.
Q.: But it could have been more than four or five stories?
A.: Yes.

For fifty minutes, Whitmore described the bloody sequence of events, substantially the way police had concluded that they had occurred, and then Koste adjourned the interrogation to wait for the murder weapons to arrive. After an hour, he was told that the knives had been locked away for the night and were not available. At three minutes after four, therefore, he resumed the questioning with the same detective witnesses. It appears, however, that the hour had not been entirely time wasted. Koste had used the interval to confer with Inspector Weldon and Chief of Detectives McKearney, and was now able to clear up a troublesome mistake in the record. In Whitmore's account of the stabbing of the "younger girl" (on several occasions his recorded words seem to suggest that he believed Janice Wylie was the daughter of Emily Hoffert), he had described wounds that had been inflicted not on Miss Wylie but, rather, on Mrs. Edmonds, in Brooklyn. The second session occupied only nine minutes, but in the course of them Koste straightened out this confusion:

Q.: Now, George, I just would like to clear one further thing up. I believe you called the first girl that you cut the little girl—that is, the girl that fell between the window and the bed?
A.: Yes.
Q.: Is that correct?
A.: Yes.
Q.: Now, you originally told me that you cut her a few times around the face?
A.: Yes.
Q.: Now, was that correct?
A.: No.
Q.: Where did you cut her?
A.: In the stomach.

By the time the second part of the questioning had begun, Detectives Lynch and Dunleavy had returned to the Seventy-third from their mission to Manhattan. They had spoken with the family of Janice Wylie and with some friends of Emily Hoffert, but no one had been able to identify the photograph taken from Whitmore's wallet. This failure had been reported to Inspector Weldon on the phone, and now Bulger was told about it by Lynch. ("What did he say?" Lynch was subsequently asked on the witness stand. "Something like O.K.," he replied.) As far as can be ascertained, the negative report of the Manhattan detectives on the picture that had set off the entire interrogation when Bul-

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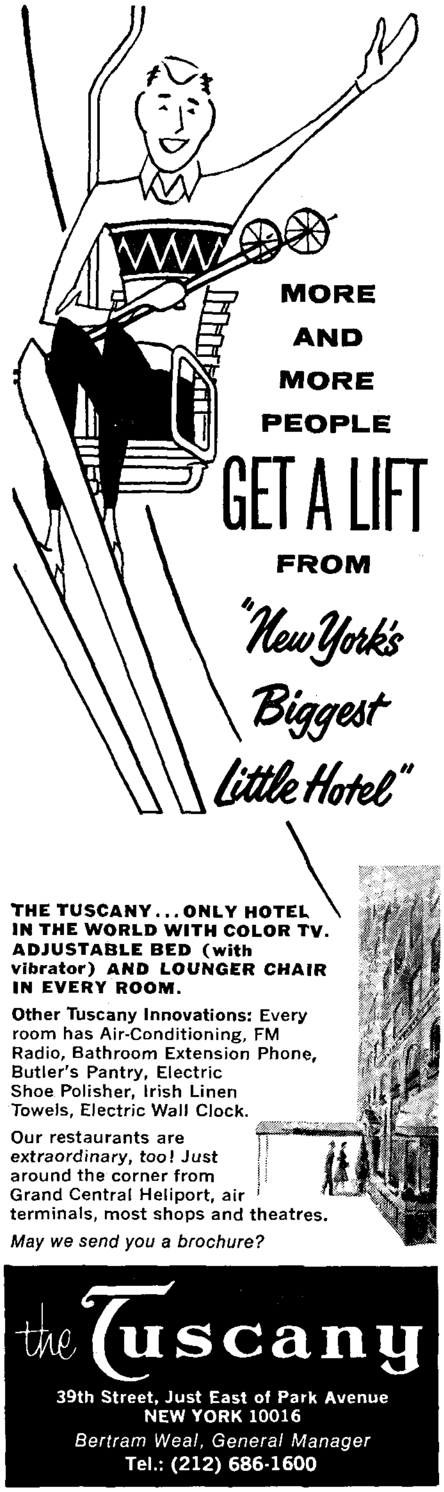
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ger caught sight of it never went much further. Chief of Detectives McKearney later indicated that when he left the precinct, much later in the morning, he was under the impression that the detectives had still not returned from their mission. Perhaps the word didn't filter through to Koste, either. In the second part of his interrogation, he questioned Whitmore about the picture, and once again Whitmore confessed to taking it from "the end table where the lamp is."

After finally concluding his interrogation of Whitmore, Koste called his boss, Alexander Herman, the head of the Homicide Bureau in Manhattan, and reported having heard an incredibly detailed confession. The snapshot had not yet been identified, Herman was told, but it was the "consensus" that it was of Janice Wylie. Herman now had a very important question to decide. Koste could order the arrest of Whitmore in the Wylie-Hoffert murders or he could simply pack up his transcript and leave, to await further investigation and a positive identification of the picture. Whitmore had already been arrested in the Brooklyn murder and the assault, so he certainly wasn't going anywhere, but a wait might weaken the Manhattan District Attorney's claim to priority in the prosecution, and Herman therefore told Koste to order Whitmore booked. Just before hanging up, Herman said to Koste, "Tell those cops not to make any statements. Tell the press it is a continuing investigation." Herman couldn't know it, but his warning came too late. More than an hour before, Walter Arm, Deputy Police Commissioner in Charge of Community Relations, had called the Associated Press to announce that a suspect at the Seventy-third Precinct was confessing the Wylie-Hoffert murders.

AT four o'clock in the morning, New York City station houses are normally quiet and, to all appearances, almost deserted; men are at work inside them, but for the most part the work is routine, and, in the absence of commanders, it proceeds at a somnambulistic pace. On the morning of April 25, 1964, however, the Seventy-third was crowded with commanders. Detectives clustered on the steps, and their cars, identifiable by their large police-radio antennas, overflowed the small station-house parking area into the driveway of a neighboring housing project. As reporters arrived, a detective checked their press cards before waving them on. In the squad com-

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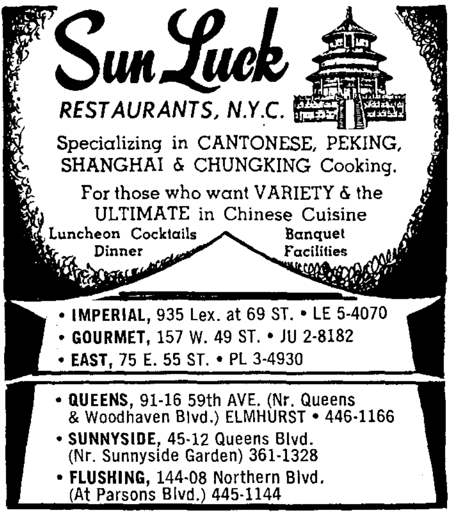
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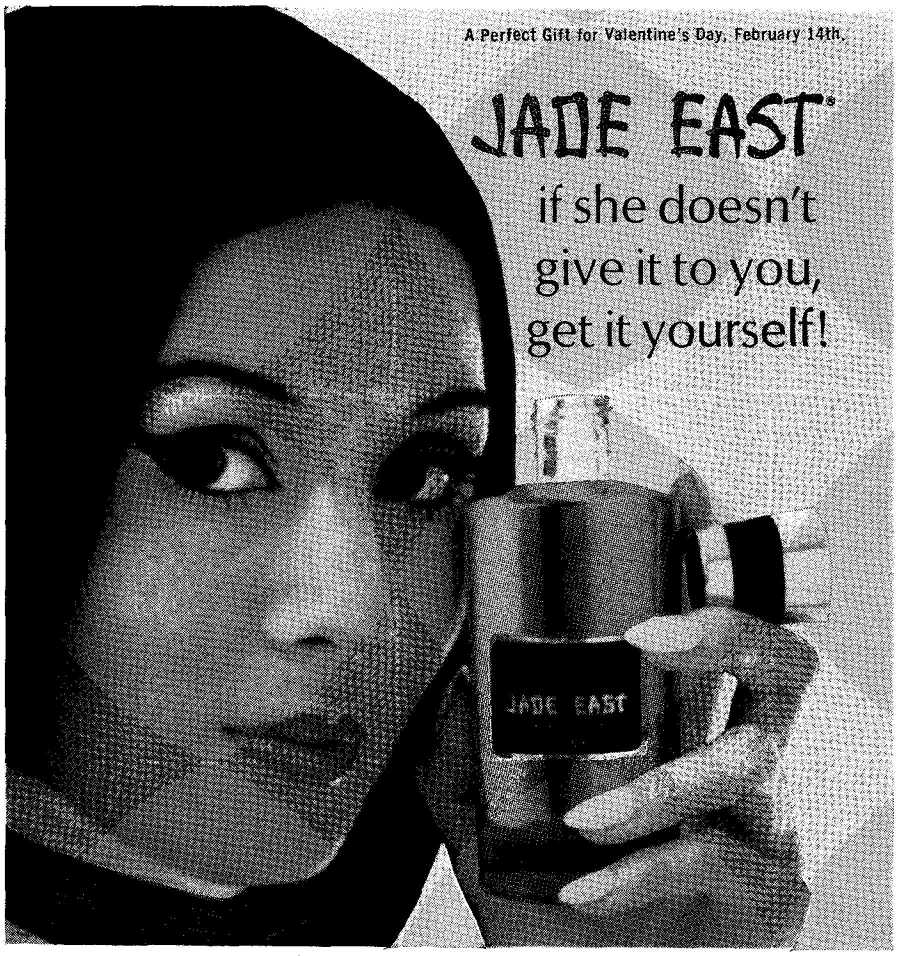
mander's office, a battery of newspaper reporters, photographers, and broadcasting men with portable tape recorders and microphones clustered around Chief of Detectives McKearney as he told of the arrest of Whitmore and his subsequent confessions. Slightly, but significantly, McKearney garbled the story of the arrest. Nothing was said about Whitmore's volunteering his services as a witness in the Borrero case. Isola, the Chief of Detectives announced, had got a look at the man he chased away from Mrs. Borrero, and the next day, while he was on patrol with Detective Aidala, he had spotted the man and arrested him. Whitmore had been identified by the victim, and under questioning had confessed the assault. McKearney said that the interrogation on Borrero had led to Edmonds, and Edmonds to Wylie-Hoffert. In the Wylie-Hoffert confession, McKearney said, Whitmore had told the detectives "details only the killer could know."

Some of the veteran police reporters in the room said there had to be more to it than that. The Edmonds murderer was just a run-of-the-mill Brownsville rapist and killer. He wouldn't even have been questioned in Wylie-Hoffert unless there had been something else—something to put the detectives on the scent. McKearney was pressed to tell more of the story. Was there any corroborating evidence—anything over and above the confession—to indicate Whitmore's guilt? "We've got the right guy, no question about it," the Chief of Detectives said sharply. "We have a lot more than the confession." "Such as what?" was the obvious question, and, with evident reluctance, McKearney said that a four-by-two-and-a-half-inch snapshot of Janice Wylie had been found in Whitmore's wallet. At first, McKearney said, Whitmore maintained that he had found the picture on a dump in his home town, but under questioning he had soon admitted taking it from the apartment on the day he killed the two girls.

Whitmore's confession to the Wylie-Hoffert murders—the only one of his alleged crimes in which reporters expressed an interest—was then summarized by McKearney. On the morning of August 28, 1963, the reporters were told, Whitmore, lacking anything else to do, hopped a subway over to Times Square, where he window-shopped and walked aimlessly for a few hours, until, at about ten, he found himself on East Eighty-eighth Street, between Park and Madison Avenues. Acting on impulse, he entered the apartment house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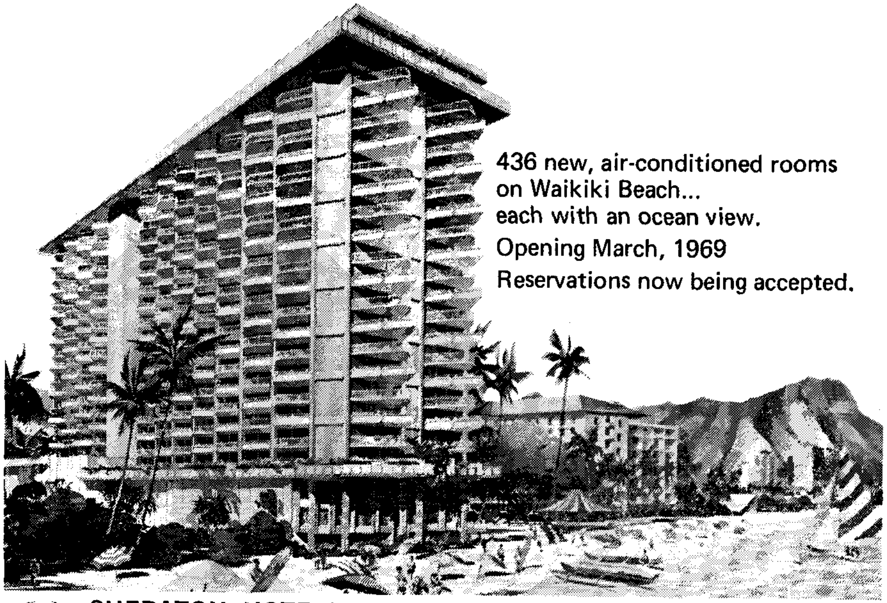
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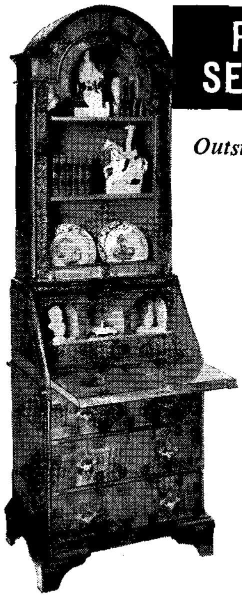

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at No. 57 during a momentary absence of the doorman and climbed a service stairway. He was heading for the roof "to look around," but on the third floor he noticed the service door of an apartment ajar, and he entered. There were empty soda bottles inside, and Whitmore, gathering them together to pilfer them, was discovered in the kitchen by Miss Wylie, who, having just emerged from a shower, was wrapped in a sheet. As she entered the kitchen, she was knocked unconscious by one of the soda bottles in the hand of George Whitmore. The Wylie girl was then dragged into a bedroom, McKearney said, and sexually molested. Then Whitmore made a more thorough search of the apartment, during which he stole the snapshot of Janice Wylie that was later found in his wallet. He was still rummaging around when he heard Miss Hoffert enter the apartment, and, grabbing another bottle, he knocked her unconscious, too. He placed the second girl beside the first, in the bedroom, and bound them together with strips ripped from the sheet. During this process, Miss Hoffert came to and began screaming. The murderer ran to the kitchen, scooped up three carving knives, and ran back to stab the two girls repeatedly. After washing the blood off his hands, Whitmore left the apartment the way he had entered, through the kitchen. He ran down the service stairs, walked back to Forty-second Street, and took the subway home to Brooklyn.

At the conclusion of McKearney's news conference, the reporters and photographers trooped back downstairs, where they would be able to get a look at Whitmore when he was booked, as he had not yet been, on the Wylie-Hoffert murder charges. Latecomers were filled in on the details they had missed by Thomas Toolen, of the *News*. Toolen could afford to be generous. His paper had been alerted to the likelihood of a confession in the Wylie-Hoffert case at 2 A.M., just a few minutes after Koste had begun taking it down, and the *News* was already on the street with the headline "ADMITS KILLING 2 CAREER GIRLS." While the reporters waited for their first glimpse of the confessed murderer of three women, some of them sought out friends among the detectives who were thronging the station house. As a result of trading bits and pieces of information among themselves, the reporters soon had a pretty good idea of what McKearney had meant when he spoke of details of the Wylie-Hoffert murders that "only the killer could

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know." Whitmore, it was learned, had described the fracture of the carving knives, which had never been reported in the press, had identified the brand name on the soda bottles and the color of the bedspread, had described the injuries that resulted from the brutal attacks on the two girls, and, to top it off, had drawn a complete diagram of the apartment.

Suddenly, television spotlights went on and Whitmore himself appeared at the head of the station-house stairs. Somehow, the enormity of the crimes to which he had confessed had made the reporters expect a big man. He seemed surprisingly short—perhaps five feet six inches—and he certainly weighed no more than a hundred and forty pounds. He was held lightly at the elbows by Detectives Di Prima and Bulger—this was a proud moment for them—and was followed by a number of other detectives. The entourage paused on the landing, and Whitmore gazed in apparent fright at the crowd below. As soon as they realized who the slight Negro boy was, the reporters—there were at least fifty of them—began yelling questions at him: "Why did you do it, George?" "George, did you know the girls were dead?" "Why did you kill the girls, George?" The television lights must have nearly blinded him, but, at a nudge from his escorts, he walked straight down the stairs and into the battery of cameras and microphones. As Whitmore passed, each man with a microphone shouted a question and thrust his instrument at Whitmore's mouth and then, getting no answer, moved back to make way for the next man. The detectives did not attempt to clear a path to the station-house desk. It seemed, rather, that Whitmore cleared a path for them through the reporters and photographers, who pressed close to him but did not touch him. Still the questions came, although Whitmore could scarcely have distinguished one from another in the noise and confusion, much less answered any of them: "George, did they beat you?" "What do you have to say, George?" "George, was it fun?" —FRED C. SHAPIRO

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

•

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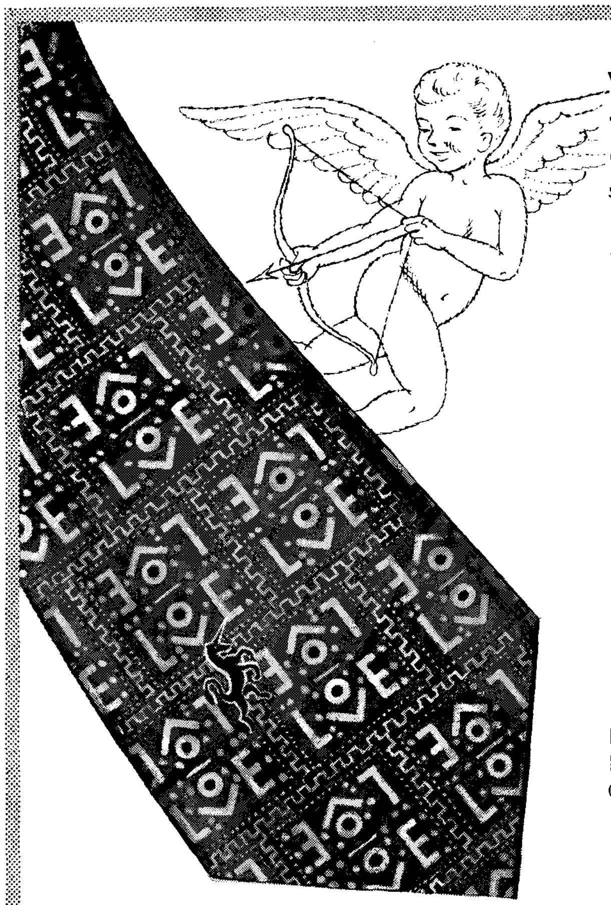
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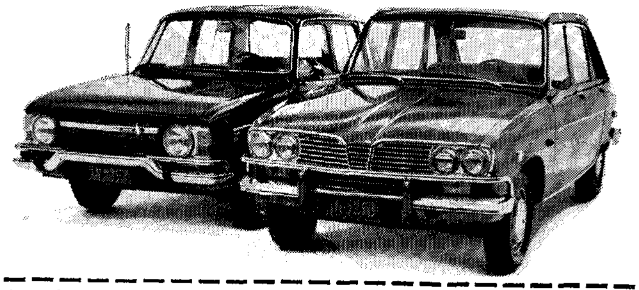

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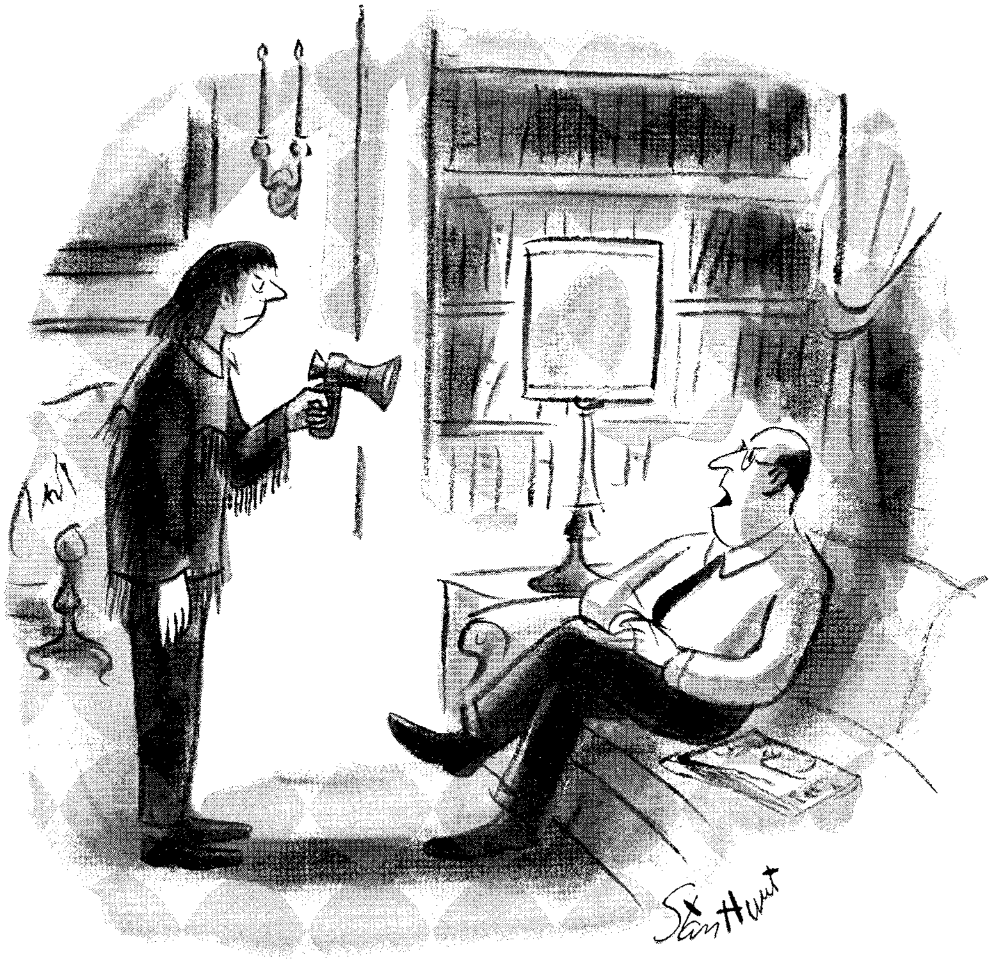
BLATHER

I WAS astonished to read in the program notes for "Fire!," a play that spent a few uncomfortable days last week at the Longacre, that its author, John Roc, was a gaffer of thirty-four. I would have assumed from the high-flown language of the play, as well as from its incessant pursuit of profound allegorical meanings, that he was a word-besotted would-be bard of eighteen or twenty. A young writer is often swept by gusts of exaltation that give the impression of being ideas, or, at the very least, of heralding the approach of ideas; this delectable condition—a sort of storm before the calm—is not to be trusted. The odds are that the young writer is still several years away from an idea, for taking thought is hard work; marching from "A" to "B" in the mind turns out to be uphill all the way, and at "C" the air may strike one as too thin to sustain life. The notion that ideas abound and are easily developed tends to vanish in one's twenties, and by the thirties one is expected to have arrived at certain substantial (and almost certainly not very novel) convictions about the human predicament. Now, "Fire!" is distinguished for containing not a single idea, new or old; it consists of a boozy afflatus of grandiloquent stiltjack talk, which, examined sentence by sentence, yields but an infinitesimal particle of content.

Let me sum up briefly what I believe the plot of the play to be. At some point in time future—which was made to look very much like time past in Howard Bay's successfully scary cavelike setting—a formidable scourge named Jason is attempting to make half a dozen assorted remnants of the human race consent to utter the crucial word "Fire!," upon which, it appears, they will be consumed together in a universal holocaust. Jason and the rest are related to each other by blood and/or guilt. One brave young man, who has the misfortune to harbor a live rat in his stomach, refuses at first to yield to Jason's imperious bullying; when, at last, he does so, after a Niagara of quasi-Freudian and quasi-Jungian mumbo-jumbo has flowed over us in long passages of purple prose and puce puns—"as easy as rolling off a logarithm" is a fair sample of Mr. Roc's compulsive, McLuhanite paronomasia—the play is ready to end, and we are ready to whisper not "Fire!" but "Uncle!"



"Put down that bullhorn, Son. Your father is talking to you."

In the light of the peculiar lines they were asked to speak, I admired about equally the skill of the cast and their courage. René Auberjonois did what he could with the role of the young man who has a rat in his stomach (you will be interested to hear that the rat was removed from his stomach onstage and placed in a glass jar, for all to see), and Peter MacLean was impressively cranky and overbearing as Jason. Louis Edmonds found more in the role of a polymorphous-perverse sexual athlete than I suspect was there, and Jennifer Darling, as a pretty, sexy, and mindless minx, was certainly pretty and sexy. The direction was by Charles Werner Moore, who caused the play to seem at least fitfully on the verge of purposeful action, when all that the author had bothered to provide was high-school bombast.

THE most charitable thing to be said of "The Mother Lover," which lasted one performance at the Booth, is that nothing in its life became it like the leaving it. If only this cruel, disgusting, and wholly synthetic little play had never opened at all, I would have been able to retain a higher opinion of its author, Jerome Weidman. No hint of human feeling survived in this repellent exercise in dramatic carpentry, and the three players who composed the cast—Eileen Heckart, Larry Blyden, and Valerie French—and who were obliged to shuffle up and down its ramshackle culs-de-sac must have retained their evident sanity and good humor by reciting grocery lists to themselves as they spoke the play's witless lines to us. The plot concerns an elderly Jewish mother in Queens and her only son, a prosperous Manhattan C.P.A., who wishes his mother were dead and who openly tells her so, not once but many times. Into the old lady's home comes a brassy English tart, who quickly shucks off her clothes and— But I see no reason to give

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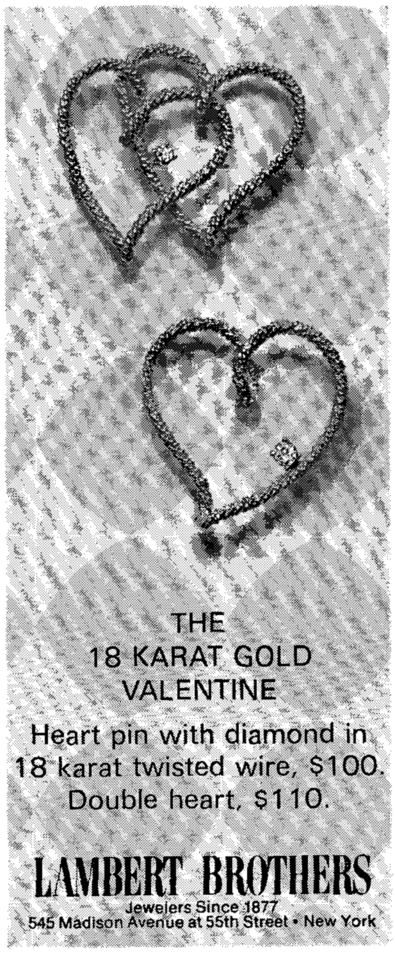

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even momentary currency to Mr. Weidman's crudely miscalculated inhumanities. What ought we to have expected from a play with such a title? Precisely what we got. For the record, the intentionally squalid setting was by Ben Edwards and the able direction was by Mr. Blyden, who has earned a holiday in the cleansing sun.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Peace in Our Time

THE Reverend Mr. Al Carmines, composer and pianist extraordinary, along with Tim Reynolds (book), Lawrence Kornfeld (direction), and the cast at the Astor Place, has made a delightful comic opera out of Aristophanes' "Peace," blending the humor, satire, and bawdiness of the original with some of the humor, satire, and bawdiness of the present. Aristophanes' "Peace" is about an Athenian named Trygaeus who flies to Heaven on the back of a dung beetle in order to persuade the gods to stop a war that has been going on for years between Sparta and Athens. When he gets there, he finds that all the gods have left in disgust except Hermes, who tells him that Peace has been buried under a rock and that War and Disorder are now in charge and are planning to pulverize the Greek city-states, one by one. Trygaeus persuades Hermes to help him, and, with the assistance of a number of mortals, too, succeeds in disinterring Peace and a couple of her handmaidens. She assigns one of the handmaidens to him as his wife, and the other as a kind of general mistress to the rest of the world. In the new version of "Peace," Trygaeus is the owner of a plantation in our South, with a couple of servants (in blackface) who have been spending most of their time making delectable dung cakes for the beetle. Their names are Rastus and Liza, and, except for a moving invocation delivered in pure, eloquent English by Rastus in the second act, they carry on like a brace of vaudeville darkies. Hermes, wearing silver tights and a silver shirt, is played in sly, comic stage-pansy style. War—chalky makeup, dinner jacket, black gloves—disposes of flasks that represent the Greek states by flushing them down a huge toilet, and then something goes wrong with the plumbing just in time to delay the demise of Athens. The handmaidens of Peace have become Prosperity, the bride for Trygaeus, and Abundance, the gift to the world. (There is no denying that the adaptation is more ob-

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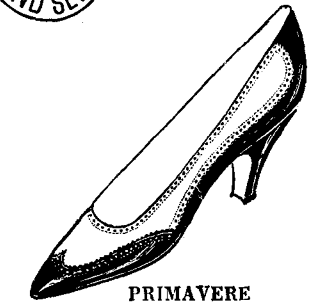

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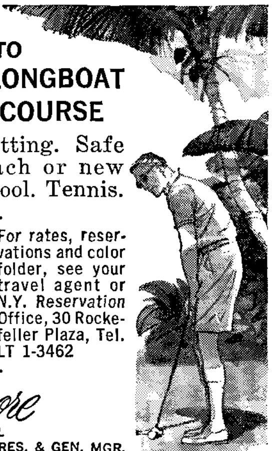

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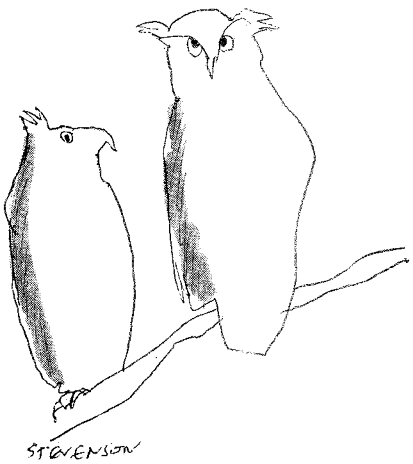
vious and outright uplifty than the original.) At the end of the first act, everybody departs in triumph for the earth, again leaving Hermes behind. After removing his false eyelashes and getting into a dressing gown, he speaks directly to the audience, as Aristophanes' admirer and surrogate, on the subject of the comic writer as teacher—a charming scene that I thought for a moment ended the evening. There seemed nothing more to be said. The second act is a minstrel show—a letdown for me (and Aristophanes) after the glorious first act, but it works well enough in itself—and the subject has switched to civil rights. Most of the chorus is in blackface, and there are all kinds of songs and dances and claphands. When Rastus reaches for Abundance, he is told peremptorily by his boss, Trygaeus, that Abundance can be stretched too far. All ends with "America, the Beautiful" ("Athenia, Athenia, God shed his grace on thee . . .") set to a new tune and sung by everyone, not wholly ironically.

In the current production, Al Carmines outdistances the team of Aristophanes & Reynolds, which takes some doing because the words are quite good and quite funny. His performance at the piano—singing along, conducting, and playing—sends the show spinning and the audience spinning along with it. His music is imaginative and melodic, and it comes in many varieties. There are ballads and cakewalks and blues and arias and choral numbers, and each of them is identifiable as a Carmines song. He is indeed the God of Abundance on Astor Place. At the opening of each act, there is a lovely song that starts "Muse, darling, come on and dance with us;" there are many musical jokes consisting of low words and high sounds, perhaps the funniest of them being a madrigal called "Plumbing Has Been Raised to Such an Art in Athens;" and there is a jazzy torch song, "You Got Your-



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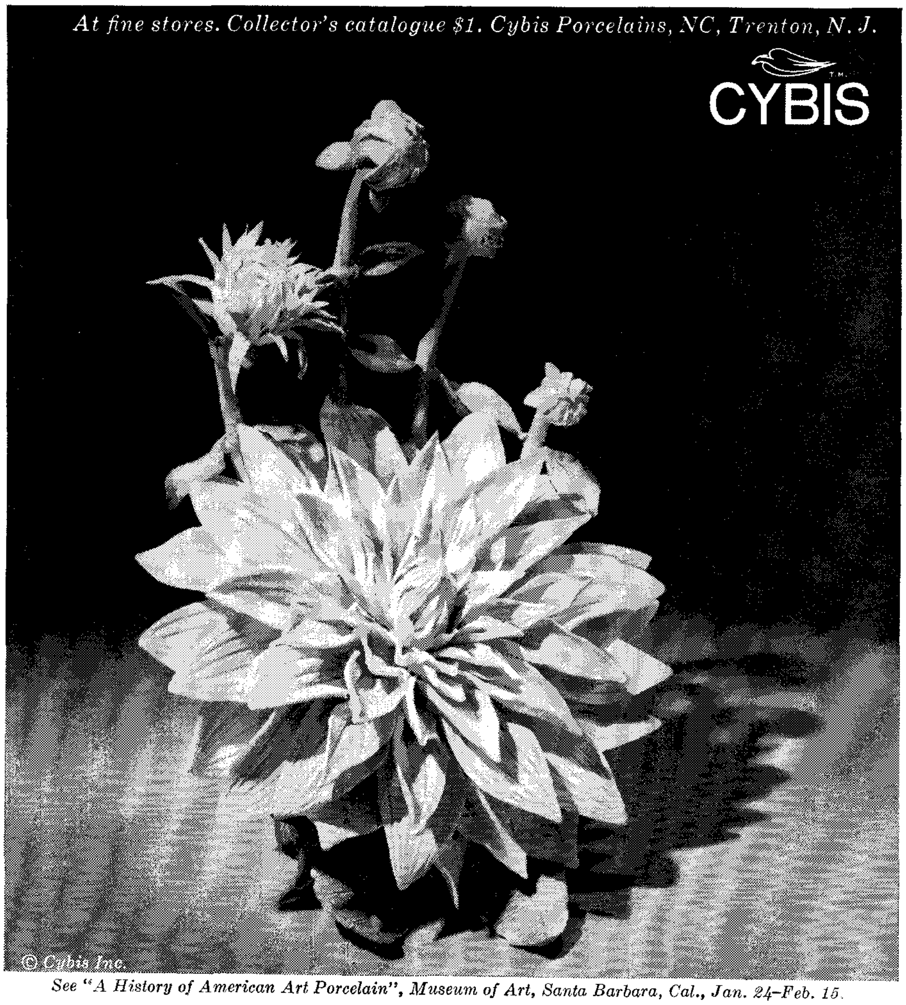
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self a Bunch of Woman," which, belted out by Margaret Wright, as Prosperity, stops the show. All the performances looked and sounded right to me. Reathel Bean, as the heroic, bossy Trygaeus; David Vaughan, as the silky, silvery, sissy Hermes; George McGrath, as the servile/eloquent Rastus; and Arlene Rothlein, as the serene goddess of Peace, are especially good.

BY a feat of legerdemain, Jules Feiffer's "Little Murders," a Broadway dud of a couple of years ago, has been turned into an Off Broadway hit at the Circle in the Square, and the magician is presumably its new director, Alan Arkin. I say "presumably" because I missed it the first time around, but heard little in its favor. At any rate, Mr. Arkin has devised a comic style of performance for his actors that is as eccentric as the best of Mr. Feiffer's comic strips, that misses *none* of the play's targets, and that is also surprisingly serviceable for its many changes of mood and tone. "Little Murders," as you must have heard by now, is a satire on middle-class behavior—sexual, domestic, and social—and it is also, and specifically, about a family under the siege of everyday menace in this city and the ways in which they accommodate themselves to, or skirt around, that menace until an act of violence changes all of them. At intervals, the power fails, and, with no break in conversation, they pull flashlights from their pockets until it comes on again; time after time, the telephone rings and there is only heavy breathing at the other end of the wire; there are shots on the street, and the constant howl of sirens. It is the threat of violence that the play is meant to be about, I guess, but that black joke soon wears thin, and the scenes of family life—through an engagement, a wedding, and a murder and its aftermath—take over. I have always had, and still have, many reservations about Mr. Feiffer's satire. It does not seem to me to cut as deep as it purports to do, and there is a smugness about it that puts me off. Yet, while his social comment may not be as smart or as original as some people think it is, he is a clever writer with a sharp ear, and when it comes to foolishness, to every kind of fatuousness, he doesn't miss a trick. Throughout the action, he and Mr. Arkin, between them, hit a number of exposed and hidden nerves; there are many droll lines—just glancing bits of conversation—and cockeyed pieces of stage business to match; and there are sustained flights of humor. These last take the form of monologues—notably, one delivered by a minuscule Jewish judge obsessed with his humble, lower East Side origins, and one delivered by a hippie minister who looks like the late Lytton Strachey and who is called upon to perform a wedding ceremony. The activities onstage—even the most comical of them—evoked admiration rather than laughter from me, but my admiration held from beginning to sobering end. The actors, all of them entirely commendable, are Jon Korkes, Elizabeth Wilson, Vincent Gardenia, Linda Lavin, Fred Willard, Shimen Ruskin, Paul Benedict, and Andrew Duncan.
—EDITH OLIVER

• •

MEMO

Now we have always with us men—these men!—
Who have gone down into the savage pit,
Down where old atom has his cliff perpetual.
The courage of lizards for the abyss is theirs
And God Almighty's joy in the brink of things,
And thus they drove the genius of matter
From its ghastly cell. They are the men
Who made time tremble and draw back.
We shall never forget them. What are their names?
Unspeakable evil, unspeakable good.
To what end do they shave their skulls
And appear as saints—whose shadows have the posture
Intense of Satans? There is no help here.
Will they give their brains, a burnt offering,
To exorcise the dread that fouls
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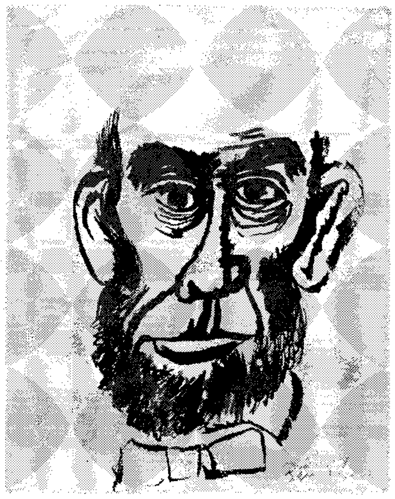

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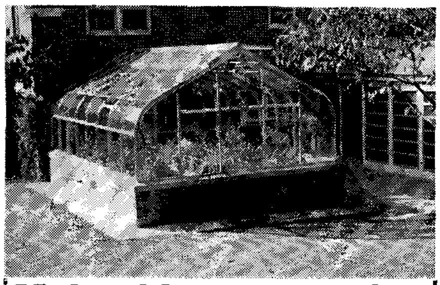

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TAXI!

I WAS telling Robert Simpson the other day about how the people who live on Staten Island are going to take over the New York City government by force on July 15, 1969. My brother, the F.B.I. agent from Buffalo, clued me in about it years ago (he's retired now and works for R.B.M. Insurance down on lower Broadway), and anyone with a brain can see he was right, but try to get someone to believe it. Half the people who live on Staten Island don't even know about it, but my brother knows the guy who's in charge of the whole thing, a jeweller. . . .

By this time we were at Grand Central (I had gotten into Simpson's cab at Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street), and he quickly gave me my change, said, "Thank you, lady," when I tipped him, and then got out and *opened the door of the cab for me.* I'm used to this kind of service from New York cabdrivers by now; it's been happening ever since I began using The System.

When I first became solvent enough to start taking cabs in New York, the situation somehow didn't seem as bad as it finally became, and I listened passively and without fear to drivers like Howard Thomas, who explained how every New York race track was directly controlled by the Sanitation Department; to Earl Feathers, whose wife had to wait two hours for emergency service at Bellevue (an internes' conspiracy) when she went there in 1957 with a splinter in her finger that could have turned into lockjaw any second; to Marvin Watson, who never picked up anyone who looked over fifty years old because of the deadly germs that people accumulate on their skins as they grow older.

At the time, the drivers weren't so insistent. It was only gradually that their monologues began to take on the urgency, and later the atmosphere of open threat, that made me begin nodding sympathetically and then agreeing and finally demanding that some restitution be made. Sid Brothers picked me up at Forty-seventh and Madison one night, and by the time we were at Thirty-eighth and Park he was pounding the wheel in rage at the fact that the sun was a poisonous ball spraying plant-killing rays on the world and that every clear day brought us closer to the moment when all of us would shrivel, "just like autumn leaves—crunch!," and disappear into its hideous vortex. The whole air-pollution scare was a

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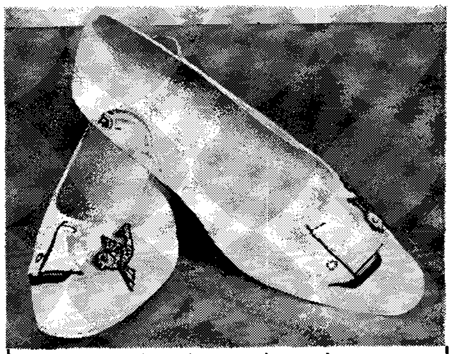

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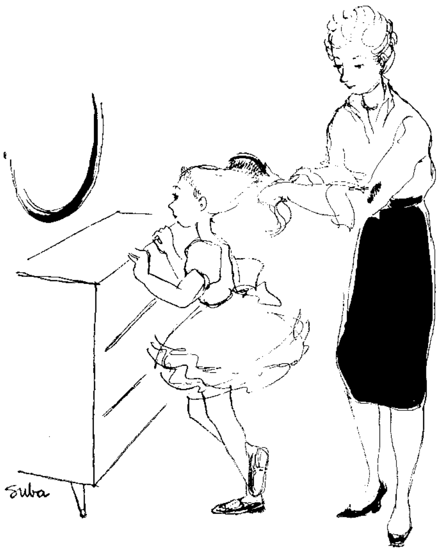
government screen to mislead us about the real truth. I remember coughing pointedly for a few minutes, lest he take my silence as disagreement, and then smoking three cigarettes in a row between there and Fourteenth Street as I nodded doggedly into the stare he had riveted on me from his rearview mirror—a belligerent stare that he unfixed only when I insisted that everyone knew he was right; they were simply too terrified to admit the truth of it and take some kind of meaningful action.

In the days after that, I heard myself agreeing ("I know, of course, everyone knows . . .") with Harry Reisse that we were—slowly, of course, so we wouldn't notice until it was too late—becoming Chinese because of the food the Commie grocers' lobby was forcing us to buy and eat; demanding the ouster of a director of the New York Stock Exchange after hearing how he'd swindled Robert Harris's brother out of a fortune with a munitions stock that fell to nine and a half the day after he bought it at fifty-one; whipping Arnold Ritter into further frenzy about his demand that each family below Thirty-fourth Street be given a twenty-four-hour private police guard because of the paramilitary nature of the mailmen in that area (Ritter had threatened to let me out at 2 A.M. one rainy Monday at the corner of Twelfth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street because he felt I doubted the source of his information—in this case, his neighbor in Sheepshead Bay, who had since moved to Albany to escape the coming Post Office invasion).

TWO days later, I climbed into George Baxter's cab, and in the second before he slapped down the flag after interviewing me suspiciously



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about my destination (he doesn't go to the airports, the theatre district, the Village, or anywhere above Eighty-second Street, and no West Side Highway) I heard myself beginning, "My sister was stomach-poisoned twice in a row at two cafeterias on the West Side, and the lawyers are afraid to answer her letters because they know it really happened and how can they possibly admit it's true? That was two weeks before my dog got gypped out of the blue ribbon in a field of twelve fake contenders at the New Yorker Hotel in 1951. All the cafeterias and hotels in this city are run by a gang that operates out of Bay Shore, but they know I won't put up with any of their corrupt nonsense because I've caught them too many times now. . . ."

You can't stop for a minute, because even if he looks as if he's not listening, it's a con; he's just waiting for room to start in about the foreign interests that control the lifeguard concession at Riis Park, or the Republican Party's systematic destruction of his kids' treehouse out in Jackson Heights. If he tries to change the subject, or even if he asks you to stop, you have to keep talking. He's waiting. Don't you see, they're *all* waiting. Some of them aren't even cabdrivers, but they won't believe what I'm trying to say, either. About Staten Island, I mean, and the danger to all of us—man, woman, and child. But once July 15th gets here, they can't say I didn't warn them about it a long time ago.

—Sara Blackburn

•

The artifacts, arrowheads, tools, a knife and a piece of pottery, were uncovered during continued excavations of the burial site of about 50 Virginia Dragons killed by British troops.—*Newark Evening News.*

Not Dragons, stupid—Kleagles.

•

But the cutest thoughts of Valentine Day can best be exemplified by children's poems, some of which rival Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Seuss" and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow epics.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

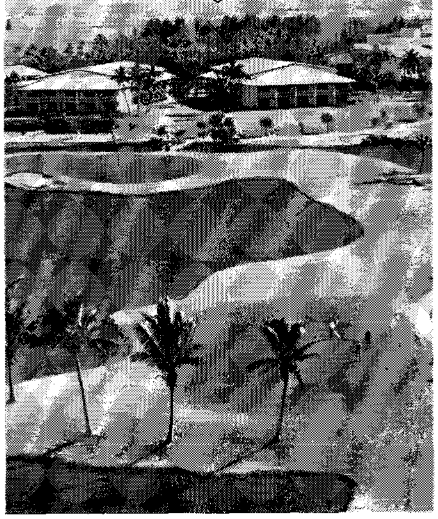
And don't forget "Seuss Family Robinson" and "Mother Seuss."

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From an article by Helio Jaguaribe in Daedalus*]

The preceding analysis demonstrated the indispensability of world order and discussed the obstacles to its establishment. However, the fact that world order is indispensable does not imply, per se, that it is necessary or even viable.



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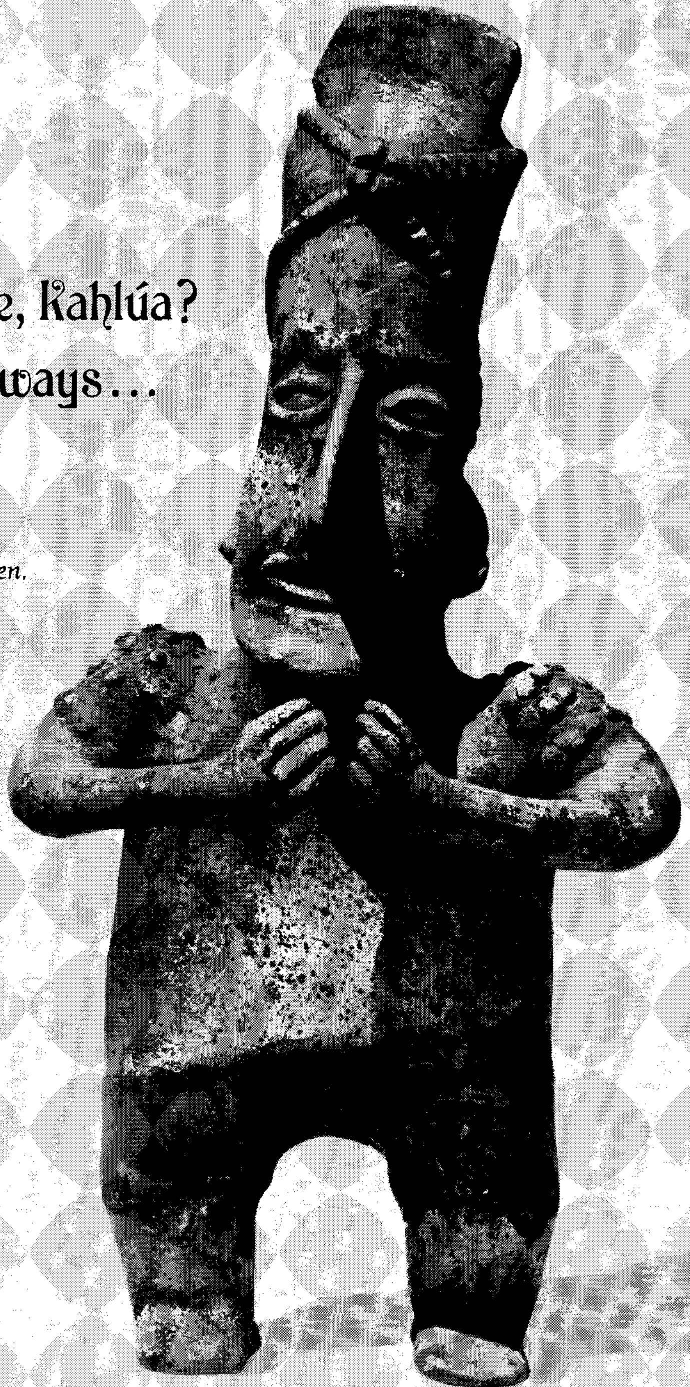
Let me count the ways . . .



With thee I love to baste my chicken,
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I love thy taste in brownies,
in fudge and chocolate cake.
I love the way you make desserts
an extra special treat,
I love thee in Kahlúa Kups of
chocolate I can eat.
I love thee mixed in cocktails,
I love thee poured on ice;
I love thee in Black Russians,
Brave Bulls are awfully nice.
For my evening cup of coffee
thou art the perfect mate.
But best of all, Kahlúa,
I love to drink thee straight.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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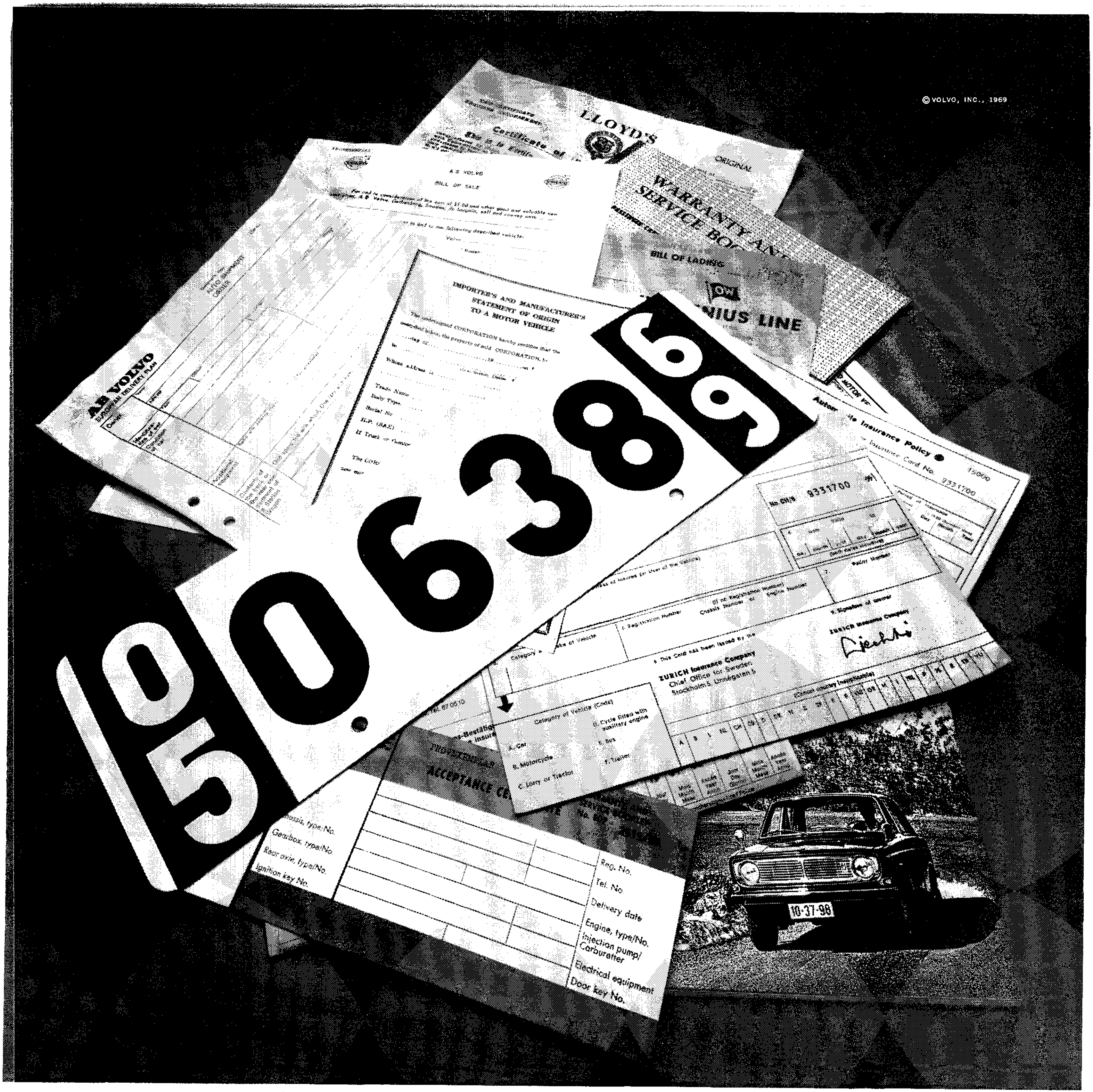
British composers are probably the best-trained in the world today. Their technique is assured; they know exactly how to go about achieving their aim. This has been true for several generations—from Elgar, Vaughan Williams, and Arthur Bliss, through William Walton and Benjamin Britten, and down to Richard Rodney Bennett. At their best, they compose music of considerable originality. Yet there is a certain dullness that pervades the bulk of recent British music. It lacks the heartfelt quality of the finest German music of the past, and it also lacks the elegance of the finest French music of the past, as well as the force of the Russian music of the present. There has been a sort of renaissance of British music since the late decades of the nineteenth century, but in general its achievements have occupied a middle ground between the tedious and the greatly inspired. I was reminded of this when Sir William Walton took over the baton of the American Symphony Orchestra on Sunday afternoon and Monday night of last week for a program of his own works. (I attended the Monday-night performance.) Here is a fine composer—an extraordinarily gifted composer by modern standards—and yet the divine afflatus seems to have missed him. He started off his program with the Johannesburg Festival Overture, a lively piece of fairly conventional character, and then proceeded to his Concerto for Viola and Orchestra, a highly respectable large work with some beautiful lyric passages here and there, a few obvious derivations from Prokofieff, and a great deal of skillful orchestration, but none of the soaring intensity of feeling that puts you, willy-nilly, through a really memorable musical experience. The soloist was Walter Trampler, a violist of fine technical abilities, who, with his long hair, ruffled shirt, and wonderfully tailored tailcoat, reminded me of old pictures of Paganini. The program ended with Sir William's Second Symphony, again a notably well-wrought composition, and again a slightly dull one. Just before the intermission, however, Sir William conducted seven pieces from his "Façade" Suites, and here a delightful, if already familiar, side of his creative personality made itself felt. "Façade" is, of course, an early work; it is also a bit of musical satire. It was a total joy to listen to. It may be that the British musical mind expresses itself best in satire, being perhaps too literal and logical in serious matters for the art of music. If Sir William is remembered primarily for "Façade"—a not unlikely possibility—he will merely be repeating the fate of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who wrote a great deal of lofty music but is remembered primarily for the satirical work he did in collaboration with Gilbert.

Last Wednesday night, the Hague Philharmonic appeared in Carnegie Hall under its conductor, Willem van Otterloo, with a program of great interest. It started off with a serial work by the Dutch composer Hendrik Andriessen called simply "Symphonic Study." This was one of those basically atonal but entirely pleasing compositions that are sometimes done by very skillful serialists—a composition that made no use of harsh dissonance and that seemed to convey something to the auditor (just what I am not sure). Then the distinguished Chinese bass Yi-kwei Sze sang Antonin Dvořák's "Biblische Lieder," Op. 99, with orchestral accompaniment. These are beautiful songs with a strong feeling for nature, a sincere religious content, and something of the purity that Dvořák achieved when he was closest to the Czech folk idiom—as he was, for example, in the slow movement of his Cello Concerto. Mr. Sze, one of the most sensitive of basses, gave them a scrupulous and moving interpretation. After the intermission, we had Bruckner's Sixth Symphony—one of its very rare performances. (I can remember only one other in the course of thirty years of concert-going.) Mr. van Otterloo is famous as a Bruckner conductor, and the reasons were apparent in the way he handled this work. Bruckner enthusiast that I am, I feel that the Sixth is rather weak. Only its adagio and its scherzo hang together with the inevitability of progression characteristic of Bruckner's finest work. The first and last movements both exhibit that episodic, sometimes almost absentminded quality that Bruckner was capable of producing when he was not at his most inspired. To hold these rather diffuse movements together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and make sense of them musically is a feat, and Mr. van Otterloo performed the feat with special skill and affection. The Hague Philharmonic is—like the Amsterdam Concertgebouw—one of those magnificently coördinated Dutch orchestras, which give out a rich, refined tone that might be compared to the polish on old mahogany. It is an ideal orchestra for Bruckner, and it played with perfect ensemble and a subtle blend of sonorities.

THE nearest approach that New York has to a Viennese audience is to be found at the "Music from Marlboro" series at Town Hall. These are studious people, with a profusion of whiskers and spectacles, and there are far more brunets than blonds; they know what they want, and nothing but the best will satisfy them. They are interested in performers, but only to the extent that the performers serve as dedicated interpreters of the composers represented on the program. Their standards are high, and are usually met. Last Thursday night, I went to one of the concerts, although priorities indicated that I should have gone to Philharmonic Hall, where Leonard Bernstein was conducting Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis." But I have before this confessed the shameful fact that I do not enjoy Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis." I am sure that it is a great work—but it has its faults, and it has never spoken to me as other large-scale compositions of the towering German master have. I think that every critic has a right to dislike some masterpiece or other, and this is my main dislike. Well, having put up the defense that my conscience demands, let me proceed with the Marlboro group's concert. It started with Béla Bartók's Sonata No. 2 for Violin and Piano, played by Pina Carmirelli and Richard Goode. This is not my favorite Bartók work. It is largely atonal, and it contains far too much fiddling with such violinistic tricks as portamento, which is a large word for sliding up and down the strings. Its performance, however, was immaculate. I have mentioned before that Miss Carmirelli is a violinist of taste as well as of sterling technique, and Mr. Goode is rapidly developing into one of the world's outstanding ensemble pianists. After the sonata, a young basso named Thomas Paul came onstage and, to the accompaniment of Mr. Goode, sang five Schubert lieder, including "Grenzen der Menschheit," "Dithyrambe," "Der Sieg," "Der Einsame," and "Gruppe aus dem Tarta-

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the Silent woman
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rus." Mr. Paul is a basso cantante with lovely deep tones—a real Sarastro-type bass. His voice is well produced and of pleasing quality throughout a large range. I have no idea whether it is powerful enough to fill an auditorium larger than Town Hall, but in those surroundings it was a great pleasure to listen to. His German enunciation is flawless, and his feeling for the emotional content of the Schubert songs the other night was convincing, if a little reserved. Following the intermission, he appeared again to sing Moussorgsky's "Songs and Dances of Death" in the original Russian, with what, to my inexpert ear, seemed to be as cultivated an enunciation as he has in German. The songs have a variety of dramatic connotations—from the death of a child to the death of soldiers on the battlefield—and they all have the intimate, touching quality that Moussorgsky, almost alone among Russian composers, could produce. Mr. Paul sang them eloquently, but again I found his interpretation a bit reserved from the dramatic standpoint. Perhaps this was a virtue. At any rate, I enjoyed his singing. The program finished with Brahms' Trio in E Flat Major for Horn, Violin, and Piano—a work one seldom hears simply because this odd combination seldom gets together in the concert hall. Miss Carmirelli was the violinist, Mr. Goode the pianist, and an extraordinarily refined horn player named John Barrows completed the ensemble. This Trio is Brahms at his finest, and it is a pity that we do not hear it more often. The performance was exquisite, owing a great deal to the musicianship, accuracy, and beautiful tone of Mr. Barrows.

LAST Friday night, I went to the Metropolitan Opera House specifically to hear Marion Lippert, a German soprano who has been singing Princess Turandot in Puccini's opera but whom I had not yet heard. The role is famous for its difficulty, and up to recently it has been the private preserve of Birgit Nilsson. Miss Lippert does not have the steely brilliance that Miss Nilsson brings to the role, but she is a much warmer singer, and she attacks the phrases of "In questa reggia" without effort and with assured pitch and considerable power. She makes Princess Turandot into a more human and feminine figure. Is this the right idea? I'll leave the answer to "Turandot" enthusiasts. I am not among their number.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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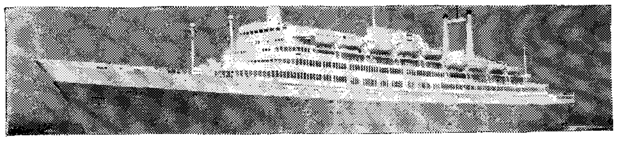

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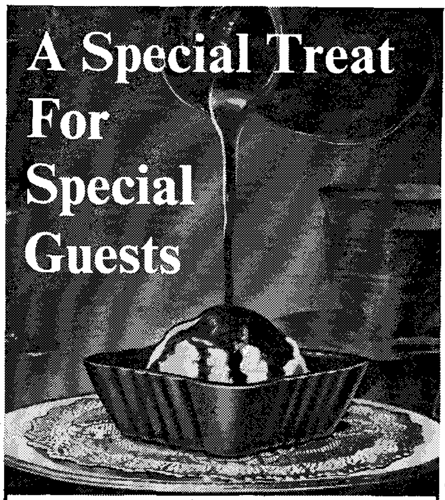

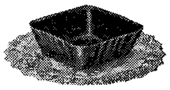

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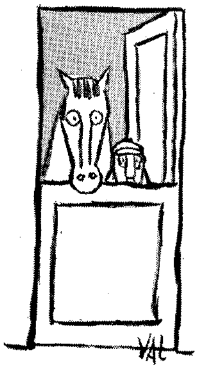
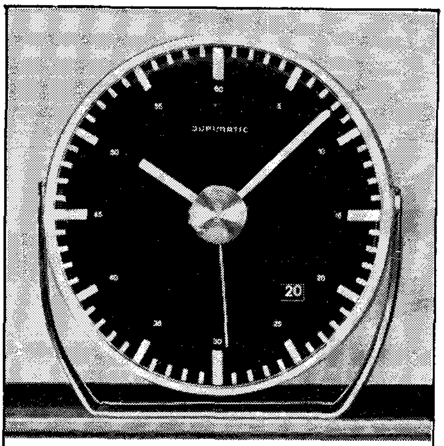
THE RACE TRACK

No Strub for Nodouble



SOMETHING out of the ordinary usually happens in the Charles H. Strub Stakes, one of Santa Anita's and the country's more important races. This year, it was a disqualification. Nodouble passed the winning post first by a nose, but he had drifted out and bumped Dignitas as they came down the stretch together, their jockeys going hammer and tongs. (They were nearly ten lengths ahead of Cavamore and the seven other four-year-olds.) Almost immediately, from all accounts, the stewards flashed the "Inquiry" signal, and presently they ordered Dignitas placed first and Nodouble second. Owned by William Haggin Perry and trained by Jim Maloney, Dignitas, by Round Table out of Courtesy, is a big bay colt, deep through the girth, with powerful shoulders and quarters. I saw him run third in the Malibu Stakes last month; a fortnight later he was second in the San Fernando. As was expected, Dark Mirage did not start in the Strub. Though the track was fast, it would have been too much to ask her to take on colts at a mile and a quarter without having had a race to wind her up for the effort. Anyhow, fillies have not been lucky in the Strub. Five years ago, Mr. Perry's Lamb Chop, voted the best of her age and sex in 1963, broke a leg during the running, and back in 1955, when it was the Maturity Stakes, Miz Clementine, a real speedster, was disqualified after finishing first. I'm glad Dark Mirage stood in her stall.

HIALEAH had another lively week, winding it up last Saturday with the Palm Beach Handicap, over the turf course. This was run in two sections, and all the better horses were in the second one—Doon coming from next to last on the turn for home to win by a head from Monitor, who led until the last strides. Jean-Pierre, who isn't French-bred but was foaled in Kentucky, was third. (In the first division of the Palm Beach, Needles Stitch won from Out the Window, Kar-Stan, and six others.) Doon, who was bred in England, ran there as a two-year-old



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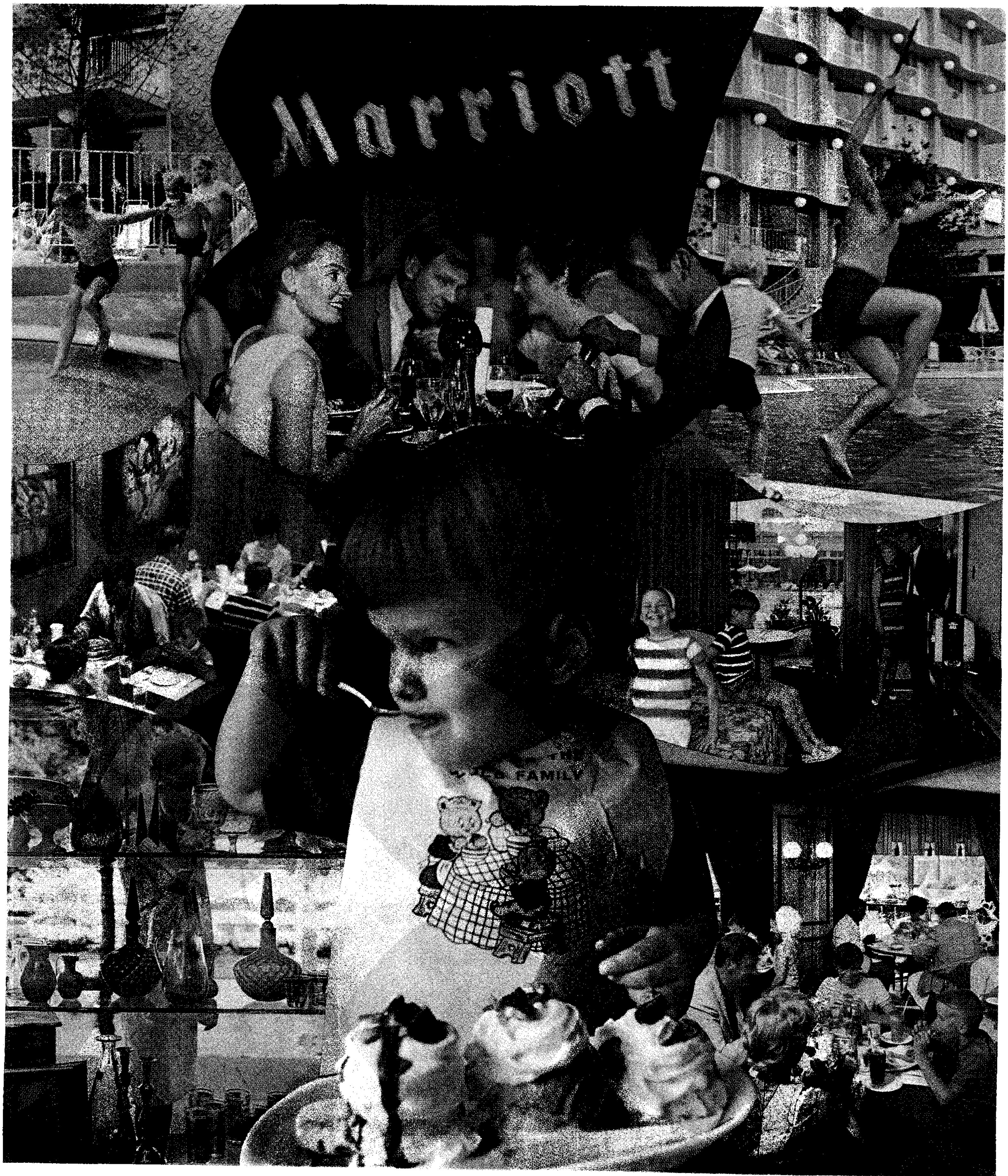

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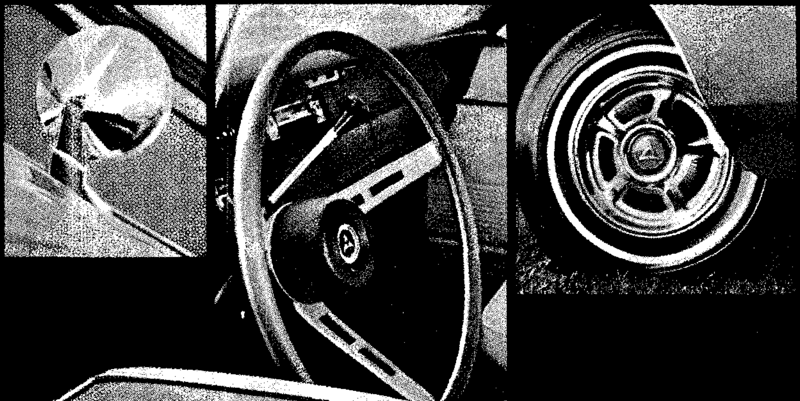

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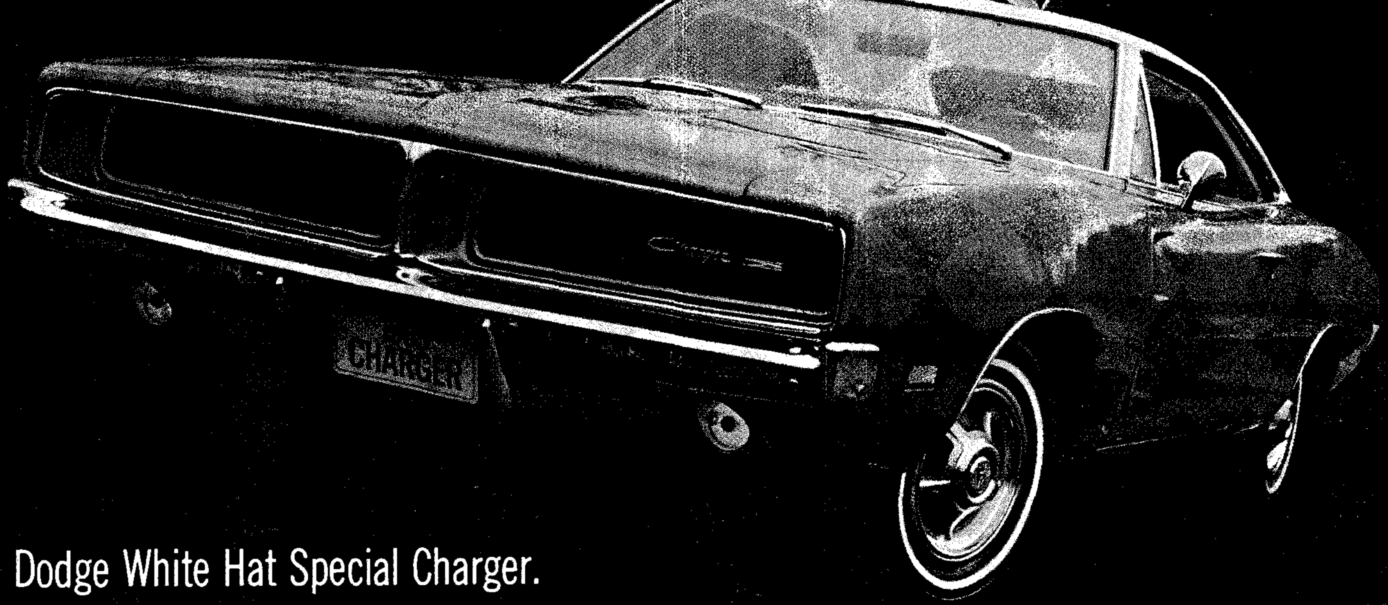

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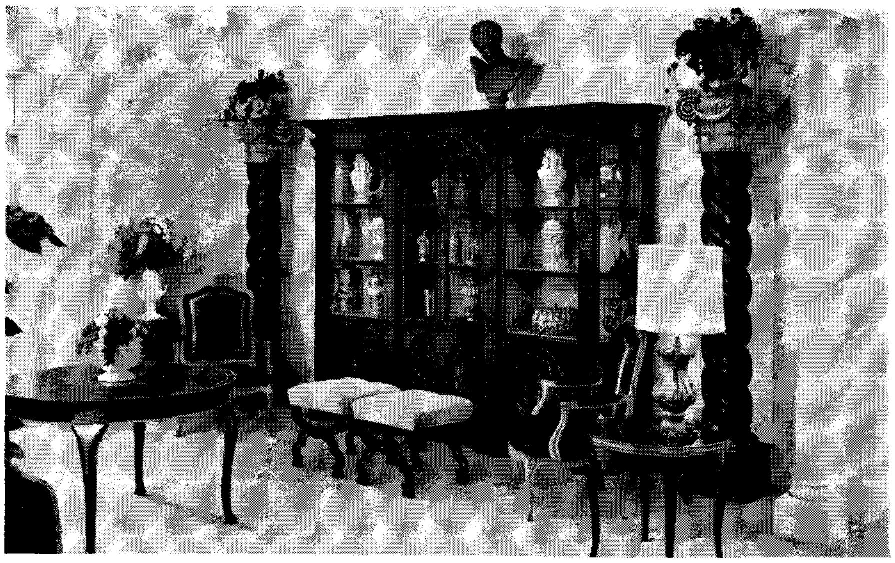
and once finished second to Vaguely Noble, who was rated the best horse in Europe last season. The afternoon was not without an unhappy contretemps: The Heir, a full brother to Bold Lad and Successor, dropped dead after coming in second in a race—cerebral hemorrhage, the vets said. Earlier in the week, Rafale, the wonder horse of Argentina two years ago, ran next to last in a race won by Gay Matelda. In the next race on the card—the Mimosa—Nutty Donut beat Queen's Double, Ta Wee, and ten others in a driving finish. Shouting her home must have been a mouthful.

KEENELAND and Saratoga might well look to their laurels as marketplaces for thoroughbreds. At last week's auction at Hialeah of two-year-olds in training, two hundred and thirty-one of them brought in $3,525,000—an average of $15,262 a head. The top price at the four-day session was $225,000, for Rough Frolic—a chestnut colt by the late Rough'n Tumble out of Individuality—who was knocked down to Daniel Schwartz, a Californian. Especially in demand were colts and fillies by Rough'n Tumble, six of them bringing in $379,000; when those of his son Dr. Fager come to the sale, there's no telling what they'll bring.

BOWIE also had a double feature last weekend—the Francis Scott Key Stakes, for three-year-olds, at six furlongs. Parchment won the first division, his fourth victory in succession. He is owned by Peter Fuller, whose Dancer's Image started a winning streak at Bowie that wound up with the Kentucky Derby, but, if I may say so, he's not another Dancer's Image. Mr. Coincidence won the second division.

BARBARA JO RUBIN, the Florida girl the jockeys refused to ride against at Tropical Park, finally rode against the boys—and beat them. She had to go to the Hobby Horse Hall racecourse at Nassau, in the Bahamas, to do it. Riding in a race at five furlongs there last week, she led all the way. Penny Ann Early didn't do so well in her match with Pineda in Caliente. She was second from start to finish in the six furlongs. Also last week, the Florida State Racing Commission upheld the Tropical Park stewards who fined thirteen jockeys a hundred dollars each for the part they took in the demonstration against Miss Rubin.

—AUDAX MINOR



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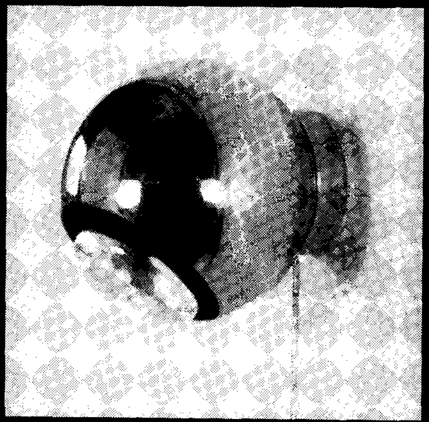

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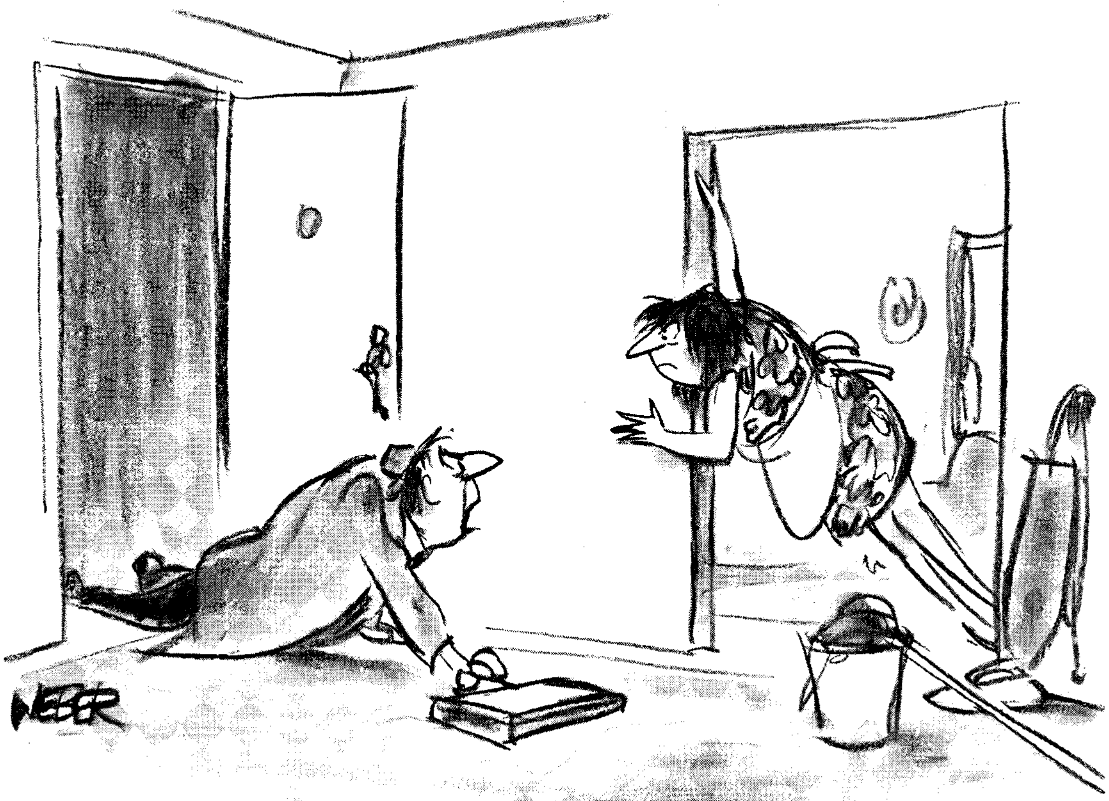
BOOKS

Displaced Person

ALEXANDER HERZEN began work on his memoirs in London in October of 1852, having first glimpsed the "dirty white promontories" of England at daybreak on the twenty-fifth of August. The initial five parts of "Byloye i Dumy" ("My Past and Thoughts") were completed by May of 1855. Sections of the work appeared at intervals in *The Pole Star* and *The Bell*, the two celebrated émigré periodicals printed and disseminated by Herzen's Free Russian Press, in London. During the winter of 1856-57, Herzen resumed work on his recollections; he added bits to the first part, and by the end of 1858 he had virtually completed Part VI, the brilliant, often satiric sketches of emigrant life in London between 1852 and 1855. A considerable pause ensued, during which Herzen worked on different bits and pieces, most of which have since been incorporated in Part VI. During 1860 and 1861, he prepared a definitive version of Parts I to IV for publication in book form. He took up the task once more in 1865, and the memoirs as we now know them were completed in December of 1867, fifteen years after their inception. Part VIII, fragments covering souvenirs of Italy, Switzerland, and France, appeared toward the end of 1868 in the eighth volume of *The Pole Star*. This was the last text edited by Herzen himself.

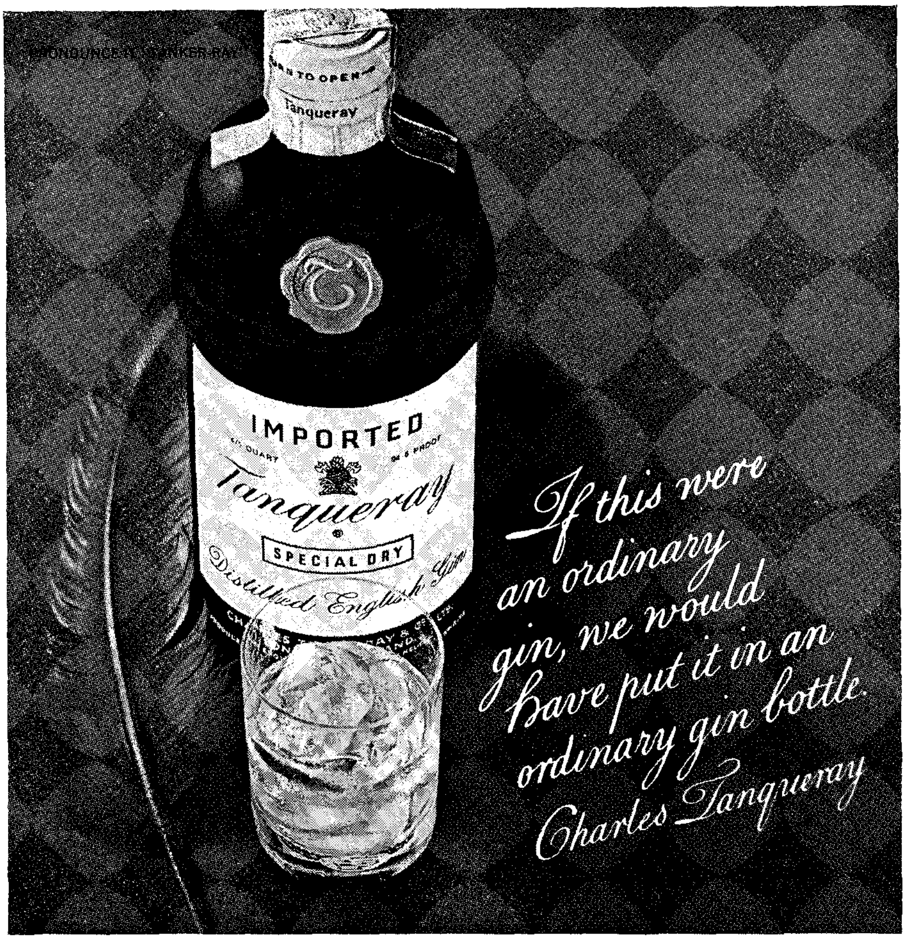
Constance Garnett's six-volume translation, delightful in format and typography but philologically often unreliable, appeared between 1924 and 1927. It was based on a Russian text published in Berlin in 1921. This text omitted a number of intimate or contemporaneously libellous sections that Herzen himself had left unpublished. The first genuinely complete and authoritative edition is that of the "Collected Works" of Herzen in process of being issued, in thirty volumes, by the Soviet Academy of Sciences since 1954. "Byloye i Dumy," which takes up Volumes VIII to XI, was published in a less scholarly, less fully annotated three-volume set in Moscow in 1958. When it is completed, the "Collected Works" will wholly supersede M. K. Lemke's "Complete Works and Letters" (Petrograd, 1919-25). The edition of "My Past and Thoughts" now offered by Knopf in four volumes, at thirty dollars, consists of the Garnett translation revised by Mr. Humphrey Higgens. Mr. Higgens gives brief indications of the principles he has adopted in revising Mrs. Garnett, but it is difficult to say, without collating the two texts, how extensive or significant his revisions are. In a number of instances, his modernizations sacrifice something of the note of fuss and sensibility that Constance Garnett admirably caught. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that his translation is a far more reliable piece of work. The Knopf edition has footnotes, as well as brief notes at the end of each volume. The notes, which Mr. Higgens chooses to call "copious," derive essentially, as the editor acknowledges, from the Soviet edition. He has also added footnotes of his own to those provided by Herzen, Mrs. Garnett, and the Moscow annotators. The body of annotation is helpful as far as it goes, but it is distinctly short of what is needed by the ordinary reader if he seeks to grasp the full wealth and incisiveness of Herzen's manner. More substantive are the claims made for this four-volume presentation in regard to new material. These are fifty-eight pages of "Notes of a Young Man," first published by Herzen in 1840-41 and subsequently reworked for the memoirs; a number of short prefatory passages to sections of "My Past and Thoughts" not included by Garnett; and some letters to Herzen from Belinsky, Carlyle, Proudhon, Granovsky, Chaadayev, and N. A. Polevoy. (The letter from Proudhon is particularly characteristic and *belle époque*.) Mr. Higgens has newly translated some two hundred and forty-five pages of the memoirs themselves. A number of the relevant passages had not been included by Herzen or Mrs. Garnett and are now for the first time available in English. Among



"Yeah, well, I happen to be weary, too, so why don't you try a little tenderness?"

them we find two exceedingly brief amorous episodes, excerpts relating to Herzen's fierce domestic crisis in 1851, parts of a conversation with Baron James Rothschild, who helped the exiled Herzen recover much of his blocked Russian fortune, and some of the more acid of Herzen's vignettes of fellow-émigrés, especially Germans. It is, to be sure, good to have this material made available in English, but it adds fairly little. For anyone able to read German, these texts were already accessible, having been published in a three-volume edition of "My Past and Thoughts" edited by Eberhard Reissner and issued by Aufbau-Verlag, in Berlin, in 1962. I mention this edition, of which Mr. Higgens is, as far as I can make out, unaware, for its lack of pretension, its compactness, and its admirable apparatus of notes. Again and again, Mr. Higgens' identifications of the many contemporaries referred to in the memoirs are perfunctory or nonexistent. Try to find out the required minimum about L. Charre, Count Chovansky, or Richard Cobden (I am merely perusing the entries under "C") and you will find either nothing or merely a set of dates of birth and death. In each instance, Reissner's edition gives help. And this is true throughout. What we have in this latest edition is a sumptuous package with a few interesting additions to the Garnett text and a more faithful translation, but not the truly comprehensive job hoped for or blazoned on the dust jacket. Sir Isaiah Berlin's introduction is stylish, yet it adds little to his own earlier glances at Herzen (i.e., in "From Another Shore," published in 1956). As Sir Isaiah himself notes, Professor Martin Malia's "Alexander Herzen and the Birth of Russian Socialism" (1961) remains indispensable.

The tedious details are worth getting right because the reader is dealing here with one of the great classics of human feeling. Herzen's psychological and argumentative re-creation of his own life is so rich, so active with the pressure of being, that it is difficult now to separate biographical from imaginative fact. But even if we lacked these memoirs, if, like Byron's, they had been destroyed, Herzen's biography would remain fascinating. Born in April of 1812, a few months before the great fires that devastated Moscow and drove Napoleon into naked winter, Herzen was the illegitimate son of a Russian aristocrat and his German mistress (though the word scarcely conveys the pallid, serflike dependence of Luiza Haag). The boy grew up in a morose,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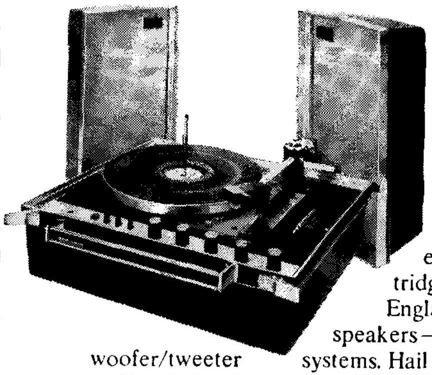

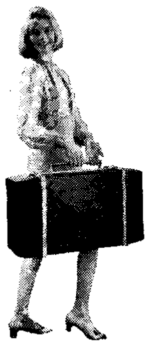

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shadowy mansion, on the physical and psychological watershed between the Russia of the boyars and the Russia of radical awakening. When he was sixteen, Herzen, together with his lifelong intimate Nicholas Ogarev, stood on the Sparrow Hills above Moscow and swore to dedicate his life to the cause of emancipation and human rights for which the leaders of the Decembrist conspiracy had been hanged by the Czar. This "Hannibalic oath," as the Romantics, remembering their Plutarch, called vows of vengeance, may have been an adolescent gesture, but Herzen never broke trust. By 1834, the university student with the socialist-utopian leanings and infectious style was an object of police surveillance. Exile to the borders of Asia followed almost as a matter of course. A clandestine marriage to his first cousin Natalie, like himself illegitimate and full of feverish sensibility nurtured during a solitary, despotically governed childhood, did not mend matters.

In 1840, Herzen was exiled to Novgorod. Although he was allowed to return to Moscow two years later, the young publicist knew himself a marked man. With remarkable courage and gusto, he continued his work: his historical essays, stories dealing with the "social question," articles in which he sought to spread among the Russian intelligentsia his passionate interest in French radical and utopian theory and in German idealism. If a subsequent, more extreme generation found the ground of Fourierism, Hegelianism, and Kantian idealism prepared, the credit was largely Herzen's. Already he had discovered his genius as a courier of ideas, as a messenger of feeling. But imperial Moscow was like a prison. On his father's death, in 1846, Herzen, now wealthy, decided to emigrate. Surprisingly, Nicholas I allowed him a passport. In January of 1847, Herzen, his family, and his domestic suite reached the frontier. What followed was one of those instants of private life on which the history of ideas and society turns:

> The little Jew whipped up his horses, the sledge moved off. I looked back, the barrier had been lowered, the wind swept the snow from Russia onto the road and blew to one side the tail and mane of the Cossack's horse.
>
> The nurse in a sarafan and a warm jacket was still looking after us and weeping; Sonnenberg, that symbol of the parental home, that comic figure from the days of childhood, waved his silk handkerchief—all around us was the endless steppe of snow.
>
> "Goodbye, Tatyana! Goodbye, Karl Ivanovich!"
>
> Here was a milestone and on it, cov-

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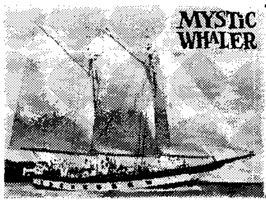

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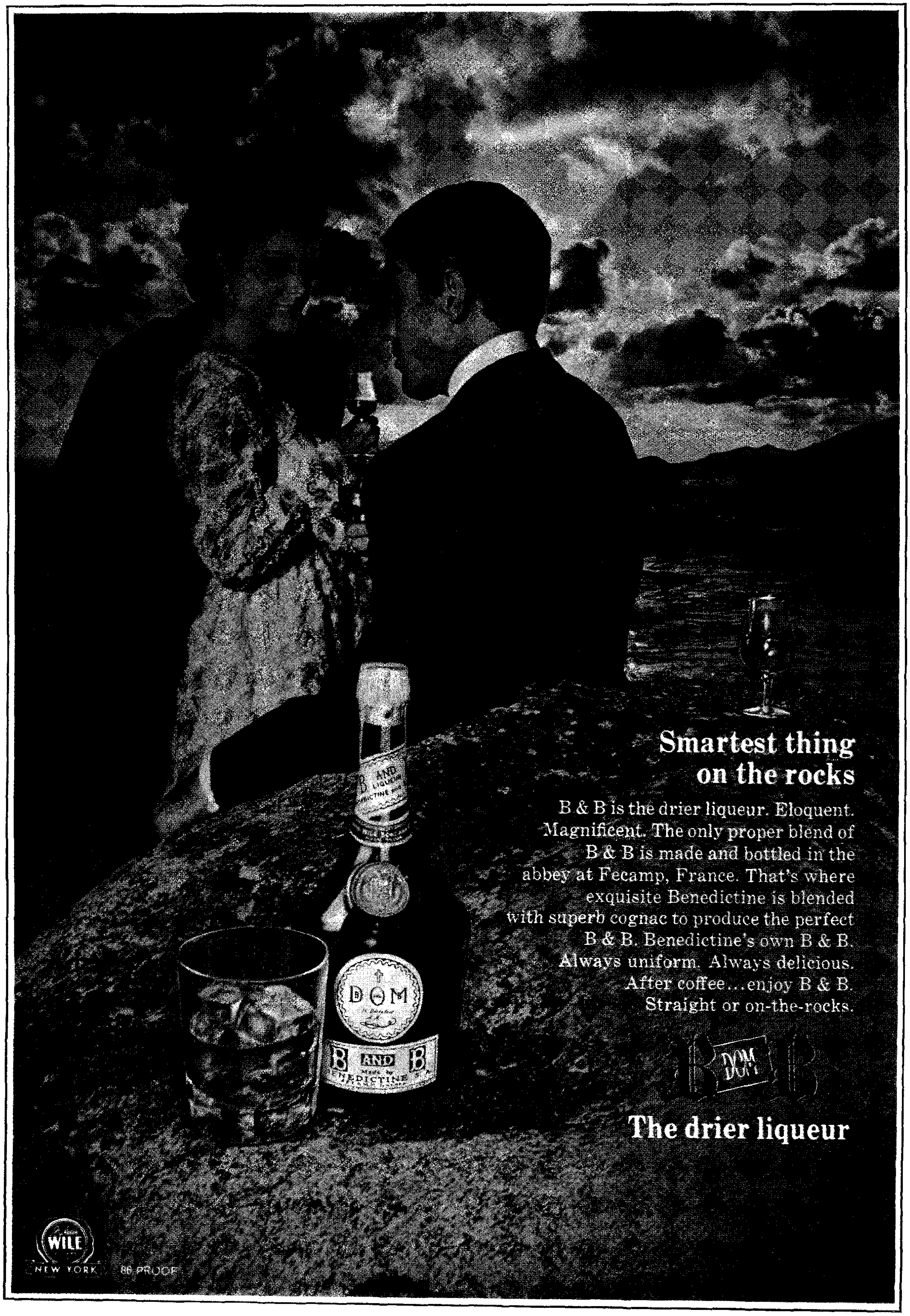
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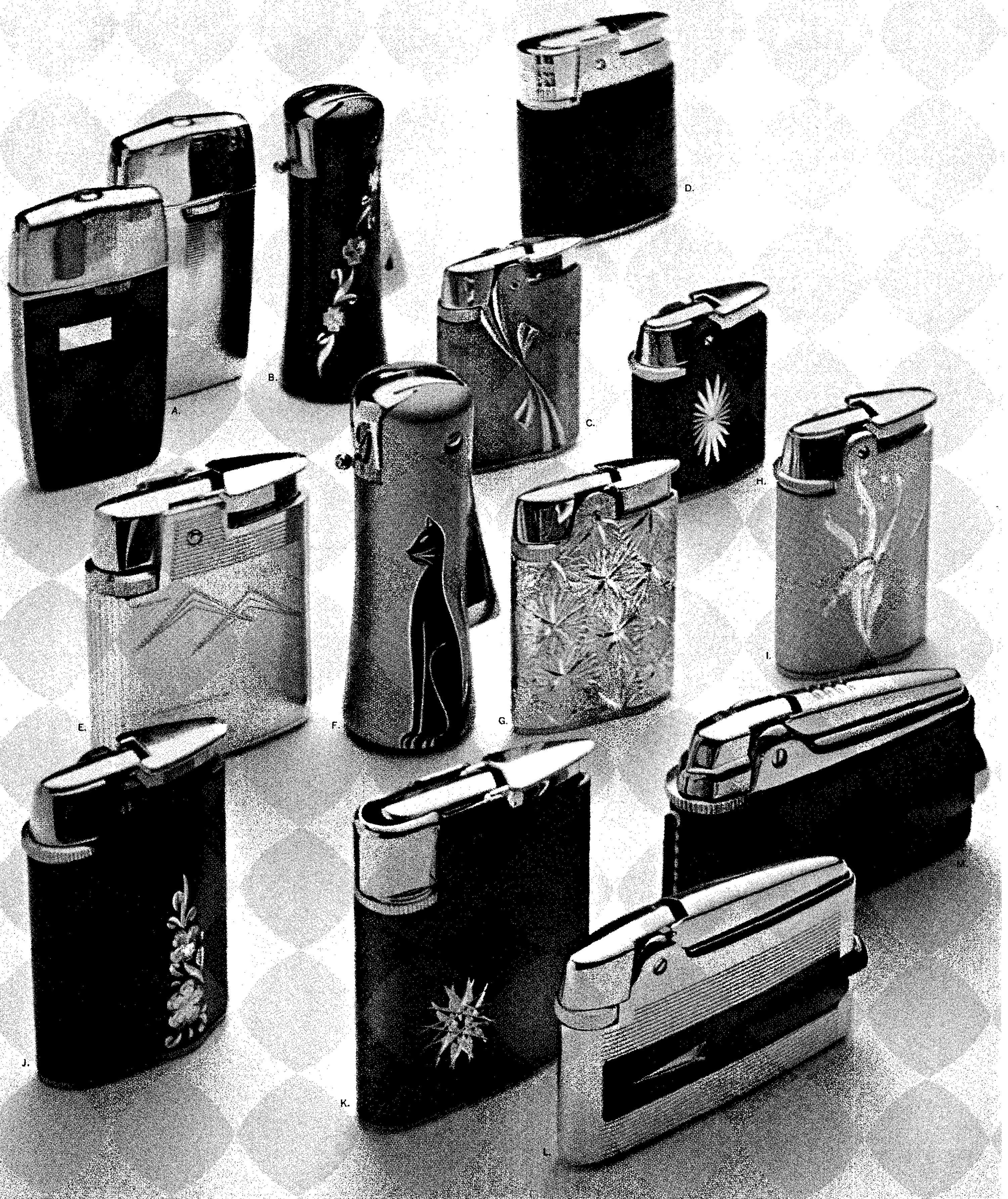

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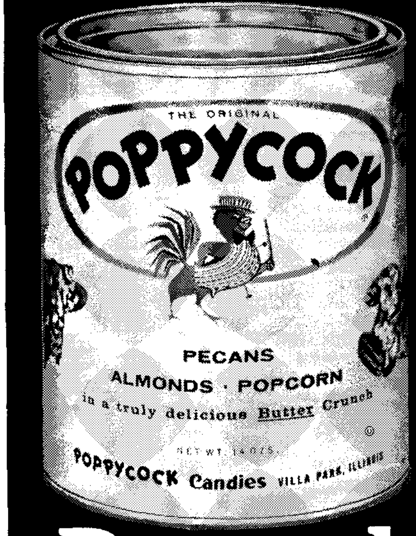
ered with snow, a thin, *single-headed* eagle with outspread wings . . . and that's a good thing: one head less.

But the Czarist and Prussian eagles were to keep their stifling grip. Herzen spent the rest of his life as an emigrant waiting for, divining, summoning a revolution that came later—and that would have horrified him. From 1847 to 1852, he divided his time mainly between France and Italy. The year 1849, when radicalism itself lay in shambles after the failure of revolution, brought on domestic crisis. Georg Herwegh, a German radical poetaster, battened on the Herzen household. Some kind of liaison developed between him and Natalie Herzen. By the time the ugly imbroglio was over, Natalie was a dying woman and Herzen had lost his mother and one of his children by drowning. He saw "night and ocean" closing over him.

In fact, his most productive years lay ahead. The political tolerance and emotional unreality of London proved ideal. The death of Nicholas I seemed a promise of dawn. *The Bell* achieved tremendous intellectual influence. Smuggled into Russia and read in liberal circles throughout Europe, it made Herzen a moral force to be reckoned with. His house became a focus for debate, conspiracy, and utopian dreams. Bakunin, Orsini, Ledru-Rollin, Owen—the roll call of Herzen's familiars and visitors is that of Russian and European radicalism. Malwida von Meysenbug, a remarkable woman who was to figure in the lives of Nietzsche, Wagner, and Romain Rolland, was governess to his children. In a curious sexual idyll, reminiscent of the anarchic, libertarian visions of the early Romantics, Herzen remained intimate with Ogarev while taking his wife as mistress. Events outstripped Herzen's pastoral politics. *The Bell* ceased, in Geneva, in 1867. Herzen returned to Paris, always the hub of the insurrectionary dream, in early 1870. He died before the outbreak of war and before the Commune had made history ripe for Marx. His generous hopes, his vivid sense of the dignity of man, were steadfast to the end.

Every major Russian writer, from Tolstoy to Pasternak, Nabokov, and Paustovsky, has had in him at least one outstanding memoir of childhood, as if the recurrent darkness of Russian history made of childhood a peculiarly privileged, ever to be recaptured oasis. This is so even when early years were cruel or constrained, as they proved for Gorky and Herzen. The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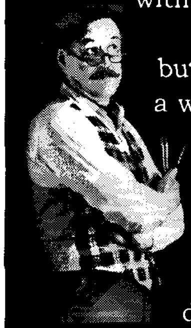

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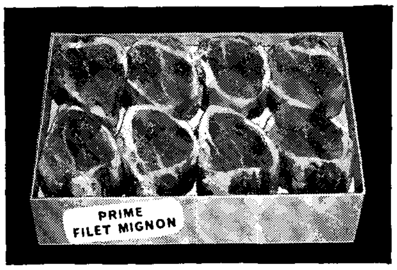

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latter's remembrances of his father are graphic:

> A terrible dullness reigned in the house, particularly on the endless winter evenings—two lamps lit a whole suite of rooms; wearing high cloth or lamb's-wool boots . . . a velvet cap and a long, white lambskin coat, bowed, with his hands clasped behind his back, the old man walked up and down, followed by two or three brown dogs, and never uttering a word.

Only later, when he was returning from exile, did Herzen apprehend "the melancholy significance of this lonely, abandoned existence, dying out in the arid, harsh, stony wilderness that he had created about himself yet that he had not the will to change." But there were also times of delight: the lilac evenings of late summer on the estate, Herzen's discovery of Pushkin and Schiller, rapturous friendship with Ogarev, the sudden crunch of snow in the yard, "with a different sound from that made by town sledges," when Cousin Natalie came visiting from Tver. Herzen's account of his university days is a mixture of the macabre and the comic: fossilized professors amble down dusty corridors, seminarians kiss hands and ask for Father Rector's blessing. Yet winds of intellectual and political life were blowing through the barracks; by the time he completed his studies, the young Herzen had acquired, partly by clandestine means, a vital grounding in French socialist and German idealist doctrine.

Exiled to Vyatka for his dabbling in subversive texts and ideas, Herzen was put to work in the local bureaucracy. His memoirs of life in a tawdry hole on the borders of Asia are revealing—in what they tell us of the ways of autocracy in the vast and drear outposts of the empire and in what they exhibit, almost unconsciously, of Herzen's *élan*, of his commitment to the energies and fascination at being alive, however harsh the circumstances. Nor was the young radical ineffectual; his work and letters helped expose the local governor, an odious martinet. Herzen's elopement with Natalie is excellently told. Looking back, the writer evokes, with that humorous nostalgia that is the mark of his style, the fervid sentimentality and operatic flights of love in the eighteen-forties. "Here ends the lyrical part of our life," writes Herzen. "Ahead there are children, cares, struggle . . . further ahead still all will perish . . . on the one hand a grave, on the other loneliness and life in a foreign country!"

The portion of the memoirs called "Before the Revolution and After It"

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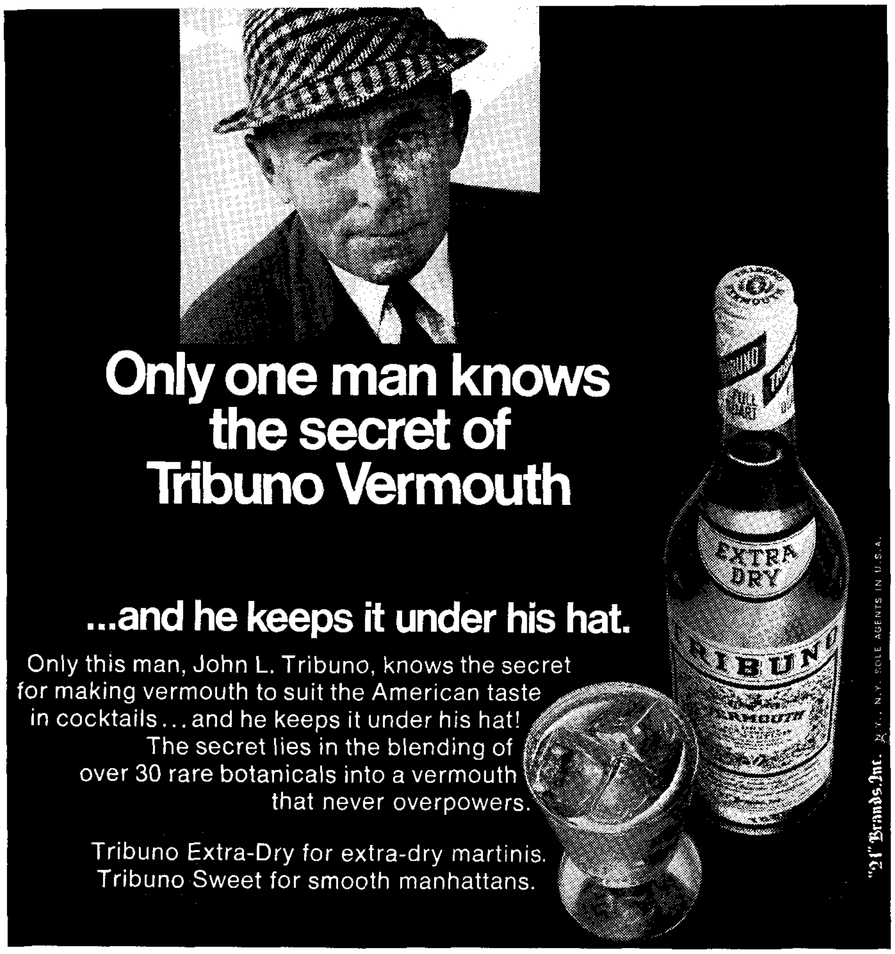
is full of grief. In their subtle compound of lucidity and self-deception, these extraordinary pages give us access to the truth of a marriage. Like Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris" and Flaubert's letters, Herzen's autobiography crystallizes one of the major changes in the history of personality: the passage from a classic reticence and image of common humanity to the distinctively modern absorption in individuality and the play of private consciousness. Exile, the cruel failure of the revolutions of 1848, Herzen's addiction to emotionally dramatized friendships, his very self-sufficiency as an intellectual being, undermined Natalie's confidence. Just because he was an infantile, publicly thwarted mountebank, Herwegh needed her as Herzen did not. "Byloye i Dumy" lets us follow the crisis step by step. Herwegh's dishevelled wife enters the quadrille; she duns Herzen for money so that her husband, who threatens suicide by fasting while at the same time he is purloining a fresh sausage, may take melodramatic flight; duels impend; the entire émigré world becomes involved. In the summer of 1851, Herzen and Natalie meet alone in a hotel in Turin. The episode of their "second wedding" is one of the most adult and fully rendered in modern literature, and strangely premonitory of the nocturnal in Joyce's "The Dead":

> We walked gaily along the empty streets to the hotel. There everyone was asleep except the porter. On the table (laid for supper) stood two unlighted candles, bread, fruit, and a decanter of wine. I did not want to wake anyone; we lit the candles and, sitting down at the unoccupied table, looked at each other and at once both remembered our days at Vladimir.
>
> She had on a white muslin dress or blouse, put on for the journey because of the blazing heat, and at that first interview of ours, when I had arrived from my place of exile, she had been all in white, too, and her wedding dress had been white. Even her face, though it bore clear-cut traces of profound shocks, anxieties, meditations, and sufferings, recalled by its expression her features at that time. . . . Through our horror and dull agony we had seen the more clearly how inseparably years and circumstances, children and life in foreign lands, had welded us together.

But the joys of reconciliation could not mend what was broken. Herzen finds images of a memorable precision: "The past is not a proof that can be corrected but a guillotine knife; after it has once fallen there is much that does not grow together again, and not everything can be set right. It remains as though cast in metal, exact in detail,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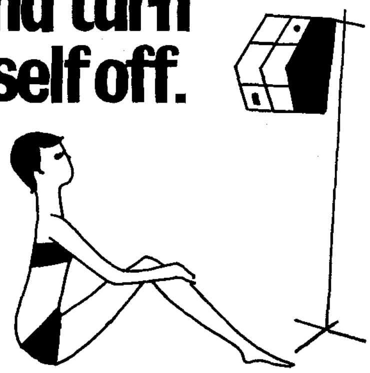

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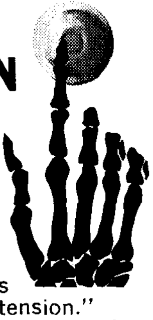

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unalterable, dark as bronze." In the moment of Natalie's death, as always in Herzen's life, the private and the political interact. A strange woman in black passes by with two children. They offer a Latin prayer for the deceased:

> Then she says to me: "They, too, have no mother, and their father is far away. You were at the burial of their grandmother."
> They were the children of Garibaldi.

In some decisive way, Natalie's death released the full range of Herzen's strength. The journalism he produced in London and the parts of "My Past and Thoughts" that deal with émigré politics reveal a trenchant ironist. Herzen had a quick ear for bombast; no one comes near him in registering the gamut of pathos and grand opera, mendacity and stoic bearing, dialectic and gossip in which Bakunin, Mazzini, the ostracized French socialist leaders, and what remained of the German radical movement led their frustrated lives. The pages buzz with the swarming and infighting of an unsettled hive. Herzen was a liberal—even, in certain respects, a democrat—but he was also the son of a nobleman and a man of means. He could not conceal his amusement over the acrimonious snobberies of a milieu in which the burning question of the day was whether Kossuth should call on Ledru-Rollin or Ledru-Rollin on Kossuth. And as the whale nears, the minnows scatter: when "the red Marx" stalks out of a committee room, only a handful follow, but those who stay behind drop out of history. Herzen despised the brutal, boorish sage. But we glimpse in Herzen's memoir of their rare, hostile meetings his realization, beautifully honest as always, that the world of radicalism he had helped create was passing into dust. How many are there like Mazzini—revolutionaries committed to the worth of the individual, "and who will come after them?"

Herzen's memoirs have a twofold relevance. They document, with complete psychological fidelity, the condition of tragic liberalism. I mean by that that Herzen strove all his life for revolution but came to know that such revolution would spell ruin for the civilization he himself embodied. The impulses that made him a rebel, that drove him into exile and unbroken resistance to autocracy, were generous and deep-seated, but they reflected the idiom and intellectual values of a privileged, high-bourgeois culture. When he spoke in the name of Kant and Schiller, of Plutarch and Rousseau,

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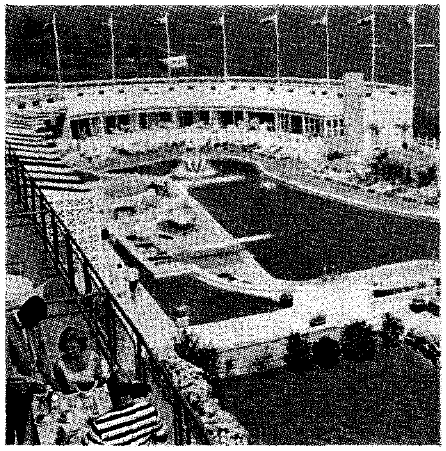

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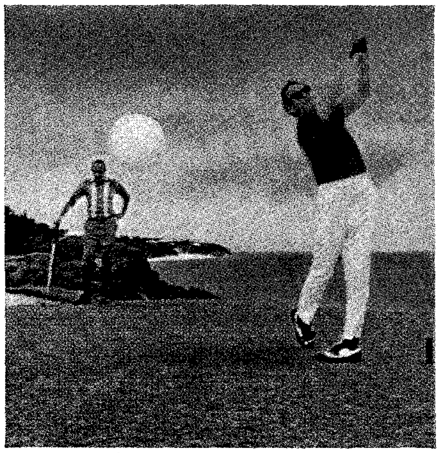

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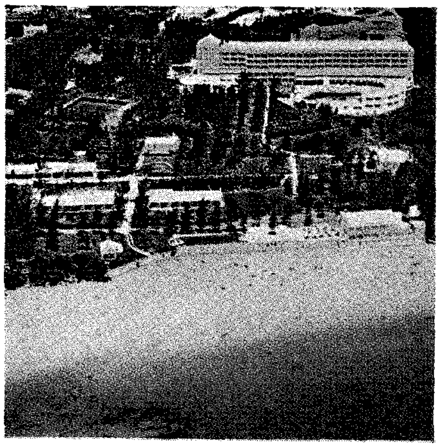

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Herzen was necessarily enlisting a body of thought accessible only to the very literate. The ideal of human sensibility, of private judgment, which he opposed to the brutish monotony of life under political terror, was itself penetrated by middle-class reflexes and conventions of educated leisure. Such conventions would be swept away by revolution. The furnishings of the spirit among which Herzen moved and thought—the private library, the room for art or chamber music, the chance to travel among antiquities and lofty natural scenes, the domestic servants that made possible the creative leisure of an intelligentsia—all would be levelled in the populist whirlwind. What lay ahead was most likely a gray plateau, a mass society devoted to the crafts of survival. Herzen knew this; he sensed the philistinism, the vengeful monotonies that waited beyond the storm. Unlike so many New Left pundits and would-be bomb-throwers of today, Herzen never minimized the cost of social revolution in terms of culture. Stuffed into the dustbin of history would be not only injustice, exploitation, class snobberies, religious cant of every kind but a good measure of the fine arts, speculative insights, and inherited learning that were the peculiar glory of Western man. Herzen knew that the task of a radical intellectual élite was in a very precise sense suicidal. In preparing society for revolution it was inevitably digging its own grave. A revolutionary intelligentsia, be it in Czarist Russia, in the China of the nineteen-thirties, or in the United States today, is a group of middle-class men and women engaged in an eloquent auto-da-fé. Herzen embodies this paradoxical vocation in a manner sharply illuminating of our present affairs.

Secondly, Herzen is one of the first modern "refugees." His entire adult existence was conditioned by uprootedness, by the nervous stresses and elusive irresponsibilities that come with exile. Though financial good fortune cushioned him from many of the shocks and humiliations the refugee usually encounters, he experienced the curious sense of disembodiment, of borrowed identity, that visits anyone who is perennially a guest. "My Past and Thoughts" is prophetic of the unhoused, wandering estate that so many artists, intellectuals, and ordinary men have had to adopt in our time. Herzen sensed that the very condition of the intellectual, of the freethinker, is one of persistent exile, either inside his own community or, more commonly, in flight across its borders. That journey in January

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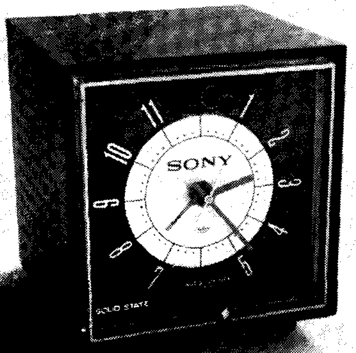

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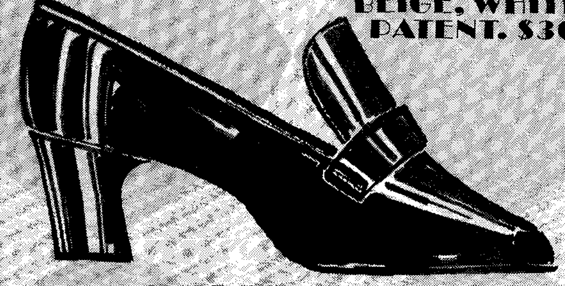

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of 1847, across frontiers absurdly lost in a waste of snow, is far from over; the latest way station is Prague. Now as then, these memoirs are a guide for the long road.

But above all "Byloye i Dumy" is an act of uncanny presence. Herzen's voice, his gait, his tricks of feeling and argument, reach out to touch the reader. Himself a person of great imaginative tact, he has, like Turgenev and Tolstoy, created a family of living forms. Even the walk-on parts—a housemaid, a police sergeant, a French harbor official, a beggar glimpsed for an instant from a speeding carriage—possess that density of being, that cinder glow across time that are the mark of a classic artist. Set beside these four volumes, most of what passes for psychology or fiction just now is a ghost story. Herzen's masterpiece deserves a more helpful, a less ostentatious format. But even in this imperfect guise (why the niggardly lack of any illustrations?) it comes to us as one of the springs of life. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LONG NIGHT'S WALK, by Alan White (Harcourt, Brace & World). Four British commandos are dropped by parachute into Nazi-occupied Holland on a sabotage mission. They do their job and assemble at the prearranged rendezvous point; then the pickup plane comes in—and crashes. The rest of this short novel is a plunging narrative of running and hiding and dodging and devising and tripping and escaping and trying to stay alive, and Mr. White, who writes at least in part from his own experience in wartime Holland, has made it a model of its kind.

WE HAVE SEEN THE BEST OF OUR TIMES, by Nancy A. J. Potter (Knopf). The tragic implications of this collection of twelve short stories about the search for love in middle age are made tolerable by Nancy Potter's humor, compassion, and stylistic talent. Her characters are constantly reminded of death—at once terrible and an absurd anticlimax—and find pathetic ways (small-town efficiency, a blue rinse, familiar possessions) to fend off loneliness and to endure despair. In several of the stories, marriages are made in middle age in response to motives less, and more, than "romantic." None of the stories end happily. Men return to their wives and mortgages after a glimpse of

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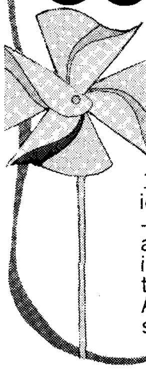

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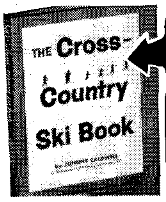

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possible happiness, or die, or do both; the widowed settle into the crazy solitude they married to escape.

NOTE: Scribners has published "In and Out of Never-Never Land," a collection of twenty-two stories by Maeve Brennan, all of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

HEARD ROUND THE WORLD: THE IMPACT ABROAD OF THE CIVIL WAR, edited by Harold Hyman (Knopf). In England, our Civil War (and what it stood for—the testing by fire of democratic institutions and of the willpower of a free people) had a direct and concrete effect upon the reform movement; in Louis Napoleon's imperial France, it could be said that the Union's struggle rekindled in Frenchmen an appreciation of what they had surrendered to autocracy; in Russia, the war set off a chain of repercussions in the minds of radicals, liberals, and revolutionaries, some of whom felt that the American Republic, once free of the hobble of slavery, could join with Russia to fulfill de Tocqueville's prophecy that those two countries carried the seeds of the future. Elsewhere in Europe and on the American continents—the "heard round the world" of the title is a bit of Occidental chauvinism—reactions to the war were different, but in all cases they were marked. In this unusual and often brilliant book—a collective work by six British and American professors of history—these repercussions are explored and discussed at satisfactory length.

RED FLAG/BLACK FLAG: FRENCH REVOLUTION 1968, by Patrick Seale and Maureen McConville (Putnam). Two members of the *Observer* staff, who were there, tell what happened in and around Paris during the 1968 rebellion. The authors not only describe the variety of French student revolutionary groups—the history of each and its ideas—but unravel the tangled course of events. The work is excellent. The authors are on the whole pro-youth, but they are nobody's sentimental patsies, and in their account of the rebellion—as, perhaps, in the outcome of the rebellion itself—everybody gets pretty much what is coming to him.

O'NEILL: SON AND PLAYWRIGHT, by Louis Sheaffer (Little, Brown). This first volume of a projected

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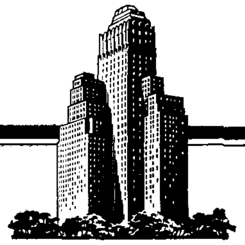

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MILLAIS AND THE RUSKINS, by Mary Lutyens (Vanguard). The breakup of the unconsummated marriage of John and Effie Ruskin, and Effie's romance (leading to a second marriage) with a Ruskin protégé, John Millais, reads, though it is fact, like a psychological novel of nearly unbearable intensity. Neither the ever-present Victorian proprieties nor the absence of psychiatrists makes the work seem remote or a period piece. The characters' pain, their misunderstandings, and, above all (as the letters Miss Lutyens quotes most touchingly demonstrate), their individual solitude in the midst of company are entirely immediate.

WEIMAR CULTURE, by Peter Gay (Harper & Row). The spirit of the Weimar Republic, we are told, is embodied in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," Gropius's buildings, Kandinsky's abstractions, Grosz's cartoons, and Marlene Dietrich's legs. Professor Gay's cultural history discusses all those showpieces, along with the writers and statesmen, the scientists and social scientists, the generals and songwriters. An appendix gives a short political history. An all too brief (1918-33) flowering of the human spirit is beautifully re-created. Illustrated.

NOTE: Viking has published "Living-Room War," a collection of Michael J. Arlen's television criticism. Most of the articles first appeared in these pages.

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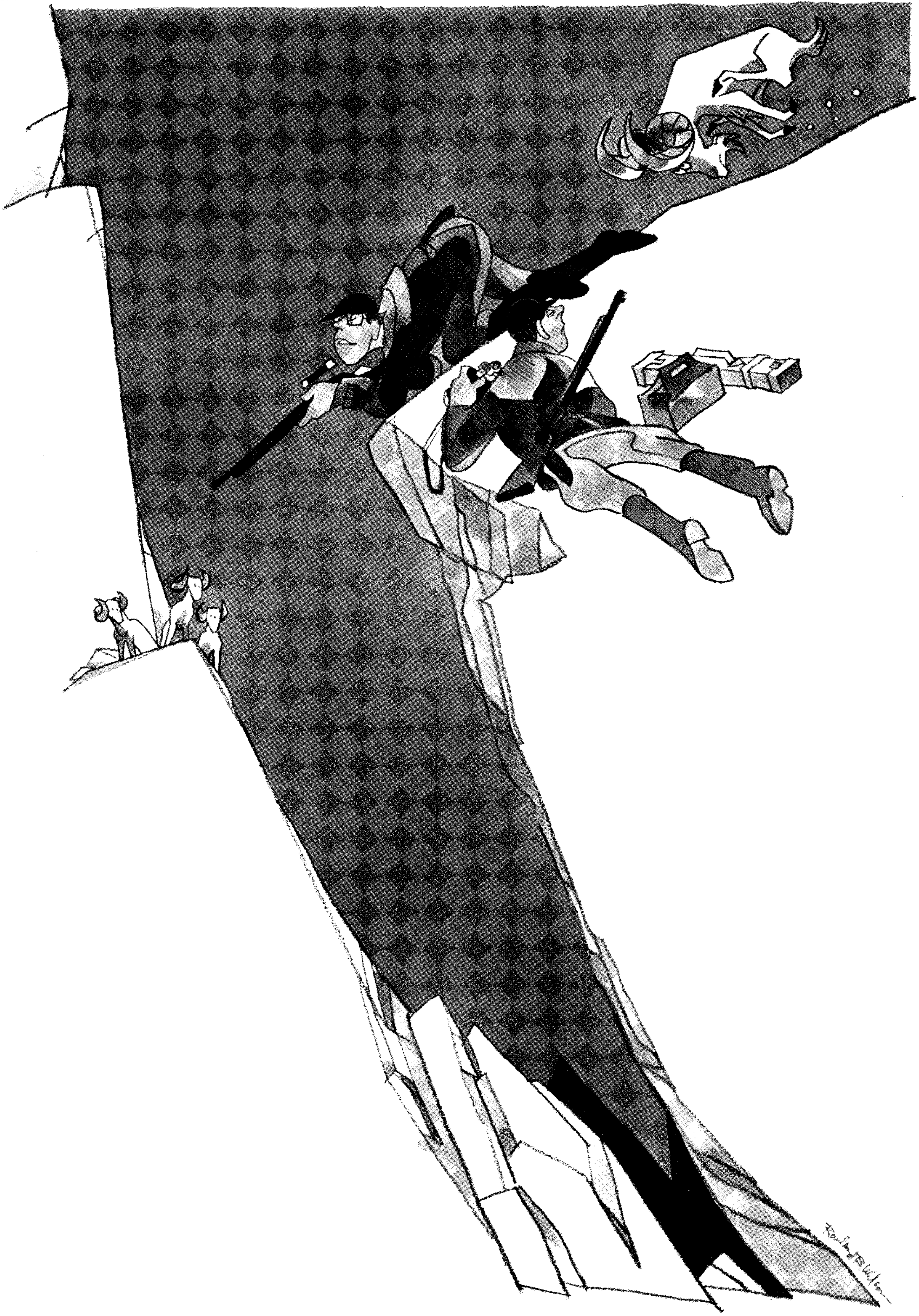

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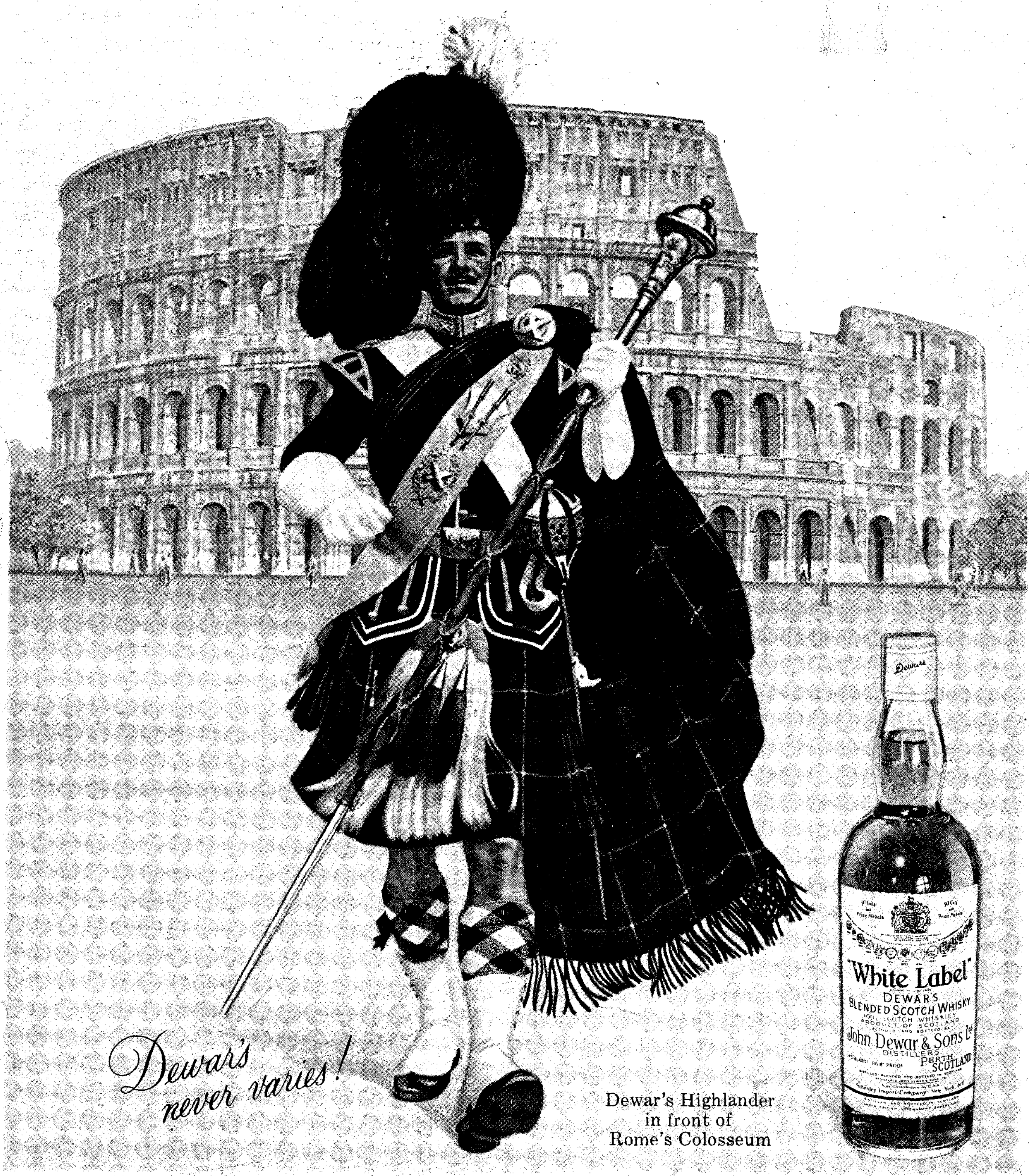
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